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**AFRICA AFLAME—THE BOOK OF
THE SENSATIONAL DOCUMENTARY FILM
BY THE MAKERS OF "MONDO CANE"**

Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi

TEXT BY JOHN COHEN



WITH 32 PAGES
OF PHOTOGRAPHS

RIZZOLI
FILM DISTRIBUTORS INC.

AFRICA ADDIO

is the story of a mighty, human drama too little known—the death of the old Africa of white hunters and European colonials, the birth of a new Africa in blood and pain and hope. For three years, Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi traveled throughout Africa, filming in color episodes of unforgettable, brutal reality.

The massacre at Angola, the slaughter of 12,000 Arabs in one bloody week on Zanzibar, the mound of human hands cut from the living bodies of the Watutsi, the merciless slaughter of wild animals in the Kenya game preserves, the dying embers of the Mau Mau horror, the fighting in the Congo and the seething unrest in Johannesburg—you wonder how these films were ever made, how the men who recorded these truths ever escaped alive.

This book, based on the most stunning film ever made, describes the scenes that passed before the camera; but to understand the bloody birth pangs of Africa one must know something of the African past. And so, to the record of the film is added a text of 70,000 words that brings the reader to the moment seen on the screen—the vision of Africa aflame, of Africa now.

"I don't know when I've ever become so emotionally involved with a film. It is something that the entire United Nations should be required to see!"

—Bob Considine of King Features Syndicate



"A shattering, unforgettable documentary filmed in Africa over the past three years. . . . No-holds-barred frankness. . . . There is nothing in this film of the tried and true safari saga or the bushmen vs. intrepid highlander-regiment fiction. This is Africa now. And a frightening, sobering picture it is!"

—Variety



"The scenes are so terrifying and horrific that at times one has to look away from the screen. But *Africa Addio* has a cruelty about which the world must know."

—Domenica del Corriere



"Pitilessly realistic . . . a turbulent portrait of a Continent fighting its way through blood and fear and savagery toward a new way of life. . . . A remarkable piece of reportage, excellently shot and conceived."

—*Il Tempo*



"A documentary made with a disturbing courage and sincerity."

—*Gente*



"The two directors, Jacopetti and Prosperi, are extraordinarily able journalists . . . we admire their journalistic intuition and technical ability."

—*Il Popolo*



"Wonderful . . . I was very impressed and moved by it."

—Elia Kazan

AFRICA

ADDIO

Text

by John Cohen

Film

by Gualtiero Jacopetti

and

Franco Prosperi

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of the film, *Africa Addio*)

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MAPS

The old Africa has disappeared. Untouched jungles, huge herds of wild game, high adventure, the happy hunting grounds—those are dreams of the past. Today there is a new Africa—modern and ambitious.

The old Africa died amidst the massacres and devastations which we filmed. But revolutions, even for the better, are seldom pretty. America was built over the bones of thousands of pioneers and revolutionary soldiers, hundreds of thousands of Indians and millions of bison. The new Africa emerges over the graves of thousands of whites and Arabs, millions of blacks, and over those bleak boneyards that once were the game preserves.

What the camera sees, it films pitilessly, without sympathy, without taking sides. Judging is for you to do, later. This film only says farewell to the old Africa, and gives to the world the picture of its agony. . . .

—From the film, *Africa Addio*



AFRICA

INTRODUCTION

The last few years in Africa have been torn by extremes of violence and upheaval. Since 1962 more than 20 regimes have been shaken or overthrown by coups, plots, political assassinations, or revolts. Consider, for instance, the month of January, 1964. On January 12, Zanzibar erupted into revolution: at least 12,000 Arabs died there in less than two weeks. On January 20 the Tanganyikan army mutinied, took over Dar es Salaam, forced President Nyerere into hiding, and threw his capital into the anarchy and violence of a bloody race riot. The next day, January 21, President Joseph Kasavubu declared a state of emergency in Kwilu province in the Congo: it was the beginning of the tragic civil war that was almost to destroy the new nation, that was to involve East and West, Russia, Communist China, and the U.S.A., and that was to kill hundreds of thousands. Two days later, on January 23, the Uganda army mutinied at Jinja, and on the day after that the Kenya army revolted. On that same day there was fighting along the Ethiopia-Kenya border, and it was reported that during January about 10,000 Watutsi had been massacred in Rwanda, bringing the toll of dead there closer and closer to 100,000. Meanwhile, in Angola, the Portuguese regime continued methodically to drop load after load of napalm onto native villages in its "rotten triangle," where Angola's nationalist rebels were operating, while the rebels continued their own campaign of brutality and murder. A similar rebellion was beginning in Mozambique, and another was reported in the Sudan. In South Africa, government police were subduing black antigovernment demonstrators with brutal methods made even more violent by rumors of Russian, Cuban, and Ghanaian aid to South Africa's black subversives. And on January 24, in Southern

Rhodesia, Eddison Zvobgo, an African nationalist leader, warned that if Ian Smith's white followers seized independence unconstitutionally, the country's Africans would consider it an act of war and would initiate military counter-measures.

During the month of January, 1964, then, just about every country south of the Sudan and the Congo—more than half of the African continent, which alone is bigger than the U.S.A., Communist China, and India put together—was involved in mutiny, rebellion, civil war, or some other form of extreme violence or threatened violence.

In America we hear amazingly little about Africa, its problems and battles. In part, this is a hangover from the old American isolationism: most American newspapers are just discovering Europe; they are still barely aware that Asia, Africa, and South America exist. Even *The New York Times*, certainly the best daily newspaper in America, has been berated by African scholars and specialists. One historian declared recently: "Trying to keep Africa in focus through the lens of that instrument [the *Times*] leaves one very much in a state of dizzy ignorance." That is overstating the case; but consider: When the revolution exploded in Zanzibar, the *Times* allotted it the equivalent of half a column on its front page; the next day it allotted to a snowstorm in New York City a three-column banner headline and about 10 times the space it had granted Zanzibar. Yet, except for the wire services, the *Times* is the source from which most American newspapers and periodicals take their cues, and their information.

But during January, 1964, and for the rest of that year and for two years before that, two Italian journalists, Gualtiero Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi, and their crew were working in Africa. Jacopetti and Prosperi traveled with a crew because they are not newspaper journalists, although they have been in the past. They are movie journalists. Not Movietonews or news of that sort; a new kind of journalism altogether. This kind of journalism does not sketchily suggest the news through a brief, five-minute newscast or water it down and cut it to pieces like a typical newspaper article. As they used to say, it presents reality "as big as life," in all its power and tragedy, so that war

is exactly what war is, so that death is real, and frightening.

Despite the fact that Jacopetti and Prosperi lugged movie cameras around with them, in the finest spirit of old-time journalistic derring-do they managed to get where no one else got, to see what few if any other newsmen saw. They brought out the *only* documentation of what happened on Zanzibar during the revolution there—no other Western journalists succeeded in getting to Zanzibar and back without being captured and having their equipment smashed. Literally no other photography of the revolution has been brought back to the West. Jacopetti and Prosperi filmed Dar es Salaam at the height of its agony, and brought back what is certainly the best photographic portrait of an African military mutiny and race riot. They were the first journalists of any nation to get into Stanleyville after the Belgian paratroop drop—two days before any other newsmen. They photographed from the front lines the terrible civil war in the Congo and the guerrilla war in Angola. And they were probably the only journalists who bothered to go to Rwanda—against official orders, of course—to record the tragedy of the extermination of the Watutsi.

Jacopetti and Prosperi spent three years in Africa. They covered more than 130,000 miles on land across parts of Africa where few if any white men had ever penetrated, flew uncounted thousands of miles in specially chartered helicopters and light planes, spent more than half a million dollars, and shot more than half a million feet of film. To get this film Jacopetti, Prosperi, and their crew risked their health, their freedom, and their lives again and again. Consider once more the month of January, 1964. During the first part of the month Jacopetti and his crew went to Rwanda to film the slaughter of the Watutsi. "It wasn't very easy," says Jacopetti. "We tried three different times to cross the Rwanda frontier. First we tried with a chartered airplane; but at the last minute the pilot refused to take us over. Then we went across on foot; but the police caught us in a forbidden area, arrested us, hauled us back first to the police barracks and then to our hotel, where we were kept under guard, and then tried us. We explained

that it had all been a mistake, an accident without forethought on our parts, apologized profusely, and were released with a stern warning. So then we simply forgot about official permission, drove to the border, bribed the guards with a few bottles of gin, and drove across. We wanted to get in and out of Rwanda as quickly as possible; but the fleeing Watutsi refugees had completely blocked the road. For miles and miles they covered it, and we could not force our way through; we had to bump along beside. It took us over an hour to go less than three miles." But Jacopetti and Prosperi got what they were after—a portrait of the agonies of a people being exterminated.

They had barely finished in Rwanda when they heard of the revolution in Zanzibar. They immediately rented two light planes ("I can't say where we rented the planes or from whom," Jacopetti says, "because the pilots are still there, and it might cause trouble for them") and flew over to Zanzibar. As is shown in the film, three other newsmen who had flown along in another plane tried to land first. They were captured by rebels, beaten, jailed, and only released a week later after their equipment (and their nerves) had been destroyed. But Jacopetti went back the next day, using a helicopter so that landing would be unnecessary. With the helicopter it was necessary to return to the mainland every 15 or 20 minutes for refueling; despite this, and despite being shot at repeatedly while flying low and slow to get good pictures, Jacopetti returned again and again for two entire days.

On January 21, the day after they finished filming the sequence on Zanzibar, Jacopetti, Prosperi, and crew were in Nairobi when they heard of the military mutiny in Dar es Salaam. They immediately rehired their light plane, loaded on their cameras and equipment, and flew down. When they arrived over Dar the airport was closed—as it had been at Zanzibar—but again they disregarded the warning. They flew away from the capital, out over the surrounding countryside, spotted a mission, and improvised a landing on the mission's grounds. Off-loading their equipment, they hurriedly rented two cars and drove back toward Dar.

"I could name a lot of dramatic incidents that occurred

during our travels in Africa," Jacopetti says, "but this was perhaps the most dangerous. We wanted to film the city in its anarchy, the complete anarchy that paralyzed Dar when the mutineers took it over. The city had exploded with racist fury. Up to the time we arrived it had been turned only against Arabs and the British army officers; but we knew that the mutineers didn't like us being there: we were, above all, white, and as such not quite welcome. But we had grown used to that, and we insisted on being present at the scene of the action, 'on the battlefield,' as you say . . ."

AFRICA ADDIO:

The camera is in a car moving through Dar es Salaam. The streets are filled with Africans, running, shouting, milling about. Mutineers dressed in camouflage patrol the streets or stand guard at corners, Sten guns hanging loosely inside their elbows. Everywhere the camera's car tries to go the crowds or the soldiers, yelling angrily, turn it back. Finally the car slips through an unguarded series of alleys. It drives past a pile of bloody corpses—Arab civilians—and comes upon a tightly huddled crowd of Africans. As the car squeezes past, the cameraman, Climati, crouched down in the back seat, gets a quick shot of two crumpled corpses, soaked in their own blood, lying at the foot of a short flight of stairs leading up to a large building. Two mutineers sit on the steps above the corpses, nonchalantly smoking; but as soon as they see the car they leap up, screaming and waving their guns, and force the car to move on past, fast, without stopping. CUT.

An Arab, his white robe stained with blood, runs wildly, fleeing from a mob of pursuing Africans. He vaults over a low wall, drops down onto a beach, and runs out into the ocean. Shouting, the Africans chase him relentlessly, leaping over the wall and running after him out into the water. The Arab rushes out

deeper and deeper; but when the water is up to his chest the mob catches him. They pummel him, rip his robes, hoist him up over their heads, and throw him back into the sea. CUT.

A mob loots an Arab's house. There are no police or soldiers present. Part of the mob has a long plank that they are using as a battering ram, smashing at the door. When it gives, they rush into the house and begin throwing tables and chairs out the windows. The Africans outside grapple for the loot and rush off with it, while the gang with the ram continues battering at the house. They have long since finished with the door: now, every time they swing the plank, they punch another hole in the dry mud walls. CUT.

Another mob jams the street. The camera's car inches forward, pushing through. As the crowd parts ahead of the car, it reveals the corpses of two soldiers lying at the side of the street, the camouflage of their uniforms discolored by blood. At the other side of the street, 30 or 40 civilians—Arabs—stand against the sides of the houses lining the street: hands over their heads, palms and faces flat against the walls. They are guarded by a half-dozen angry, rifle-waving mutineers while other soldiers busily force more Arabs to the wall. The camera has barely a second to photograph the scene, for as the soldiers spot the car they wave it off. Jacopetti, who is driving, backs out slowly to give Climati time to film as much as possible. But the slowness enrages one soldier, who rushes up to the car, raises his rifle over his head, and smashes it down butt-first into the windshield just in front of Jacopetti. The glass shatters and fragments spray across Jacopetti's face, cutting a vein behind his ear. Blood spurts out down his neck, across his face. He stops the car, but Climati keeps his camera rolling. Two soldiers jerk the doors open and haul Jacopetti out. Climati, ensconced in the back seat, relentlessly films the whole sequence—Jacopetti being pulled away, the side of his head streaming

blood, turning his face back to the car to shout some instructions. CUT.

“Climati kept filming until they reached into the car and grabbed him out, too,” Jacopetti recalls. “Then they led us all to the barracks outside town. They were outraged. They grabbed our passports, gave us a summary trial, then led us to the wall: we were about to be executed. I told Climati and Nievo to smile and brazen it out; but Climati kept yelling in Italian and Nievo kept trying to reason with the rebels in his halting Swahili. None of us could really believe that those men facing us 10 feet away were really going to shoot. But, just as an officer came running out of the barracks, shouting at them to stop, one of the squad fired—the bullet plunked into the wall right next to my ear. Then the officer reached the squad, shouting desperately and waving our passports. ‘Stop, don’t shoot!’ he yelled. ‘These aren’t whites; they’re Italians!’ That was our salvation. Now, safe and sound and at a good distance, it seems ridiculous, funny; but then it didn’t. It seemed quite serious. In any case, it is true. We had gotten into Dar by sheer luck, and that was how we got out.”

Jacopetti and Prosperi (the directors), Nievo (the general organizer), and Climati (the cameraman) had arrived in Africa just about two years before the Dar incident, in early December, 1962, to film Tanganyika’s independence ceremonies. “The idea for this film was born about four years ago,” Jacopetti says, “when interest in Africa was not as strong as it is today, when Africa was just beginning to leave the cocoon of silence that had enclosed it for so long. Before that, journalists who wrote of Africa wrote of hunting, adventure, explorations. That was the old Africa, the country of the dreams of our childhood, the Dark Continent of freedom and fantastic adventure. For centuries that image had been preserved; now it was being lost to the world. I had wanted to see Africa for a long time. Now I wanted to see how different it would be from our old dreams. Obviously it had already changed greatly, especially in North Africa, such as in Suez and Algeria; but at that time almost nothing had been shown of black

Africa, the Africa below the Sahara. So I decided to make a film to show the difference between the image of that ancient, silent continent, dark and mysterious, and the new Africa that really exists today."

After their arrival, Jacopetti and Prosperi began filming the footage on Africa's wildlife. "No one knew about the magnitude of the destruction of the animals," says Jacopetti. "That's why we filmed them. We had bought two specially equipped Land Rovers for our trip. They each had extra gas tanks, special generators, water carriers, extra tires. For long periods we actually lived in them—I did, anyway. Climati, for reasons I have never understood, preferred to sleep underneath them. Without these Rovers we would never have gotten to know Africa as we did. With them we climbed mountains, went where no one else had, didn't have to worry about using roads.

"But still, it was difficult. Our information never was very accurate. To get those shots of the Acholi, for instance, we spent more than two months. We had to clear our own road in through a dense forest so that we could haul in our equipment, and then it took us two weeks just to bring the equipment in and set up for filming.

"While we were filming the section of the animals we survived various attacks of unusual diseases and hundreds of minor accidents. Once we were almost eaten alive by bees. Bees, believe it or not. There had been a prolonged drought, and the bees were maddened with thirst. When they smelled the water in our radiators, we thought we were finished. But we saved ourselves by surrounding the camp with pans of water. At that point I had a very high fever and was near delirium. My throat had abscessed, we were without medicine, and I had such difficulty breathing that I finally stuck a straw down my throat to make it easier. It was Palm Sunday, and as we sat there waiting for the bees to leave and for my fever to go down, one of the boys remembered the joke about Christ on the cross: He turns to the Roman soldiers and says, 'What a way to spend Easter, eh boys?' That was the way we felt.

"But the bees turned out to be the most dangerous animals we met. Except for them we found the animals anything but angry and dangerous. We filmed the animal

harvests with our cameras only a few yards away from herds of elephant and buffalo—supposedly Africa's most ferocious beasts. We were totally exposed and without means of escape; but none of the animals ever attacked us. In the reserves they're almost like domestic animals—they trust men completely. Before the harvests no one had ever shot at them; now it's like killing animals in a zoo."

But before Jacopetti and Prosperi finished filming all the sequences on Africa's wildlife, East Africa exploded into revolution. "I didn't dream that during our shooting we would see what we saw, that the news factor would become as important as it did," Jacopetti says. "The current news became so important that it overwhelmed the film's original objectives, which we were constantly obliged to change as we went along. We were in the middle of great explosions, great tragedies, great events, a crucial moment in history that had to be recorded and described. *Africa Addio* turned out to be much more journalistic than even we had expected."

Whether or not Jacopetti, Prosperi, and their crew expected *Africa Addio* to be journalism, once the prospect presented itself, they found it irresistible. They had, for instance, planned to include a sequence on the Congo. But once the civil war broke out, all the original plans had to be canceled. With the civil war, a whole new set of goals and problems presented themselves. "We planned to approach this new problem cautiously, carefully, and slowly," Jacopetti says. "We wanted to do as much as possible without taking too much of a risk—after all, none of us wanted to lose our lives. That was our plan. Naturally, it didn't work out that way—we're journalists, and as soon as we reached Leopoldville we were immediately fascinated by the rarest, the most inaccessible events. For instance, the mercenaries: it was essential to have a sequence on them—it is not easy to find their kind around today, and by tomorrow they may have disappeared forever. But it was of course impossible to get to them without leaving the safe zones.

"We took some footage of the atmosphere of the capital of a country at war, shot Tshombe's triumphal return, filmed other important personages, tried to pick up the

atmosphere of espionage that permeated the Congo then—the Egyptians, Chinese, Americans, Belgians, Russians, everyone was plotting. But then we couldn't resist any longer, and decided to try to push on to the mercenaries' camp. First we went north from Leopoldville to Coquilhatville. The first problem was to get official permission. That was difficult enough. Then we had to find transportation—we had brought no cars or trucks into the Congo with us. LeMaitre, a Belgian, attached to the Armée Nationale Congolaise, said, 'Sure, I'll lead you to the mercenaries. Just follow me; but I can't give you space in my trucks or wait for you.' So we bought an old Chevy pickup truck from an African—we paid him \$1,000 cash on the spot, he sold it to us right on the road—loaded it down with the three of us and all our equipment, and started out. Everything was wrong with that pickup. Immediately, in the middle of the road, the clutch gave out. It was a disaster. We were sitting in the middle of rebel territory, and we didn't have a gun. We had painted yellow stripes on our car, as we had been instructed to, to signify our allegiance, if you can call it that; but we soon found out that in that area the stripes no longer meant anything to anyone. Luckily, a passing Katangese soldier fixed the clutch, and we pushed off again, scared stiff, traveling day and night, pilfering leftover gas from discarded gas cans and abandoned cars. After two days, we finally arrived at Bekili.

"There we met the mercenaries, who were awaiting orders for the attack on Boende. We waited two days with them there, got to know them, and made the portraits that are now in the film. Then the attack was planned, as shown in the film, and the next day it began."

Leopoldville. It was Saturday, the dawn of Saturday, October 24, 1964. The 54th Column of the Armée Nationale Congolaise, consisting of 200 Katangese soldiers, 36 mercenaries, three jeeps, two trucks, one mortar, and two monkeys (besides the three Italian film makers Gualtierio Jacopetti, Stanislao Nievo, and Antonio Cli-

mati) had only just started away from the banks of the River Tshuapa toward Boende when three rebel boys suddenly appeared on the road, the long, narrow, rust-colored road which opens up between two rows of gigantic yellow-and-rose-leaved trees. They could not have been older than 10, or perhaps 12. They were marching toward their enemies completely unarmed, singing the *Maj Mulele* and waving their right hands in front of their nude torsos, and brandishing sticks with which they swept the ground before walking over it.

In a jeep at the head of the column was the South African mercenary Ben Louw. He put his finger on the trigger of his machine gun, and then, instead of shooting, turned around toward the first truck behind him, less than 10 feet away, saw Climati, the cameraman, who was looking through his camera, eye to the aperture, hands on the focus-finder; saw Nievo and Jacopetti at Climati's side, both with helmets on, leaning on the tripod to keep it as steady as possible; and asked them if they were "ready." But they weren't. The children had appeared suddenly far down the road, and they were much too far away to be able to photograph without changing the lens: it required a "1000" or at least a "300." And there was no time to lose, because Louw was in a hurry.

Louw turned around for the second time, then a third time, cursing, and said that he was going to shoot anyway; but at that moment Climati signaled with his hand for Louw to go ahead. The Arriflex rolled together with the machine-gun mechanism; and the three rebel boys fell onto the rust-colored road.

That is the beginning of a long article published in *L'Espresso* on December 20, 1964, by Carlo Gregoretti, who supposedly was describing Jacopetti's participation in

the attack on Boende. Gregoretti entitled his piece *A Private War in Cinemascope*. It was the first the public heard of *Africa Addio*; but, unfortunately, it set the basic tone for the major part of the critics' response in Italy.

Jacopetti immediately published an outright denial in *Il Messaggero*:

The article you published is not true. During our shooting in the Congo we never saw those three boys nor any others approach unarmed and singing. We never tried to change the military actions, in which we were involved only as camera operators. Every scene was shot during real action, and never did any combat man ever worry about our work or personal security. We scorn the accusation of having tried to change for technical reasons the tragic moment of the executions. Indeed, positive proof exists of our efforts to save the lives of four Congolese captives. And neither Gregoretti nor any other Italian journalist besides ourselves was ever present in the theater of operations for the battle of Boende. That took place on October 24; but Mr. Gregoretti arrived in the Congo only on November 28, and never went to the area in question.

According to Jacopetti, what actually happened is this: "The attack had two prongs, one by road and the other along the river in small barges. We were given permission to go on the barges, but instead we set ourselves up in a truck that was second in line in the military column, just behind the lead jeep—ringside seats, you might say. Except that our seats were loaded with ammunition, grenades, bazooka shells, barrels of gas, and ANC troops. In the middle of all that we set up our cameras. The road was so narrow—less than three yards wide—that the truck barely passed along it. At each edge the jungle began immediately. We expected an ambush at any moment, but we filmed

anyway, and what we caught was the running battle you see in the film. To catch it we shot not only from the truck but at times while running alongside the column and carrying the cameras by hand.

"The war in the Congo was a special kind of war, fought only along the roads—the only clear terrain in most parts of the Congo is along the roads. Except for the roads, everything is impenetrable jungle. You can't enter: it's a wall of green. The deeper you penetrate, the more you risk ambush. To actually see the enemy was extremely rare; so the mercenaries just fired into that green wall, riddled the greenery, just like the marines do in Vietnam.

"But the reason why the attack on Boende succeeded, the reason we're still alive, is the jungle. Boende, like the road approaching it, is surrounded by that dense jungle. The rebels could come in and out of it easily, hiding just a few feet inside, knowing that the mercenaries didn't dare to follow them. But because it was easier for the rebels to escape, it was also easier for the mercenaries to conquer. For this reason, at Boende, as at Stanleyville, the mercenaries took very few prisoners—perhaps five. Most of the rebels escaped into the jungle. You can see it in the film, the way the rebels filtered back into the jungle and disappeared.

"Finally we arrived at the mission, where the mercenaries and nuns were liberated. The Vatican was most displeased by this scene—men of war, men who fight and kill for pay, embraced the nuns and priests—but the missionaries themselves had a different viewpoint. After all, for three months they had been captives of wild men who killed one of them every day. So when the missionaries saw the mercenaries they welcomed them with delighted, open arms, as their saviors."

But in Italy, Gregoretti's story was creating a very different sort of reception for Jacopetti and Prosperi. Gregoretti had written that when they filmed the executions of the rebels at Boende they had rearranged the time and place of the executions so that "the light would be right. . . . In a year or less, many of us will go to the movies and see the deaths of those rebel boys. The scene will be true, terrifying. . . . But it is unlikely that any of the

moviegoers will think that the moments of actual firing were determined and adapted to the needs of the camera. . . .”

Immediately after his article was published, a group of ministers in the Italian Government demanded that Gregoretti confirm his statements, and then requested “an interrogation of the President of the Council and Minister of the Interior and Justice in order to find out what measures have been taken to punish the three Italian film makers with regard to the monstrous accusation of the killing of the three Congolese boys.”

Jacopetti and Prosperi had already published a firm and absolute denial, and had begun proceedings against Gregoretti for defamation and libel, but already, as often happens in Italy, the issue had been swallowed up by partisan politics. The Communists accused the film makers of “cynical and barbarous actions,” while their defenders replied by attacking the attackers instead of the issue: “The Communists . . . are frightened by the contents of *Africa Addio* because it reveals the crimes that Communism has committed in Africa, . . . because of the Communists’ collective guilt over their responsibilities for the position they took in Africa.” The furor reached such levels of emotional heat that in early February, 1965, when Jacopetti spoke at the Center for Italo-Congolese Relations, fist fights broke out in the audience.

At the beginning of April the deputy prosecutor of the Italian Government initiated charges against Jacopetti and Prosperi for participating in voluntary homicide under Articles 575 and 110 of the Italian penal code, which makes it legal for an Italian citizen to be prosecuted in Italy for certain crimes committed in other countries. Estimates of the possible punishment for the alleged crimes ranged from no less than three years’ solitary confinement to 24 years’ imprisonment.

But Jacopetti had had all their film sequestered by the government, had proved that there was no footage even vaguely similar to the murder of the three rebel boys that Gregoretti had written about, and had collected even more evidence for his defense from officials in the Congo. He ultimately presented statements from the Minister of the Interior of the Congo Government under Tshombe, who

declared that Jacopetti was innocent of the actions he was charged with and stated that the mercenary Louw, who Gregoretti claimed had headed the attack against Boende, had actually been at a completely different place at that time; from a Congolese bishop who wrote that Jacopetti had "assisted and helped the civilian population" in Boende; and from a mercenary who stated his willingness to testify that no unarmed boys or civilians were killed during the attack on Boende.

"The charge was that we had asked the firing squad to wait until we had gotten the angles right," says Jacopetti. "We were accused of having arranged the whole execution. The whole army was supposed to have been at our disposal: supposedly we said, 'Don't fight today, it's raining,' 'Don't kill him yet, we haven't got our cameras ready'; and then 'Ready, roll 'em!,' and the war continued. But it was all a ridiculous fabrication. We actually helped save the lives of several rebel prisoners who otherwise probably would have died at the hands of the Katangese soldiers. We took one right out from under their guns, got him into a hospital, and put him in the hands of nuns. When the ANC planes began to arrive at Boende airport we saved another. The moment the Katangese arrived they grabbed him, beat him up, and put him to the wall; but we took him away, saying that first he had to be interrogated and tried. Then we saved another one, very young, only about 15 or 16, a member of the *jeunesse*. We got him out of prison on the excuse that he could help carry equipment for us. As a matter of fact he did help us, and later refused to go away—we couldn't get rid of him. Actually, we were unwilling to send him off, because the Katangese wanted to kill all rebel captives. But we finally got a certificate from some missionaries saying that he was not a rebel and slipped the kid onto a plane for Leopoldville. It turned out to be Mobutu's personal plane, with Mobutu aboard; he didn't even know that he was sitting next to a captured rebel."

It took the Minister of Justice almost a year to review the charges against the film makers and the evidence they brought to their defense. When the review was finished, the Minister dismissed the case and acquitted them of all the

charges. By that time Jacopetti and Prosperi had almost finished preparing the film for distribution. Since the "trial" finished in December, 1965, and the film was released in February, 1966, it was just as controversial an item then as it had been when Gregoretti published his original article in December, 1964.

When *Africa Addio* opened, critical response was either wholeheartedly enthusiastic or violently antagonistic. One reviewer called it "an honest and useful document . . . impartial . . . empty of sensationalism . . . must be seen . . ." (*Giornale d'Italia*), but another labeled it "an orgy of sadism and fascist racism" (*Avanti*). While *Gente* said, "As opposed to previous false and distorted or sugary versions and interpretations of Africa, Jacopetti's documentary is made with an irritating courage and sincerity," *Avanti* said that it was "photographed through a distorted lens rendering the Africans monstrous and savage." But *Il Tempo* found the same film "a remarkable piece of reportage . . . excellently shot and conceived."

The controversy went beyond mere movie reviewers' columns. About 20 African embassies and legations in Rome protested to the Italian Government; the president of the Italian African Institute asked the government to stop distribution of the film; in Bologna, police received a phone call warning that a bomb had been placed in a theater where the film was being shown (the bomb turned out to be a large salami); and when the film opened in Berlin, demonstrators tore the screen from its hangings.

Two basic accusations were made again and again against *Africa Addio*: that it is raw sensationalism and that it is a racist document. In answer to the accusation of sensationalism, Jacopetti said, "It is ridiculous to call this a sensationalist film. It is sensational, if you want to use that word, when hundreds of thousands of people are killed. Such facts are sensational—but I didn't create them. I didn't kill anyone or fake their deaths. Indeed, there are many scenes that we did not put into the film because they were too brutal. They really happened—like the shots of children with their fingers cut off in Dar es Salaam—but we felt they were too horrible to show. In Dar we filmed enough material for a half hour, but we used only about

two minutes of it. And at Kindu we filmed the deaths of 13 Italian airmen who were killed and eaten by cannibals; but we left that out, too, because we were afraid it would be too easy to use such material for racist purposes. We eliminated hours of material that were, believe it or not, too strong, much stronger than what's in the film."

Jacopetti and Prosperi have answered the charge of racism time after time. They have appeared on panels and at mock trials; they have been interviewed, examined, and cross-examined. They have stated flatly that they did not make a racist film, and they have answered accusations about individual scenes to prove this. Yet the accusations have continued. *Africa Addio* was awarded a Donatello David, Italy's equivalent of an Oscar, but at the last minute the Cabinet Minister who was to hand the award to Jacopetti backed down—although he had not protested months before when the award decision was made—because, he said, he did not want to be associated with a film about Africa that disagreed both with his opinions on the subject and the stated policies of the Italian Government.

The question remains, then: Why has this film so persistently been accused of racism? Besides the facts of Italian politics, which were a very important factor in starting, exaggerating, and continuing the controversy in Italy, the crucial reason is the subject matter. Not the way it is handled, but the subject itself. *Africa Addio* reports some of the most horrible events of the decade, which happened in Africa, which happened to people with black skin. Had they been filming similar events in Europe, had they been filming World War II, there would have been no problem; but now, because the skins of the people on the screen are black, Jacopetti and Prosperi are accused of racism. It seems to make no difference that what they filmed were indisputably the facts; the problem of anti-black racism has become so important, and people have become so sensitive to it, that almost no one can approach it simply, straightforwardly, without partiality and fear.

This oversensitivity has created what might be called two "conspiracies" concerning Africa. One is the conspiracy against Africa: it is the successor to colonialism;

it claims that the Africans are incapable of governing themselves and are making a mess of everything. The other conspiracy is a conspiracy "for" Africa: it refuses to notice the turmoil and confusion in Africa, or it constantly understates it, because of the possibility of harming or offending the new nations in Africa.

Jacopetti and Prosperi have taken part in neither of these conspiracies. They have simply reported facts. They did not imagine them; they did not exaggerate them; they simply reported them. Few other people have done that in Africa; Jacopetti and Prosperi deserve credit for it. And if *Africa Addio* is viewed objectively, if its viewers and critics can achieve just a moment of objectivity, they will see the film for what it is: a remarkable piece of journalism that we cannot afford to disregard. "After seeing this film," Jacopetti has said, "one finds oneself at a cross-roads: either one considers it a condemnation of every kind of violence, for which each of us shares the guilt; or one sees it as macabre and exciting, brutality for its own sake. But all of our efforts have been made to offer a significant work intended not as a sadistic pastime but as an important documentary to be interpreted with objectivity."

The Watutsi



AFRICA ADDIO:

A black body lies face down on the muddy forest floor. A huge red gash slices across the head, laying open the white of brains. His outstretched arms end abruptly in two pools of blood—the hands have been hacked off at the wrists.

The hands lie about a foot from the outstretched arms. There are not just two hands; there are 52, each severed neatly at the wrist, each long-fingered and slender. The pile of hands is about two feet high, stacked so carefully that it seems like an exhibit in a wax museum.

Above the pile of hands is the chopping block—a broad, low limb of a large tree. It is chipped and scarred deeply where the executioners' machetes whacked down, and blood has stained the white of the slashed wood a brilliant red.

They were beautiful people, many over seven feet tall, and they topped their narrow heads with huge piles of hair trained still higher in pyramids or crescent tufts crowned with bright monkey-hair headpieces. They had long, strong legs and slender, well-muscled torsos, and they were famous as graceful, exciting dancers and ferocious warriors. Their dignity and courtesy won them renown and respect. They were one of the most intelligent, sophisticated tribes in Africa, producing extraordinary epic poetry and beautiful craftwork. Everyone admired them. Tourists loved them. Then 100,000 were dead.

They assumed that they had always been in Rwanda. Their legend said that when Rwanda's first king felt him-

self near death, he called his three sons, Gatutsi, Gahutu, and Gatwa, to his side, gave each a jug of milk, and ordered them to guard their jugs carefully for the following night. But Gatwa guzzled his jug dry, and Gahutu dozed off and spilled half. Only Gatutsi watched faithfully through the night and presented his jug full. Thus, the first king chose Gatutsi to rule Rwanda, made Gahutu a serf, and banished Gatwa from the realm of humanity.

This myth encapsulates the Watutsi's image of the character and status of the three tribes of Rwanda—the Watutsi (Gatutsi), the Hutu (Gahutu), and the Twa (Gatwa). But historically, the Twa were the indigenous inhabitants of Rwanda, the land of the thousand hills, and the Watutsi were latecomers.

The Twa were Pygmies, tiny black forest gnomes who hunted and collected fruits, seeds, and roots. Though small, they were far from defenseless—their poisoned blowdarts were feared everywhere. But at some point—no one knows exactly how long ago—Rwanda was overrun by the Hutu, a Bantu tribe taller than the Twa but shorter than the Watutsi, with flat, broad noses and thick lips. The Hutu moved into Twa's forests, felling trees and clearing off the bush so that they could cultivate the land, and in their modest way they prospered. By 1959 they constituted 85 per cent of Rwanda's 3 million people. Meanwhile, the Twa were pushed deeper and deeper into their dwindling forests. By 1959 they constituted only 1 per cent of the population.

The Hutu were farmers, and they grouped together for the cultivation of single hillsides, but they never organized beyond that. Even today, although Rwanda's 10,166 square miles of gentle hills, valleys, and volcanic mountains are covered with huts, one every 100 yards or so, there are almost no towns. Many spots designated as towns consist of nothing more than a signboard nailed to a tree and the usual widely spaced hillside huts. There still is no real major urban center. Rwanda's capital, Kigali, has a population of only 5,000, one paved street, no telephones, and no electricity.

For centuries the Hutu maintained their placid, disorganized, simple ways. Then, suddenly, in the sixteenth

century, the superbly trained, brilliantly deployed warrior bands of the Watutsi swept down over Rwanda. The Watutsi were better organized than the Hutu. Where the Hutu resisted, the ferocious Watutsi decimated them. The Hutu had a simple choice: submit or be exterminated. Most chose to submit; and the submission was absolute.

No one knows precisely where the Watutsi came from or what their origins are. Perhaps they came from Ethiopia; perhaps, before that, from as far away as Asia. In any case they are not Negroes, despite their blackness. They are probably Nilo-Hamitic, related to the Masai, the Somalis, and the Ethiopians. Not only their blood but their way of life was totally different from that of the Hutu. Nomadic pastoralists, the Watutsi never farmed. They considered the eating of foods grown in dirt somehow shameful. They took their sustenance from their magnificent long-horned cattle, which they drove before them as they swept into Rwanda. "They save me the fatigue and shame of the hoe," says a Watutsi poem of these prized cattle. Even today the Watutsi live primarily from the milk, butter, and blood of these herds. The milk they eat in curds; the butter and blood they drink hot.

When they submitted, the Hutu agreed to provide their new lords with free labor, personal services, foodstuffs, and exclusive ownership of the land. This agreement was formalized in a contract known as *buhake*. According to myth, a Hutu wishing to enter into *buhake* needed only to approach a Watutsi and offer a jug of beer: "I ask you for milk. Make me rich. Be my father and I will be your child." If the Watutsi agreed, he accepted the beer and in return gave the Hutu some cattle and the promise of his protection.

In several ways the Hutu did benefit from *buhake*. Watutsi lords gave not only cattle but many other forms of aid and assistance, including the Hutu's bride price when he married. Most important, they gave protection. No Arab slaver raped Hutu women, burned a Hutu village, killed Hutu children, or dragged Hutu men off in the dreaded yokes: though the Arabs ravaged the lands surrounding Rwanda, they did not dare antagonize the Watutsi. Nor was *buhake* binding for life. The Hutu could terminate the con-

tract simply by returning the original donation of cattle. In this sense, *buhake* was not slavery; it was feudalism—and the Hutu were retainers, not property.

The majority of the Hutu's daily tasks were relatively light. Because the Watutsi didn't cultivate, they asked only that the Hutu attend them when they traveled, carry messages, help build compounds, and tend the cattle. But the facts remained that the Watutsi demanded to be recognized as absolute lords and masters of Rwanda and that the Hutu could not afford to break *buhake*. Their reliance on the Watutsi went beyond even the important protection. Rwanda's forest had almost all been cleared, and in the ensuing competition between Watutsi cattle and Hutu farms, the Watutsi always won. Economically, the Hutu were trapped into subservience.

Thus, though technically *buhake* was not slavery, its results in fact were just as degrading. Once a Hutu accepted a Watutsi patron, the Hutu became utterly subservient to a race he acknowledged to be superior. Watutsi women, for instance, never toiled up Rwanda's hills or along its muddy roads. They were carried on litters—by Hutu. This custom existed as late as 1959. In that same year a tourist reported seeing a huge Watutsi warrior astride a bicycle; but he was not demeaning himself with "the fatigue and the shame" of pedaling. He was being held up and pushed by several Hutu. The extent of Hutu subservience and humiliation before the Watutsi is eloquently expressed in the Watutsi royal coat-of-arms—four drums decorated with the testicles of Hutu subjects.

Still, Watutsi civilization was not ordinary African tribalism. It had advanced far beyond that. It was a perfect, refined example of feudalism. At its pinnacle, ruling by divine right, were two *Mwami*, the Kings of Rwanda and adjacent Burundi.* Each *Mwami* was revered and feared. He held the power of life or death over all Watutsi and serfs and was the titular owner of all land and property. Beneath him his kingdom was divided into districts, each ruled by two governors, a land chief, and a cattle chief, and beneath them the leadership split down into hill chiefs,

* Before they became independent, Rwanda and Burundi were one country, known as Ruanda-Urundi.

subchiefs, and family heads. Commands passed down the rankings, but tribute flowed upward, from the lowest Hutu to the king himself—grain, beer, bananas, and groats from the Hutu; milk, butter, and cattle from the Watutsi. As the tribute passed up the hierarchy, each family head, subchief, chief, and governor took his cut and added his share before it reached the royal court.

Of all the tribute, the most prized was the cattle—the Watutsi punished cattle rustling by impalement on sharpened stakes. No adult Watutsi male was without his own herd, and each year the *Mwami* was ceremonially presented with a token sampling of the finest cows, their horns polished with handfuls of sand, coats shiny from constant rubbings with butter, heads hung with colorful beads, each animal attended by a specially chosen youth who caught its dung on soft straw mats. “Rwanda has three pillars,” runs a Watutsi saying: “God, soldiers, and cows.”

God was represented by the *Mwami*; cattle were tended by the Hutu; and soldiers were produced and trained at the royal court. The Watutsi royal court was no mere hut notable only for being larger than others: it was an elegant, impressive compound. Nor did the *Mwami* exact tribute from his tribe simply to grow wealthy and fat (as did the king of the Baluba, who weighed 250 pounds and had to be carried everywhere he went) or to fatten up his wives (in certain African societies the king’s wives were deliberately fattened, sometimes weighed 400 pounds or more and could not move). The court of the Watutsi king was the pinnacle of a refined culture. Here all young Watutsi men gathered to learn the arts of war, to be assigned to a permanent platoon and commander, to study Watutsi lore and tradition (they could recite the names and accomplishments of 40 kings), to refine themselves in the arts of poetry, conversation, and courtesy, and to practice the leaping dances and manly sports in which they delighted (as late as 1959 the image of Rutera, a graceful, 7-foot 5-inch giant renowned for his broad jumps and dances, was officially printed on bank notes and stamps). The ideal product of this court was a disciplined, courageous, well-trained, cultured, courteous, sporting nobleman whose behavior was permeated by grace and self-control.

The Watutsi prized self-control as their prime virtue: the slightest show of temper or irritability was despised as vulgar and shameful.

But life at the court was not all sunny fun, elegant poetry, and admirable self-control. The Watutsi system was based on an explicit belief in their own racial superiority. Their myth of Rwanda's three peoples reveals this: God, through the original king, froze the characters of the Watutsi, Hutu, and Twa into an unchanging ranking, with the Watutsi on top. This belief had its inevitable effect on the Watutsi: like all racial supremacists and self-conscious aristocrats, they grew proud, and then they grew cruel. At court, when the graceful dancing and sophisticated poetry were finished, the most common entertainment was torture.

As torturers, the Watutsi preferred the Twa: there was something grotesquely appropriate in having that tiny, squat shape as the agent of agony. As victims, they preferred the undignified, screaming Hutu. And as an audience, the Watutsi delighted in themselves. No matter how brutal or infinitely refined the tortures were, the watching Watutsi sat coldly impassive; the only emotion they ever betrayed was an eagerness for new methods. An ancient story tells of the Hutu who approached the *Mwami* with a new idea: what if a victim were to be roasted alive on a white-hot stone slab? Delightful! But the *Mwami* made the presumptuous Hutu inventor his guinea pig and first victim.

“When will we regularize our injustices? When the Hutu no longer has the soul of a serf. For that he must be reborn.”

Landlocked and isolated, 1,000 miles from the Indian Ocean and 1,600 miles from the Atlantic, Rwanda did not see its first white man until 1894, when the German Count Goetzin explored its hills and valleys. Four years earlier an Anglo-German agreement had placed Rwanda and Burundi within the German sphere of influence; but the first German officials did not arrive until 1899, and the German regime was short-lived. In 1916, in revenge for

World War I, Belgian forces invaded Rwanda and Burundi, which were officially ceded to Belgium after the war under a League of Nations mandate.

Politically, neither the Germans nor the Belgians effected any significant changes in Rwanda. Belgium, like Germany, had scant economic interest in Rwanda or Burundi, and allowed its meager colonial influence to be felt indirectly, through the Watutsi. The Belgians were entranced by the Watutsi and encouraged them to continue their dominance of the country. Only Watutsi were educated by the Belgians, and only Watutsi were appointed to government posts. Even when the Watutsi balked at the suppression of several of their feudal privileges, the Belgians merely changed the Watutsi king, not the system. And when U.N. pressure forced the creation of a scheme of electoral colleges, which in 1956 developed into the National Council of Rwanda, though Hutu comprised 85 per cent of the population, they were given only one seat on the council.

In Burundi the Watutsi *Mwami* integrated the Hutu into his government and society, but in Rwanda the Watutsi excluded the Hutu utterly. For four centuries, even under the Belgians, the Watutsi in Rwanda preserved themselves and their feudal way of life. Through severe restrictions against marriage outside the tribe, they maintained their exquisite height and grace; through their *Mwami's* court, they maintained their traditions and sophistication; and through unceasing suppression of the Hutu, they maintained their absolute control of government and society. But while the Watutsi clung to their traditional ways, the Hutu were molding themselves to the pattern of the future.

The only truly important modernizing influences brought to bear on Rwanda were imported by Catholic missionaries, the first large group of whom arrived in the early years of the twentieth century under the leadership of the German Monsignor Hirth. Hirth hoped to convert Rwanda through the cooperation of the Watutsi, but the *Mwami* forbade religious teachings in his court and resisted the European ideas of the missionaries. Thus Hirth was forced to send his missionaries directly out among the Hutu. This had enormous consequences. Ultimately it led to the decimation of the Watutsi.

As late as 1954 one Hutu wrote: "When will we regularize our injustices? When the Hutu no longer has the soul of a serf. For that he must be reborn." In their schools and churches the missionaries were working on just this rebirth: they were teaching a revolutionary doctrine—that in the eyes of God all men are equal. The missionary-educated Hutu elite developed this ideal into a framework of democratic, equalitarian concepts culminating in the ideal of the rule of the majority. On this the Hutu fixed more and more intensely.

At the same time, unknowingly, the Belgians helped with this rebirth. Because Watutsi cattle were rapidly overgrazing Rwanda's limited and almost completely deforested land to the point where it would become desert, the Belgians encouraged the cultivation of several crops, notably coffee. This vital step recreated the agricultural economy of Rwanda and offered the Hutu a way out of their entrapment in the Watutsi cattle economy.

The political tensions exploded more suddenly in Rwanda than in any other African nation. In January, 1959, after the Leopoldville riots, it became obvious that the Congo would soon be granted its independence and that independence would also soon come to Rwanda. Hutu and Watutsi both realized, as the Arabs and the Africans had realized in Zanzibar, that for each survival hinged on who controlled the government at independence.

In the ensuing struggle the Watutsi had all the obvious advantages. Thanks to Belgian colonial policies, they controlled the administration and civil service and had acquired far more wealth and education than the Hutu. They were supported by their proud self-confidence, and they were driven by the fear that if democracy came to Rwanda before they had obtained absolute control of the government as it would be after independence, they would never again rise to power—for the Hutu had a huge numerical predominance, 85 per cent to 14 per cent.

But the Hutu, despite their long training as serfs, had developed a well-educated, modernized, dedicated elite that understood just as intensely as the Watutsi the need to gain control. And the Hutu were spurred on by the rankling

bitterness of four centuries of oppression and a terrible fear of what continued Watutsi domination would mean.

The Hutu political movement was sparked by a pastoral letter for the 1959 Lenten season written by Monsignor Perraudin and published in several newspapers. "In our Rwanda," he wrote, "social differences and inequalities are to a large extent tied to racial differences, in this sense, that wealth on the one hand and political and even judicial power on the other are, in reality, in considerable proportion in the hands of people of one race." The impetus of this letter caused Gregoire Kayibanda, previously a seminarian, to turn to politics and create Mouvement Social Muhutu. MSH was primarily a social organization, but the Watutsi, no doubt frightened by the prospect of an organized Hutu majority, hurriedly founded their own organization, UNAR (Union National du Ruanda), which pursued tactics identical to those of the Arabs in Zanzibar. The Watutsi posed as avid nationalists seeking immediate independence from a cruel colonialist administration. Though nothing could have been further from the truth, the world was ripe for just such propaganda.

But before the U.N. or Belgium could take any action, on July 24, 1959, the 46-year-old *Mwami* Mutare of Rwanda died, supposedly under mysterious circumstances. Although the Mutare had died as a true-blue aristocrat—from an overdose of penicillin given in a desperate attempt to save his health from the ravages of venereal disease—UNAR publicly blamed the Church and the Belgians for Mutare's death. Afraid that the King's death would be used as an opportunity to gain a pre-independence democratization of Rwanda, UNAR acted immediately. At Mutare's funeral Watutsi warriors ringed the Belgian administrator with spears and unceremoniously announced that, according to "the traditional process" and without consulting the colonial authorities, they had appointed the ex-King's nephew, Jean-Baptiste Ndahindurwa, as *Mwami* Kigeri V.

The Belgians acquiesced to the *fait accompli*, but the Hutu protested. In October, Kayibanda, supported by a group of militant democrats from the Hutu elite, transformed MSH into PARMEHUTU (Parti d'Emancipation des Hutu), which actively organized the Hutu for the pro-

claimed goal of democracy and which petitioned the U.N., in contradiction to UNAR's stand, to withhold independence until the Hutu could prepare themselves for free elections.

UNAR could wait no longer to see if its propaganda would hoodwink the U.N. Through a series of particularly brutal political assassinations, UNAR attempted to destroy the new Hutu leadership and eradicate the threat of its power. But this was a tragic error. Kayibanda escaped, organized PARMEHUTU's vast following, and the Hutu, incensed at this last arrogant Watutsi cruelty, exploded into violent revenge. Unlike UNAR, PARMEHUTU struck from below, *en masse*. Armed with bows and arrows, sticks, stones, swords, *pangas* (machetes), and hoes, as if the meek had finally learned how they could inherit the earth, 2,550,000 Hutu (far outnumbering Rwanda's 450,000 Watutsi) rampaged across the countryside, burning and murdering. The proud, tradition-bound Watutsi minority was no match for the outraged modern Hutu horde, particularly since the Belgians, disenchanted with the Watutsi, threw the Force Publique distinctly to the side of the Hutu.

During the month of November, 1959, more than 120,000 Watutsi fled Rwanda. Some 21,000 sought refuge in Burundi, 40,000 in Uganda, and 60,000 in the Congo. In Rwanda they left behind at least 10,000 dead. Those unfortunates had suffered the most horrible deaths: *pangas* and hoes are neither merciful nor efficient.

AFRICA, ADDIO:

Thousands of handsome long-horned Watutsi cattle fill a dusty country road. For miles, until it disappears over the top of a hill, the road overflows with cattle and Watutsi refugees.

Some refugees carry a few bundles, but most have nothing. There are men and women, young children and old men, invalids, wounded, and ex-warriors. There is nothing noticeably elegant or ferocious about these Watutsi. The warriors carry no spears—only ordinary sticks with which to herd the cattle. Their

eyes seem uncomprehending. One old man, holding a corner of his robe across his mouth and nose to cut the dust, stares blankly ahead as if he had lost all sense of time and place. But there is only one important place now. A few miles ahead a white stripe is painted across the road: the border of Uganda. Only when they cross that line will the once-proud Watutsi be safe again.

With the refugees fled not only the *Mwami* but almost all the Watutsi chiefs and subchiefs: the once-unassailable Watutsi regime was shattered. The Belgians, now in sympathy with the Hutu (where the power was), decided to refill the decimated National Council through democratic elections. As was inevitable, the Hutu swept into power by a 71 per cent majority, the result of a coalition between the major Hutu party, PARMEHUTU, and a splinter party, APROSOMA (Association pour la Promotion Sociale de la Masse), Hutu-backed but with monarchistic leanings.

UNAR now tried a different tack. They lobbied at the U.N., describing PARMEHUTU as a puppet organization directed by Belgian colonialists and the Catholic Church and intent upon the extermination of the Watutsi. When the Belgians organized another free election (for a provisional pre-independence National Assembly), the Watutsi boycotted it—they knew they could not win; all they could do was cry “Fraud!” But the elections were held, and in October, 1960, Kayibanda became Prime Minister, riding into office on a huge Hutu majority.

The U.N. attempted to reconcile UNAR and PARMEHUTU in two conferences held in December and early January, 1961. When, at the second meeting, pro-monarchist APROSOMA swung behind UNAR, Kayibanda, frightened that the Watutsi might be able to wrangle their way back into power, played his trump card. At a meeting held at Gitarama, Rwanda, on January 28, 1961, a huge gathering of communal councilors and burgomasters voted Rwanda an independent republic, elected a new National Assembly, and declared Kayibanda President. In response the U.N. took the fairest course. It organized U.N.-supervised elec-

tions on two levels: a direct referendum on the question of monarchy vs. republic, and an election for a new and final National Assembly.

Despite U.N. supervision, the campaign was marred by crude intimidation and terrorism; but the results reflected the true sentiments of the populace: In September, 1961, PARMEHUTU and the republic were swept in by a majority of 80 per cent. Kigeri V was definitely out, and the Hutu were definitely in. There was another flareup of anti-Watutsi rioting, and thousands more fled the country.

UNAR immediately responded by claiming that the elections had been unfair, that the Belgians had aided PARMEHUTU (they certainly had), and that the U.N. should delay independence until new elections could be held. UNAR hopes were encouraged by the elections in Burundi, where a wiser and fairer Watutsi *Mwami* was maintained as monarch and the anti-Belgian party gained 58 of 64 seats in the National Assembly. But at a final conference held in April, 1962, it was decided that Rwanda and Burundi should be made independent of each other and of Belgium as of July 1, 1962, and that the governments currently in office as a result of the most recent elections should remain. UNAR was dead.

But Watutsi pride and determination were not. Four centuries of supremacist rule had deeply ingrained their conviction of their natural superiority and their divine right to rule. Urged on by *Mwami* Kigeri V, in exile in Uganda, the refugee Watutsi organized secret terrorist groups known as *inyenzi* (cockroaches), which agitated among the refugees, particularly in Burundi, and planned a counterrevolution. Ironically, the leader of the *inyenzi* was a Hutu, S. Rukeba, who had become a subchief under the Watutsi regime in Rwanda and who, delighted to have been accepted as even an inferior member by the superior race, decided he would lead his masters back to power.

Shortly after independence the *inyenzi* launched a small raid into Rwanda. It accomplished nothing more than harassment, and in the resulting Hutu anger more Watutsi were slaughtered. But this did not stop the *inyenzi*. During the last part of 1962 and throughout 1963, they continued to carry out minor harassment and cattle raids. No one

knows exactly how many Watutsi died as a result of the increasing Hutu anger at the *inyenzi* raids; certainly the number was not inconsiderable. But it was in no way comparable to what was about to happen.

On November 25, 1962, 3,000 Watutsi refugees in Burundi began a three-day march toward the Rwanda border "to return to their country." The march included old men, women, and children, and three truckloads of arms. At the last moment, urged by the Church and the U.N., the Burundi Government turned the marchers back. But less than a month later, on the night of December 20, the *inyenzi* struck again, this time without the disguise of a refugee column. A small band of Watutsi warriors, armed with only bows and arrows, several homemade rifles, and one BB gun, secretly crossed the Rwanda-Burundi border at Nemba. They rallied (through threats to castrate the disloyal) about 600 local Watutsi to their side, then attacked the nearby Garde Nationale camp at Agako. The Hutu soldiers, terrified of their ancient lords, fled, leaving behind four dead and a store of arms. These arms the Watutsi commandeered, along with two jeeps, and set their column toward Rwanda's capital, Kigali.

In Kigali the Hutu commandant of the Garde Nationale, a lieutenant only two years out of officers' school, immediately handed his command over to the Belgian military adviser. Had this not happened, Rwanda might again have fallen under Watutsi domination; but the Belgian rallied the Hutu soldiers and set up a defense at Kanzanza bridge on the River Nyabarungu, only 15 miles outside of Kigali. In the ensuing battle the Watutsi fought with all of their legendary courage and ferocity; but they were outnumbered and outgunned. More than 500 were killed; only a few escaped into the bush.

In Kigali, Kayibanda immediately ordered a roundup of prominent Watutsi. Many were severely beaten, those suspected of outright collaboration with the *inyenzi* were shot without trial, and the rest were thrown into jail. On the body of one invader (a hired Congolese mercenary) the Garde found a list of Watutsi politicians whom the *inyenzi* had planned to install in power once they took Kigali—as they confidently assumed they would. All those

named were shot, along with most UNAR deputies in the National Assembly and the leading members of the UNAR party. For those who remained in jail, conditions were brutal: in Kigali 15 political prisoners, stuffed into a tiny underground cell, died of suffocation.

But Kayibanda was not satisfied that these measures adequately guaranteed his regime's safety. The frontier of Rwanda, despite the fact that it was patrolled by most of the 1,000-man Garde National, remained easily passable. If any invaders slipped across, Rwanda's hilly countryside and the lack of villages would make internal defense extremely difficult. And not only were there 120,000 embittered Watutsi refugees outside Rwanda's frontiers, there were 250,000 equally embittered Watutsi still inside the country (Kayibanda's first acts as President had been to abolish the *buhake* contract and redistribute Watutsi cattle, two-thirds of which went to Hutu). In actuality, Rwanda was not under meaningful threat of attack. But Kayibanda did not know this, nor did the local Hutu, who were extremely excited by the invasion news.

Kayibanda's solution to the security problem was to send 10 emergency "self-defense" ministers to each of the country's 10 prefectures (provinces). Each minister's job was to organize, through local officials, a defense against any new attack. Hillsides were organized, and roadblocks were hastily thrown up and manned by civilian Hutu. In some prefectures, this was as far as defense went. In Kibungo, for instance, the defense minister and the Church authorities interpreted Kayibanda's orders strictly: peace was maintained, and five days later Hutu and Watutsi celebrated Christmas Mass together.

But in most of the prefectures, the Watutsi were not so lucky and the Hutu not so lenient. The actions of the ministers, combined with the excitement generated by the invasion and the long-standing and only recently liberated Hutu bitterness against the Watutsi, broke Rwanda's 2,500,000 Hutu loose on another spree of brutality and murder. Armed again with their sticks, clubs, hoes, spears, lances, and *pangas*, mobs of Hutu swept over Rwanda's hills and valleys. Whole villages of Watutsi were

exterminated. They were beaten to death, beheaded, burned alive, hacked apart, or thrown, heads tied to their knees, into crocodile-infested rivers. Children were impaled on stakes, women were chopped into sections. Many men had their legs cut off at the knees—to “bring them down to our size,” as one Hutu gloated—and were left to bleed to death.

The Hutu mobs showed no mercy. Near Ruhengeri, 100 women caught between two attacking mobs threw their children into the crocodile-infested Nywarungu River and then jumped in after them. At Shgira, where most of the Watutsi men had been arrested, 100 more Watutsi women, convinced that they would never see their husbands again, leaped into the river with their children. In Gikongoro prefecture, where at least 10,000 Watutsi were killed, more than 1,000 women and children committed collective suicide.

One young missionary told this story: “We have 2,600 refugees here [at his mission] who are the survivors of about 15,000 Watutsi in our district. All the others have been murdered in the cruelest manner. Some had their eyes cut out and were then bashed to death with sticks. Others had their hands and feet cut off and were left to bleed to death. Others were gored with lances, buried alive, burned, or thrown into the water with their heads tied to their knees.” In that district, out of 15,000 Watutsi, 12,400 were murdered.

Most Watutsi weren’t lucky enough to reach a mission or to escape from the country. The government tried to keep them at home. At one mission center the Minister of Agriculture personally nailed shut the doors of a Catholic school so as to force the Watutsi to return home. Along the frontiers the Garde National closed border points, turned the fleeing Watutsi back, or just lined them up at the nearest river and machine-gunned them.

Bodies were dumped in piles alongside roads and left to be scavenged by wild animals. In *Africa Addio* Jacopetti filmed a pile of 52 severed hands stacked next to a bloody chopping block. The bodies had been thrown into a nearby river; the hands, for some macabre reason, had been left for all to see.

AFRICA ADDIO:

The Kagera River winds slowly, peacefully, through a rolling plain. From a nearby hilltop the camera pans across the river's placid surface, then zooms in: the river is littered with bloated bodies. In the reeds along one bank a dugout canoe has run aground. It overflows with corpses. In a small inlet nearby more bodies have washed ashore. They lie soaked and decomposing in the sun. All along the Kagera's banks, corpses, crawling with flies, bellies swollen, have been thrown one on top of another.

On the river, Africans in dugout canoes work with poles and ropes to push or drag the bodies ashore. Then other Africans, waiting along the banks, gather the cadavers and carry them to a small hilltop a few yards away from the river's edge. There they dump them into a pile, douse them with kerosene, and set them afire.

The boatmen continue to work, and a steady stream of helpers carries more and more bodies up the hill to the funeral pyre. But it is an impossible task: like whitecaps on a windy day, hundreds of white-robed bodies bob gently past on the Kagera's broad expanse.

By far the majority of the Watutsi were thrown into rivers—alive or dead. Burundi authorities complained that they had counted 8,000 bodies in one river alone. So many corpses floated into Lake Tanganyika that they became a navigational hazard. One missionary reported counting 50 bodies passing under a bridge on the river Biruruma in less than 10 minutes; another said he counted 18 bodies floating past per minute. One Watutsi who escaped to Uganda reported that he saw "five bodies recently killed floating in a river. Four men and a young girl. Their hands were tied behind their backs. They had stuck in the branches under a small bridge. I pushed them out into the

center of the stream, hoping they would float to the U.N.”

But the U.N. did not arrive, and the massacre continued. And, incredibly, the *inyenzi* tried again. On December 27, at 7 P.M., another band of young Watutsi, 500-strong and well-armed, though with little ammunition, crossed the Rwanda border at Kizinga. But this time the Garde National was ready for them. Most of the invaders were killed in the attack, and the remainder were slaughtered by the Uganda Rifles when they tried to run back across the border.

This attack had two consequences: it increased the ferocity of the Hutu massacres, and it caused Kayibanda to send a cable to U Thant requesting U.N. intervention. But Kayibanda did not ask the U.N. to stop the rampaging Hutu: he wanted the U.N. to stop what he was sure was assistance given to the *inyenzi* by the Burundi Government. And the U.N. response was ludicrous. On January 1, Max Dorsinville, chief representative of the U.N. in the Congo, arrived at Kigali as U Thant's personal representative. Dorsinville never visited any of the areas where the massacres were taking place. Instead, he traveled around the calm, more comfortable towns of Rwanda and Burundi with his pretty French secretary. He questioned Kayibanda and his Ministers, who claimed that the situation was “under control” except for Burundi's supposed interference, and he spoke to a few local officials, who, of course, refused to admit that anything unlawful or violent was happening in their localities. So after completing this comfortable tour, Dorsinville and his secretary reported to the U.N. that, on the basis of “firsthand” inspections, they could reliably assert that reports of the massacres were exaggerated.

The behavior of the large newspapers of the West was just as irresponsible. Despite the fact that the November 1959 surveys of the huge numbers of refugees who fled Rwanda proved concretely how dangerous the Hutu-Watutsi feud could become, and despite reliable reports that flowed out of Rwanda at the outset of the massacres, there was no significant coverage of the violence until mid-February, 1964, when the violence had already subsided. Even then, the newspapers played the story down and did not

in any way suggest the massacre's true proportions. Had the newspapers reported the facts earlier and more truthfully, world pressure might have forced the Rwanda Government or the U.N. to step in. But because there was no coverage and as a consequence of Dorsinville's ludicrous report to the U.N. the extermination of the Watutsi continued.

The Rwanda Government itself was instrumental in the continuation of the massacres, despite pressure brought to bear on it by foreign embassies in Rwanda, by the Catholic Church, and by Protestant missionaries. Arrests and executions of prominent Watutsi continued. A Watutsi pastor who had remained conspicuously loyal to Kayibanda's government was secretly abducted by Garde National troops and shot without trial. Groups of Watutsi who had been arrested by government order were machine-gunned.

Then, as if the situation weren't dangerous and destructive enough without the help of the great civilized outside world, the Cold War once again stepped into Africa. The government of the *Mwami* of Burundi had for several months been increasingly influenced by Chinese Communists, who had established a large embassy in Usumbura. On January 14 the chargé d'affaires of the Rwanda embassy in Bonn declared that staff members of the Chinese embassy in Usumbura, with the help of a team of Czechs, were training and arming the *inyenzi* and were urging them to make further attacks. This undoubtedly was true. The Chinese had been active since December 1963, when they began giving arms and encouragement to the *inyenzi*. They had also, through the embassy in Usumbura, been sending arms and restless Watutsi refugee warriors to fight for Gbenye's rebels in the Congo.

The Chinese were fomenting revolution solely in order to create confusion, in hopes that they themselves could later step in and take over. It did not bother them that in order to achieve this they were forced to ally themselves with a backward, race-supremacist, feudal tribe that was attempting to destroy what the Chinese would otherwise have described as a true and just revolution of the proletariat (the Hutu). It did not bother them that they were following in the footsteps of capitalistic European imperialists, whom they berated endlessly in their daily propa-

ganda. The Chinese want power in Africa wherever they can get it—just as the Russians do, just as the Americans do. And none of these countries cares how or at what price that power is secured.

In hopes of carrying their policy of cultivated confusion to a quick climax, the Chinese even began supporting a group of Watutsi extremists who opposed the moderate *Mwami's* pro-Hutu policies in the Burundi Government. Despite the fact that the *Mwami* had recognized Red China, the Chinese wanted to get rid of him—he was a force for law and order, and unresponsive to their economic overtures. But when, during January, the Chinese engineered a series of assassinations of political moderates in the Burundi Government, the outraged *Mwami* closed their embassy down and kicked them out of the country.

The damage, however, had already been done. The *inyenzi* were determined to continue their raids despite the brutal consequences of previous attempts. On February 1, 1964, they struck again, this time killing four Rwanda customs officers at Bugarama. Again the result was a flare-up of Hutu rage and exterminations of the Watutsi. Some Hutu began killing with sticks and clubs alone: "We are not guilty if there is no blood," one Hutu said. Though this was the last *inyenzi* raid and the last flare-up of intense Hutu fear and rage, the killings of Watutsi continued in a lower key, as part of the Rwanda Government's campaign against influential Watutsi. Today Rwanda and Burundi live in the tension of a state of military alert. Troops are massed along the Rwanda-Burundi border. Special passes are required for travel within Rwanda, and traffic is halted everywhere by military roadblocks.

It is impossible to ascertain exactly how many Watutsi have died so far. The Rwanda Government claims that only 750 died, but that is a mockery. Dorsinville casually estimated between 2,000 and 3,000, but that is ridiculous. The newspapers hesitantly suggested anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000. But none of these figures are high enough. The official 1956 census showed 400,000 Watutsi living in Rwanda. Estimates as to how many remain in Rwanda today vary from 120,000 to the U.N. estimate of 200,000. But the U.N. has counted only 150,000 Watutsi refugees

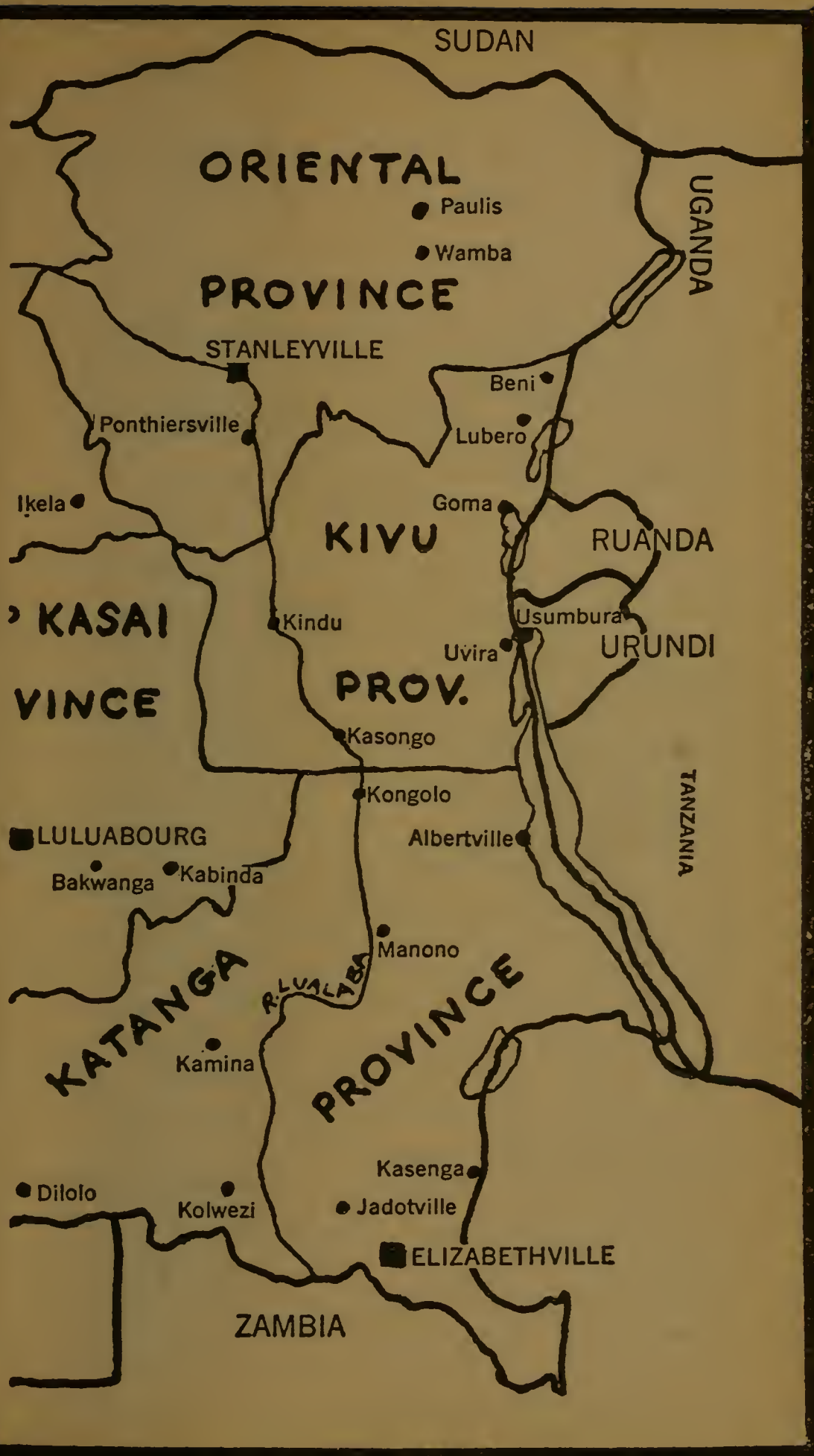
outside Rwanda. Where are the others? Dead. At the absolute minimum, 50,000 Watutsi have been exterminated, and the maximum figure could be as high as 130,000. The most likely figure is between 80,000 and 100,000.

Despite this incredible slaughter and despite the intense misery and sufferings in the refugee camps in which 150,000 Watutsi remain, the refugees and the *inyenzi* remain undaunted and unrepentant. Even after years of the daily despair of refugee-camp existence, their pride is utterly unbroken. Recently, during a particularly severe food shortage among the refugees, a truck carrying desperately needed food and supplies drove into one Watutsi camp. But the Watutsi men refused to help unload it: "The fatigue and the shame" of such menial labor, they insisted, did not befit them. "We are being punished by our pride and through our pride," a Watutsi bishop has proclaimed. His people do not seem to understand; but the Rwanda Government does: it refuses to allow the Watutsi to emigrate from Rwanda because it knows the *inyenzi* will recruit them.

On March 21, 1966, another band of Watutsi warriors, well-armed and well-trained, was reported poised on the Rwanda border, ready for a new invasion. The American embassy in Rwanda, fearful of what might result—an explosion of unprecedented violence and brutality—evacuated its women and children. As of this writing the invasion has not yet been launched; but it may be, any day now.

The Congo





SUDAN

ORIENTAL
PROVINCE

• Paulis
• Wamba

UGANDA

STANLEYVILLE

Ponthiersville

Ikela

Beni

Lubero

Goma

RUANDA

KASAI
VINCE

Kindu

KIVU
PROV.

Usumbura

URUNDI

Uvira

Kasongo

TANZANIA

LULUABOURG

Bakwanga

Kabinda

Kongolo

Albertville

Manono

KATANGA

Kamina

PROVINCE

Dilolo

Kolwezi

Kasenga

Jadotville

ELIZABETHVILLE

ZAMBIA

“One life in the Congo is cheaper than a cigarette. Do you know what that means? After you have butchered the way we have butchered, you can never return to normal. . . .”

—Statement of a white mercenary
fighting in the Congo

The heart of darkness, the heart of Africa, the land of slavery, sorcery, Pygmies and poisoned arrows, cooked missionaries and cannibalism—for centuries this has been the Congo's image, an image of terror and butchery. Today, because of the horror of the last few years, that image has magnified infinitely. Since its independence every passing day has stained the Congo's record with new blood spurting from revolutions, secessions, mutinies, rapes, murders, tribal wars, witchcraft, and intrigues.

The Congo is big—900,000 square miles of sweaty equatorial jungles, prehistoric ocean basins, high, cool plateaus, and 16,000-foot mountains. Drop it over the U.S.A., and it would blot out all the land east of the Mississippi; drop it over Europe, and it would cover everything from Paris to Odessa and from Helsinki to Istanbul. The Congo is rich—perhaps the richest country in Africa. Its seemingly inexhaustible mines produce 70 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds, 60 per cent of the West's uranium, 75 per cent of the world's cobalt, vital quantities of gold and gems, and huge stores of valuable palm oil.

The 2,735-mile Congo River sprawls across this country like a huge, twisting mamba snake. When Henry Morton Stanley explored it in 1874, he came out marveling: “This river will be the grand highway of commerce in West Central Africa.” Leopold II, King of Belgium, understood that promise. Leopold was an empire builder. Had he lived

in twentieth-century America, he would have established Leopold Motors or he would have bought Texas. But he lived in nineteenth-century Europe, and at that time European empire builders built in Africa. So Leopold wooed Stanley to Brussels, got him talking, then overwhelmed him with promises of his own.

Though tiny bourgeois Belgium had no claims on the Congo nor any interest in financing grand colonial schemes, luck was with Leopold. By 1874 the European colonial powers, crashing through jungles and trekking across deserts in a mad rush to plant their flags along vast, meaningless boundaries, were beginning to clash; by 1882 they were on the verge of war. To prevent this, Bismarck called the Berlin Conference of 1884. There Leopold showed his shrewdness: skillfully maneuvering the greed and fear of the great powers, he persuaded them that rather than let any major competitor get the Congo, they should give it to him. After a lifetime of yearning and 10 years of intrigue, Leopold had his empire. It was not under the direction of a nation, as was usual: financially and politically, Belgium had nothing to do with it. It was the biggest back yard any one man ever bought.

Leopold called his new empire the Congo Free State. When he accepted it he made this ringing proclamation: "We are launching one of the greatest civilizing and humanitarian crusades in history: to destroy the slave trade in the Congo!" But he wrote to a friend: "What a splendid slice of cake!"

Slaving in the Congo had been worse than anywhere else in Africa. During the early nineteenth century the Portuguese annually ripped 150,000 slaves out of the jungle and shipped them across the Atlantic to "the home of the free"; more were captured by Zanzibar's slavers to be sent east. By 1885 more than 30 million Congolese had been sold into slavery. Vast areas had become totally depopulated. Only about 15 million natives had escaped—by retreating deeper and deeper into the jungles—but they had been reduced to poverty and hunger so intense that it had driven them to the worst excesses of cannibalism.

When Leopold took over in the Congo he forgot about his great humanitarian crusade. He sent hundreds of agents

to get out the immediately available resources (ivory and rubber), put Stanley to work building a railroad, and quickly negotiated a series of vicious, unfair treaties with the native chiefs. These treaties cost him nothing, but gained him all. In the Treaty of Palla Balla, for instance, he received, as always, total control of the land—the right to levy tolls and taxes, to dispose of the natural resources, to cultivate unoccupied land, to exploit the forests, to gather all natural products—and the right to recruit unpaid labor. All this cost him exactly two coats, three-dozen caps, a piece of cloth, two dozen bottles of gin, and 20 handkerchiefs.

Thus Leopold made himself, personally, the owner of the entire Congo. At first he paid a “competitive” price for the ivory and rubber his agents bought. However, after he became virtually the sole buyer in the area, he began to cut his prices. But as his prices diminished, his business became less worthwhile for the natives, and they stopped bringing out the goods. Leopold’s immediate recourse was to force. In 1898 he instructed his agents that “From 1 Jan. 1899 you must succeed in furnishing 4,000 kilos of rubber every month. To effect this I give you *carte blanche*. Employ gentleness at first, but if your people persist in not accepting the imposition of the state, employ force of arms.”

Slave labor. Natives were hunted down, captured, or killed. One typical raid was described by an eyewitness: “During the month of June a raid was made near Luebo. Men and women, boys and girls were taken by force; villages were pillaged; two were burned; women were raped; chiefs tied up and taken away.” The captives were marched to work on plantations or to Stanley’s railroad. As the officials themselves wrote, “fear of the lash and prison” were used to make them work. If a native failed to fulfill his quota, his hand, his foot, or both were hacked off and displayed as an example for the others.

When the world discovered the terror at the heart of Leopold’s Congo, he was buffeted by an international outcry of indignation; but he instigated no reforms. Finally, in 1908, Belgium was forced to demand that its King relinquish his control. Leopold had had his empire for 23

years. In that time he had proved to his country that the Congo was profitable, and thus his country had taken it away from him; he had spent and made a fortune; he had worsened the already pitiful conditions of the natives and reduced their population by another 5 million; and he had changed the natives' simple fear of slavers to unlimited fear and hatred of all white men.

"Rule in order to serve . . . this is the sole excuse." That, supposedly, was the new credo. And to some degree the Belgians did "serve" the Congo. They replaced forced labor with minimum-wage laws; built homes for the natives near the mines and plantations where they worked; required that all employers provide employees not only with blankets, sweaters, shorts, shoes, and other necessities but also with scientifically prescribed diets regulated down to specified amounts of protein, starch, fats, and salts. They set up a system of medical care about which they could boast that by 1957 there was one doctor for every 20,000 inhabitants, that every native was within walking distance of a hospital, and that there was one hospital bed for every 180 people.

This was good; but the economic development was spectacular. When Leopold was kicked out, the ivory and rubber trades were already highly profitable. Later the Congo's mineral wealth was discovered—huge quantities of copper, uranium, cobalt, industrial diamonds, gem stones, gold, zinc, cadmium, manganese, columbium, pitchblende, and tantulum. Between 1950 and 1955 the gross national product doubled. On independence day there were 1,400 merchant ships using 8,700 miles of navigable waterways; 9,000 freight cars on 3,107 miles of railroad track; 60,000 cars on 87,000 miles of road; 40 airports serving 20,500 miles of internal airlines. But 75 per cent of the income from this development went to 3 per cent of the population—the rich whites. Huge profits from mines and plantations flowed into the government coffers and into the pockets of powerful capitalists in Brussels. All the mineral rights and all the large firms were owned by whites or by the government itself, and whites had all the high-paying jobs. Only a pittance dripped down to the Congolese. In industry and in administration, blacks were forbidden to rise

above very minor posts, and they owned nothing. By 1957 the average per-capita income of the Congo's 115,000 whites was \$2,791; the Congo's 13,000,000 blacks averaged \$42 annually.

The Belgians did some good in the Congo, but it was entirely blotted out by the black shadow of their mistakes and inequities—and the Belgians knew it. They tried to keep the world, including their home country, ignorant of the truth about the Congo. To this end they set up Inforcongo, a huge propaganda machine that spewed out shiny, convincing lies boasting of progress, progress, progress. It boasted, for instance, that the administration was spending vast sums of money on a wondrous system of education for the Congolese, that in 1960 some 1.5 million Congolese attended school. But Inforcongo did not say that these were only primary schools, that almost all of these children never went beyond second grade and soon lapsed back into illiteracy, that in 1960 only 136 Congolese graduated from high school.

To anyone who discovered these facts the administration responded, "We have seen that those natives who have been shown Europe and given an advanced education do not always return with a spirit favorable to civilization and to the mother country in particular." *In particular*, the administration was afraid that the Congolese would discover the world and the knowledge that would cause them to protest the inequities of Belgian rule. *In particular*, the Belgians were deliberately trying to isolate the Congo from the world, to insulate it from the places where progress really existed. Thus, when the inevitable did happen, when the Congolese discovered the world and demanded their independence, there were fewer than 12 university graduates in the entire nation. There was not one Congolese engineer, lawyer, doctor, social scientist, or economist. At the 1960 round-table talks for independence, the average educational level of the Congolese leaders was *below* secondary school.

Politically and culturally, the development of the Congo stopped when the white man, especially the Belgians, arrived. But at one time the Congo had been the scene of high civilizations and great states. Even at the time of Leo-

pold's takeover, a few vestiges remained. One explorer found: "In some villages each object, pipe, spoon, or bowl was a work of art, comparable in its perfect beauty to the creations of the Romanesque period in Europe. No northern people could rival these primitive folk in their dignity, exquisite politeness, and grace." And centuries before Christ, Greek scholars spoke of the mythical kingdom of Prester John, a civilization of the highest sophistication reputed to exist in the heart of Africa's supposed darkness. When Diago Cao sailed up the Congo River in 1483 he found this kingdom. Its king was *Nzinga a Nkuwu*; his nation was the Kingdom of the Kongo; and the civilization was as sophisticated as the myths had said. The Portuguese were so astounded that they almost treated the people (the Bakongo) like equals. Ambassadors were exchanged, young tribal noblemen were entitled dukes and earls and one was consecrated a bishop of the Holy See. The entire tribe converted to Christianity. Churches were built, trade flourished.

But the shock wore off, the Portuguese settled down to business, and soon the only contact between whites and blacks occurred as part of the slave trade. In the sixteenth century more than 700,000 slaves were shipped out of the Congo. Nzinga's successors pleaded again and again with Lisbon to end the vicious slaving; but nothing was done. When the Bakongo rebelled, in 1665, the Portuguese crushed them, brutally. The marvelous, legendary Kingdom of the Kongo disintegrated, destroyed by the very people who had so much admired it. The Bakongo, however, never lost their strong sense of tribal loyalty and pride. It was they who founded the first Congolese political organization, ABAKO, set up in 1950 to reunite them in their own kingdom.

The Bakongo did not produce the only high civilization of the Congo. The Balunda and Baluba tribes welded together kingdoms that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ruled huge territories. These were powerful, opulent states. Even as late as independence day the King of the Baluba could afford 250 wives, and the King of the Balunda still wields great influence: Moshe Tshombe

climbed to power partly because his wife was the King's daughter.

Much more recent and even more powerful than these kingdoms was the kingdom of Msiri. By birth the son of an unimportant chieftain, Msiri ingratiated himself with powerful Katanga families, worked his way up until he was able to wrest power away from his benefactors, then set up his own mighty kingdom. He maintained a regular army of 10,000 men, many armed with modern rifles. His methods were infamously brutal but exceedingly successful. He developed thriving trades in salt, slaves, iron, and ivory with the Arabs on the east and the whites on the west, and both treated him with respect. In 1891 Msiri was shot by a treacherous Belgian officer, and as rapidly as it sprang up, his kingdom disappeared. But, like the Balunda's *Mwata Yamvo* (King), Msiri's descendants still have considerable prestige. Several Ministers of the secessionist Katanga Government claimed Msiri's blood.

The Belgians never took proper account of these kingdoms or their tribal foundations. They ignored them in laying out the national boundaries, which cut the Bakongo into three parts; in setting up the Congo's six original provinces—Oriental, Equator, Leopoldville, Kivu, Kasai, and Katanga—which split up all the tribes; and at the very lowest levels of administration, where chiefs were given sectors to administer that were not their traditional sectors of influence, and tasks that were not their traditional tasks. And while the Belgians ignored the past, they did not allow the Congolese to participate in the present. The Belgians never trained the Congolese in the techniques of the strange European political organizations they set up. They not only denied the Africans the education necessary to understand modern politics, but denied them the right to vote, the freedoms of speech, press, and political activity. Newspaper and radio stations were subject to the strictest censorship. Political activity was stifled. Those who disregarded the restrictions were dragged off to jail as soon as they opened their mouth. As a result, the Congo produced no class of leaders capable of administering a modern state, capable of dealing with the techniques of government and public administration that in the twentieth

century rushed forward into ever-increasing complications and intricacies.

The modern political schemes of the Belgian Congo were very new, and the Congolese were excluded from them; but the great kingdoms of the Kongo, the Baluba, the Balunda, and Msiri were centuries old and well-known to every Congolese. As the Belgians cut them off from the dignity of participating in the new government, the Congolese dwelled more and more on their tribal affiliations and on the legends of the great tribes of the past. These they cherished, understood, and could participate in. To these they remained loyal. But for the modern political entity that finally became the Republic of the Congo, the great mass of the Congolese felt nothing.

This situation was the more dangerous because the Congo offers no practical basis for unity. Across its huge territories communications are poor and travel slow and difficult. And there is in reality no group that could be called "the Congolese." There are instead more than 70 different ethnic groups divided into hundreds of distinct tribes and clans that speak more than 400 different languages. French is the official language, but thanks to the Belgians' super two-year system of mass non-education, hardly anyone speaks it. No one language and no single allegiance is common to all.

After independence these divisive influences, the Congolese' political backwardness, and the still-strong tribal loyalties were to have devastating effects. The mass of the people found local loyalties more meaningful than national loyalties, tribal affiliations more important than governmental decisions and national laws.

In 1958 the Belgian Colonial Minister boasted: "When we came to Africa the natives had to be taught everything. They knew nothing of writing or building. . . . They had no idea of what a nation was, or a state, or even a slightly developed political organization." But when the Belgians left precipitously in 1960, though the Congolese could build houses, few could write, even fewer had any "idea of what a nation was," and none had training in how to run a state "or even a slightly developed political organization."

Inforcongo described the Belgian attitude toward the

blacks as a kindly "paternalism." In reality this paternalism meant that the Belgians were willing to treat the Congolese only as children, controlling every aspect of their lives, from the starches they consumed to the shoes they wore. They were distinctly unwilling to treat them as adult equals, either as a race or individually. They never shook hands with them, never invited them to their homes, never frequented the same bars or restaurants. If an administrator broke these customs, he was transferred. In cities, blacks were forbidden by law to live in white neighborhoods, to drink at white bars, or eat at white restaurants. They were forbidden to leave the African quarter after early curfews. Flogging was legal punishment for blacks but not for whites. The "paternalistic" hand of the Belgian father indeed rested on top of his Congolese children's heads, but it was pushing down. It did not alter the barbarism that Leopold and his predecessors had helped create; it merely controlled it. So, as soon as the hand was removed, the Congo exploded.

World War II cracked the seams of the Congo's isolation and burst the country into political awareness. Forbidden open activity, the Congolese used the guises of social, religious, labor, and tribal clubs to form dozens of clandestine discussion groups. Some had memberships exceeding 1,000. All concentrated on the same problems—the color bar, wages, and working conditions, lack of opportunities for Africans, and most important, independence. As early as 1946 Joseph Kasavubu, leader of the Bakongo ABAKO and prominent in several clubs, demanded (clandestinely) not only "equal pay for equal work" and other social reforms, but a Congo for the Congolese.

World War II also forced important changes in Brussels. Liberal and Socialist power in Parliament rose, Inforcongo was exposed, and suddenly the Belgians learned the truth about their Congo. Out of the sound and fury that followed came one crucial document—*A Thirty-Year Plan for the Political Emancipation of Belgian Africa*, published by Professor A. J. J. van Bilsen in 1954. "The colonial imperialism of the past half century," wrote van Bilsen, "is gone forever."

Van Bilsen's plan hit like a bombshell. Socialists and

Catholics demanded study and reform. In the Congo, for the first time, Africans began to speak openly of independence. New political groups burst into open action and competition. Both in Brussels and in the Congo factional politics forced the issue. *Conscience Africain*, a magazine run by the Bangala tribe, openly praised Van Bilsen's stand. But since the Bangala rivaled ABAKO's power in the Lower Congo, Kasavubu saw the article as a loss of political initiative, which he wanted to get back. In August 1956 he delivered a fiery speech demanding independence in much less than 30 years. "Our patience," he shouted, "is exhausted!" Parliament dispatched a special study group to the Congo, and investigators actually asked the Congolese for their own opinions. A new era was opening.

The first signal flashed in 1957, when the colonial administration organized elections in which the Congolese, for the first time, were allowed to vote. But these were only minor, municipal elections, and they did not relieve the sudden surge of Congolese pressure. When, in August 1958, General de Gaulle flew to Brazzaville, just across the river from Leopoldville, and unexpectedly offered the French Congo immediate independence, Congolese leaders in Leopoldville were shocked into even stronger action. Patrice Lumumba, head of a group of prominent Congolese activists, hurriedly set up what was to become the most important Congolese political organization, Mouvement National Congolais (MNC), and openly proclaimed his intention of preparing "the masses and the elite to take control of public affairs" when the Congo became independent. On December 28, when he delivered a passionate nationalistic speech demanding immediate independence, a huge crowd roared its approval.

This brought Kasavubu back into the spotlight, again determined to restore his political initiative. In 1957 Kasavubu had been elected mayor of a Leopoldville commune. He had declared himself, as head of ABAKO, "the Supreme Leader." When he received visitors and spoke at rallies he wore the traditional symbol of Bakongo power—the leopard skin. He had become so popular and powerful that he was referred to as "King Kasa." Kasavubu had more to yell about than just the old ABAKO seces-

sionist grievances. The Congo was in the grip of a devastating economic depression. In 1955 the balance of payments had produced a \$17,100,000 credit; but the price of copper plunged, and the next year the credit turned into a \$5,880,000 drain, which in 1957 bloated to a huge deficit of \$129,640,000. Losing faith in the Congo's economy, European businessmen began sending their money home. In the first nine months of 1959 more than \$250 million left the Congo. Unemployment soared, and jobless natives filled Leopoldville. Many of these unemployed workers were among the 4000 who heard Kasavubu speak on January 4, 1959. Indignantly, he related that he had demanded reforms from the Belgians but that they had ignored him. His speech so excited the crowd that the police were called in, but this only excited them more. They spilled out onto the streets, mixed with a crowd of spectators returning from a football match, which tripled the crowd's size, and exploded into bitter vengefulness. The crowd rampaged through Leopoldville, tearing at white property, destroying mission schools, and attacking whites. The Force Publique was called out, and it dealt with the rioters as it had been trained to—brutality. Even so, it took two days to end the outburst. And then, more than 200 were dead.

ABAKO was banned, Kasavubu imprisoned, and many other leaders exiled to their home districts in the bush. But ABAKO had its answer to this. After Kasavubu's arrest, during almost the entire year of 1959 his 800,000 Bakongo followers united in a devastating campaign of passive resistance to the Belgian administration. They refused to pay taxes, answer summons, or go to court. They ignored administration land and health regulations, and set up their own administration, a state within a state. It proved remarkably successful.

For the first time the Congolese' bitter anti-Belgian sentiments had been unequivocally expressed, once in the Leopoldville riots and again in ABAKO's passive-resistance campaign. For the first time the Belgians were scared. Tremendous pressures were forcing their hand. First they had been buffeted by storms of criticism in Brussels and the Congo, then by the Leopoldville riots. Mean-

while the depression continued to worsen: by 1960 the Congo's total indebtedness had risen to \$900 million, and the colony was virtually bankrupt—Belgium had to provide \$54 million worth of aid just to keep the Congo running for that one year. And all the time international criticism and pressure for independence within the Congo continued to increase.

The Belgians first attempted to soothe matters with minor reforms. In 1959, 40 acts enforcing various forms of legal segregation were wiped off the books. But the settlers negated whatever value this had: they raised prices in previously all-white establishments so that the Congolese could not afford their new freedoms. Then the administration tried more significant reforms: they finally granted the Congolese their long-withheld freedoms of speech, press, and political assembly. Unfortunately, this was a case of too much, too late. As should have been expected, the excitement of the new freedoms drove more Congolese back into atavistic tribalism than it launched into national politics.

Older chiefs and witch doctors, for instance, violently opposed any change in the *status quo*, especially independence, which would clearly signal their demise. As a result, many led their tribes, prepared for just this action by previous Belgian colonial policies, back into the past. At Ponthiersville, 1,400 miles up the twisting Congo River, the ancient Panamoli and Basua intertribal feud, long quiet, suddenly flared up. At first a strange increase in human disappearances was explained as accidental losses to the river's crocodiles; but investigation proved that the Panamoli tribe had reverted to their ancient cult of "crocodile men." Ferociously painted and garbed only in crocodile skins, they fell upon the Basua and massacred them. They cut off their victim's hands and sexual organs, cut out their hearts and livers, and ate them. This, they believed, gave them the manual skills, sexual potency, and courage and strength of the slain men. Nearer Leopoldville, natives again began talking fearfully of the *mundele ya mwinda*, the "white man with a lantern." The myth of the *mundele* had originated during Leopold's nighttime slave-labor raids, because the natives regarded the raiders as all-

powerful demons carrying lanterns casting evil spells. Mysteriously, the pre-independence excitement revitalized this superstition, though in a slightly altered form. Now it was said that the demon hypnotized natives with his lantern in order to grind them up for corned meat. After nationalist politicians exploited this superstition by distributing lists of the license-plate numbers of cars belonging to blacklisted whites and rival politicians who they said were evil *mundele*, hundreds of cars were demolished and their riders beaten or killed. Among the Bushongo, political squabbles reawakened the practice of *tschipapa*, trial by poison, an ancient method of dealing with witches in which the suspect was publicly poisoned. If the suspect vomited up the poison, he acquitted himself. If he didn't he was obviously guilty. According to *tschipapa*, those who lost political arguments lost their lives.

These atavistic reversions produced their most tragic consequences in the vicinity of Luluabourg, in Kasai province. There the Lulua, a small warrior tribe, had held themselves back from the modern Congo, preferring their ancient traditions and their hunting and sustenance-farming economy. But the Baluba, once their slaves but now their neighbors, had involved themselves—as much as possible—with the new economy and state, and now threatened to usurp the Lulua's ancient leadership. Urged on by their women, who ran naked through the streets exhorting the warriors to kill, the Lulua descended upon the orderly, undefended Baluba communes, burning huts and houses and massacring the inhabitants. The onslaught covered a 40-mile area and accounted for more than 500 dead Baluba. This was only the beginning of the Baluba's sufferings. In the next few years more than 100,000 Balubas died.

Tribalism invaded even the new political parties that sprang up. ABAKO was for the Bakongo. Albert Kalonji's MNC was for Kasai Baluba. Sendwe's BALUBAKAT was for Katanga Baluba. ATCAR, PUC, FEDEKA, and Tshombe's CONAKAT also were tribal. Lumumba's MNC, which was overtly anti-tribal in its doctrines, was in reality an alliance of weak tribes joined for protection against more powerful enemies.

The politicians were just as unprepared for their new freedoms as were the old chiefs. Their parties split, merged, shifted, changed, and disappeared—as can happen only when the game of politics is played by inexperienced amateurs. Within a few months hundreds of parties were founded—for provinces, for regions, for tribes, for labor, for liberals, for rural people, for city dwellers, for ancient customs, for chiefs, for interracial movements, for federalists, for regionalists, for centralists. Finally, these boiled down to about 30, but still there was no unity. The only issue on which all ostensibly agreed was “Independence now!” And this was the result not of wisdom but of a hard, sad fact of politics—that the man with the most outrageous or appealing claim got the most attention. The process had begun when Kasavubu responded to the article in *Conscience Africain* praising Van Bilsen. The 30-year plan had been at work for five years, and after only five years it had become outmoded. By 1960 the process had worked to its conclusion. By then Kasavubu could say, “Whether independence works or not, there is no question of delaying it.”

Thus the Belgians were faced with the consequences of their folly and greed—a Congo seething with unrest and violence, a bunch of tribesmen decked out as politicians, a bankrupt economy, pressing domestic and international criticism, and the more and more belligerent Congolese. The Belgians saw only four possibilities. They could hold the Congo by force until it was ready for independence, but in Belgium the citizenry had worked itself up to a fever pitch of fear of another Algerian war and picketed Parliament with signs declaring NOT ONE SOLDIER FOR THE CONGO. They could persuade the Congolese leaders to agree to a delay, but Congolese mistrust of the Belgians’ motives made agreement impossible. They could ask the U.N. to supervise a period of transition and training, but that was too humiliating. Or they could agree to Congolese demands, and hope.

Cynically, the Belgians chose the last course. If previously they had been too slow and cautious, now they were too impatient. On January 20, 1960, they summoned Congolese leaders to a round-table conference in Brussels

and announced that in six months the Congo would be independent. The attending Congolese leaders were amazed—they had expected nothing like this. When the news was announced at a meeting of African states currently in session elsewhere, there was a full minute of absolute, shocked silence before anyone applauded. But in the Congo there was unrestrained celebration. *Courrier d'Afrique* wrote: "We feel like one who has been given a present that he has wanted for a long time but did not dare to believe that he would get."

To most Congolese the present of independence meant only that suddenly all would be profit and plenty. Cars and trucks with loud-speakers toured the countryside promising the white man's houses, property, and even his women. In Stanleyville blacks innocently toured white sections and requested the whites to show them their home-to-be. One villager deep in the bush said: "After independence there will be no taxes. Everyone will have plenty to eat, lots of clothes, cars to drive. Everything will be wonderful." When questioned as to where such money would come from, the *president* of one political party said that it was simple—you just printed more money. At Kandale witch doctors prophesied that if the natives buried boxes filled with stones they would find them filled with gold on independence day. Many villages tidied up their local cemetery: it was said that on June 30, with independence, the dead would be resurrected.

The Belgians knew that it was too late to try to bring the Congo up to date and to prepare it for independence. Moreover, most seemed to know exactly what this unpreparedness would mean once the Congo was absolutely free: disaster. So Belgian colonials fled from the Congo in frightening numbers. As one official wrote: "The administration increasingly refused to face up to its responsibilities. Living through a period of transition that seemed to most like a period of liquidation, feeling themselves abandoned, frequently seeing their decisions ridiculed, they too often just gave up."

Congolese leaders, understandably more enthusiastic, immediately began barnstorming the country in preparation for elections to determine the new government. Campaign-

ers resorted to the crudest methods of intimidation, and the electioneering only incited to new violence. In Oriental and parts of Kasai the MNC made its party card a passport to safety: those who hadn't brought party cards were harassed, beaten, sometimes killed.

Election day itself was predictably violent. MNC workers snatched tickets out of voters' hands and stuffed them into MNC boxes. Polling booths were wrecked and officials beaten. In Kasai, spear-carrying Baluba broke out in reprisals against the Lulua, chasing them through the streets, beating and stabbing those they caught. Here, five weeks of electioneering produced 60 corpses.

At the beginning of June, when the new Parliament convened, it presented a bewildering array of dissident factions. In neither chamber was there anything resembling a clear majority. The strongest single party was Lumumba's MNC, but that had only 33 seats out of 137 in the lower chamber and 24 out of 84 in the senate. It took Lumumba 10 days, during which interparty feuds grew dangerously hot, to form a coalition government; and he succeeded only because of the common sense of urgency that independence not be thwarted. But his Cabinet's 37 members included 16 different parties. Kasavubu, his chief opponent, was chosen President. It was a mockery of political efficiency.

"We are lost children struggling through the dark."
—Moise Tshombe

On Independence day, Thursday, June 30, Baudoin, King of Belgium, delivered a speech listing the sacrifices that Belgium supposedly had made for the Congolese and portraying his ancestor Leopold as a warm-hearted humanitarian who had opened the Congo to the joys of civilization. Lumumba, infuriated by Baudoin's unrealistic, blatantly paternalistic tone, tossed away his prepared speech and replied hotly: "We remember the blows that we had to submit to morning, noon, and night because we were Negroes; but now we are no longer your monkeys!" Outside the Congolese were fighting among them-

selves. In the Leopoldville streets representatives from more than 200 tribes, many archenemies, had gathered for the celebration; before it was over they had broken out into such widespread brawling that the Force Publique was called out.

All this, however, seemed minor travail. Lumumba apologized to Baudoin; the riots were subdued (hundreds arrested, 93 sentenced to jail); and all in all the world was satisfied—the Congo had weathered the storm and now could settle down to the business of running a state. But the storm was yet to come.

The Force Publique consisted of 1,000 officers, all white, plus 24,000 NCO's and soldiers, all black. These troops had often expressed their discontent with this discrimination of white officers and black troops. On April 9, 1960, they had sent the Governor General this note:

Our officers live like Americans in big modern houses. They are arrogant and must always be the master. All this is because they are white. All African soldiers today have one desire: to fill the posts of command, to earn a decent salary, and to end discrimination in the Force. If you have not before June 30 taken the necessary steps, independence will be a mockery.

But the Governor ignored the letter, and even Lumumba considered it crucial to maintain the Force in the most efficient possible form during the first days of independence. "We are not, just because the Congo is independent, going to turn a second-class soldier into a general," he said.

This was the first big mistake. On July 4, after three days of endless skirmishing with squabbling tribesmen and constant duty controlling huge crowds while they watched politicians gaily drive new Cadillacs from banquet to ball, the NCO's and troops at Camp Leopold II in Leopoldville held open protest meetings. The next morning General

Emile Janssens, Belgian commander-in-chief, called all his NCO's together and made the second big mistake. He wrote in large letters on the camp blackboard, BEFORE INDEPENDENCE EQUALS AFTER INDEPENDENCE. That was just what the troops had been afraid of. They called another protest meeting, openly defying their officers, and then sacked the canteen. Janssens alerted the Force camp at Thysville, 95 miles from Leopoldville; but when officers there ordered their soldiers to form a convoy, the soldiers refused, broke into the armory and armed themselves, then attacked their officers. Several were severely beaten. The soldiers held long knives at their throats, and, as one officer later recounted, hissed at them, "We are the masters now!"

The next day Camp Leopold mutinied—the soldiers simply walked out of camp and into town. Some went to Kasavubu to demand Lumumba's resignation; others went to Lumumba to demand Janssens' release; some broke into Parliament to voice their demands; another group took over the airport; but the majority simply ran wild in the streets, assaulting and arresting Europeans and destroying property. At the same time troops at Thysville, drunk and excited, went on a rampage of terror and brutality. One Swiss was severely beaten and told, "That's what independence is!" White men were forced to flatten out rolls of barbed wire with bare feet; white women were raped. That evening, after most of the officers' wives had been raped, Thysville troops released the officers and asked them to resume command. "They refused because of what we did to their wives," said one bewildered soldier. "Why? White men have taken my wife many times."

On July 7 Lumumba capitulated. He agreed to fire Janssens and all white officers, promote Africans into command, and raise the soldiers' pay. As an added fillip he promoted every soldier by one rank. The Force Publique became the only army in the world without a private.

But it was too late. That same day garrisons at Stanleyville and Kongolo mutinied, and the next day Luluabourg and Elisabethville erupted. Everywhere the pattern was the same: troops armed themselves, disarmed their officers,

and went on a rampage. What happened was concisely, though with some exaggeration, portrayed in the Belgian Government's report on the mutiny:

The Europeans at Sonankulu were thrown into Thysville prison. They were humiliated, stripped naked, people spat in their faces; they were beaten and ridiculed. At Luluabourg 1,500 Europeans barricaded themselves into the Immokasai Building, where they were besieged. Families that did not find safety were often the victims of serious outrages. A European civilian was shot down. Two families, each with several children, were molested and beaten. Mrs. Z. was raped at gunpoint in her home by two policemen. Both families were then taken to the military camp. The soldiers told the crowd standing by that their prisoners had shot at them. The crowd went mad. The two mothers were stripped of the clothing, molested, and beaten. They were then locked into the prison. In the presence of her children a soldier lifted Mrs. Z.'s skirts and pretended to insert a hand grenade into her vagina. The husbands were beaten. Mrs. Y. was taken out of her house and raped in the road before the eyes of her three children and her husband, who had previously been beaten. Other women, including an old lady, were stripped, molested, and publicly humiliated.

At Boende the men were stripped, their shoes removed, and they were roped together. Women and children were separated from the men. All were severely beaten with gun butts and fists, and kicked; they were spat at and insulted by the soldiers, policemen, and natives. The natives appeared to be urged on by the soldiers. Finally, the natives demanded that the men be put to torture and the women handed over for their enjoyment. The soldiers were obliged to

protect the prisoners from the natives. Women were, however, raped in public, often standing up with a child in their arms, surrounded by soldiers, policemen, and civilians, all of whom entered their cells. Three of them were nuns, their robes in rags, their coifs torn off, all of them ill-treated. Men suffering from bullet wounds were also brought in. A doctor was at first refused permission to care for one lieutenant. Later permission was granted, but as soon as the wound was bandaged a Congolese soldier wrenched the bandage off and broke the lieutenant's head open above the eyebrow.

On July 7 terrified whites began a mass exodus. In Leopoldville they flocked to the ferry to Brazzaville, and the next morning thousands of abandoned cars lining the river bank gave mute testimony to the numbers that had fled—in one night, between 3,000 and 4,000. The exodus was nationwide and growing. More than 15,000 fled Elisabethville; Leopoldville ultimately lost 15,500; 6,000 fled Luluabourg; 5,000 abandoned Stanleyville. Thousands more fled from Matadi, Goma, Madimba, and other centers. On July 9 Sabena Airlines was forced to cancel all scheduled flights in order to establish a refugee airlift.

Lumumba and Kasavubu worked desperately to calm the troops. They flew to Matadi, where troops had beaten and arrested hundreds of whites and forced the rest to flee; then they flew to Stanleyville, then back to Leopoldville. But their success was very limited. In any case when they returned to the capital they found that the matter had already been taken out of their hands.

When the troops at Elisabethville mutinied, Moise Tshombe, president of the provincial assembly, appealed immediately for Belgian troops to restore order. Belgium had had troops on alert since the outbreak of the mutiny, and they complied with Tshombe's request promptly. Not only that, they went further; they sent troops into the entire Congo.

This was mistake number three. At 5:40 a.m., July 10,

Belgian troops drove into Elisabethville. Moments later paratroopers were dropped over Luluabourg. At 6 a.m. Belgian paras flew into Leopoldville airport and took over control.

Only hours later Lumumba returned from Stanleyville to find Leopoldville airport occupied. Infuriated, he rushed to the radio station and issued a bitterly angry statement: "We have just learned that the Belgian Government has sent troops to the Congo and that they have intervened. We appeal to all Congolese to defend the Republic against those who threaten it!"

This was mistake number four. Lumumba's statement inflamed already excited Congolese anti-white feelings and convinced many that Belgium was actually invading the country. Bitter clashes flared up everywhere. At Leopoldville, Congolese and Belgian troops engaged in a 48-hour machine-gun, grenade and mortar fight. Along the road to the airport the battle was continuous. By morning the road looked like an automobile graveyard.

Belgian paras shot at anything that moved. During the night a reporter walking along the airport road was fired on by a para. When the reporter flung himself to the ground, the para swaggered over, stuck his machine gun in the reporter's ribs, rolled him over, then pulled back the gun and said, "Oh, sorry—thought you were black." At Matadi the paras viciously and purposelessly attacked the Congolese garrison and set a giant Mobiloil gas tank afire. The entire waterfront was enveloped in 50 million liters of flaming gas that burned for days. But the Congolese fought back viciously, and for the first time the Belgians had to retreat.

The Belgian military action transformed the entire character of the Force Publique mutiny. Previously there had been notably few killings and, despite rumors and official reports, relatively few rapes. There had been undeniable brutality, but it had taken a distinct pattern—the soldiers seemed to be bent primarily on humiliating, even in a way educating, the whites. At Matadi, a group of white women were dragged out into the savannah and forced, at gunpoint, to cut grass barefoot, as if they were black. But they were not beaten or raped. After the invasion, however, the

mood of the Congolese became uglier and more dangerous. When news of Belgian brutality at Matadi reached the Force camp at Thysville, one soldier shouted at a Belgian official, "There will be as many European corpses in Thysville as there are African corpses in Matadi!" Murders became frequent; armed clashes occurred everywhere. At least 50 Belgians died, and the number of rapes will never be precisely ascertained. One doctor said that in his district alone he administered between 400 and 500 shots of penicillin to rape victims. The doctor on duty at Leopoldville airport estimated that one out of every four white women leaving the airport had been raped.

At the same time many Congolese workers went on strike. OTRACA, the nation's largest shipping firm, was struck on June 29. On July 4 government clerks at Coquilhatville went on strike, and the next day in Leopoldville postal workers also called a strike. Before the elections irresponsible politicians had promised impossible pay raises, and the workers wanted them immediately—especially since the same politicians had already voted themselves salaries of up to \$30,000 a year.

But the worst blow was the Belgian exodus. Before independence it had been assumed that the Belgian officials who had previously run the Congo would remain at their posts until the Congolese could be trained and promoted. On June 30, 1960, there were 8,235 Belgians in important administrative posts. Of the 1,400 employees in the top three grades of the civil service only three were Africans. Otherwise there was no African above the level of minor clerk. It was crucial that these Belgians remain. Despite independence the Congo was still run by whites.

But the exodus swept the bureaucracy bare. By the end of July only 1,646 white administrators remained; at the end of August there were only 517. Of the 333 Belgians who controlled the telecommunications network, none were left; of the 140 in the Finance Ministry, 3 were left. In Matadi, the Congo's biggest and most important seaport, 10 whites remained out of 1,800.

The Congo was in desperate shape. There were no postal workers, no government clerks, no telephone operators, no Belgian technicians or advisers. None of the vital services

functioned. Hundreds of thousands were suddenly thrown out of work. A food shortage developed, and little money was available to buy whatever food could be found. Fear of epidemics increased daily. War raged not only between Congolese and Belgians but also, in the bush, between tribes. The new, untrained Congolese Ministers sat idle and bewildered at their desks. As crisis piled on top of crisis, Premier Lumumba had no time to formulate policy. He was virtually helpless.

Then, on July 11, Moïse Tshombe delivered the *coup de grâce*. In contradiction to Lumumba's policy, he called for more Belgian troops. Worse, he declared Katanga an independent state. In his announcement he claimed that this was necessary if his province was not to be infected by the disorders plaguing the rest of the country.

Lumumba was furious. Katanga's secession was the concrete realization of what he feared most in Congo politics—regionalism. He knew that if Katanga successfully seceded other provinces would follow. Then ABAKO would demand its Bakongo state, and the Congo would be plunged into tribalistic separatism. To avoid this Lumumba flew immediately to Elisabethville (July 12) to talk with Tshombe; but when he reached the airport his plane was refused landing clearance. Since the airport was in the hands of Belgian troops, Lumumba drew the obvious conclusion. Katanga had all the Congo's richest mines. Billions of Belgian dollars were invested there, and in the past it had produced billions of dollars of profits for the Belgians. So now the Belgians would turn Tshombe into a puppet and support him to the hilt. But not only the Belgians and Tshombe wanted Katanga's money. Revenues from Katanga accounted for more than 50 per cent of the central government's budgets. If Katanga's revenues were cut off, the entire Congo would go broke.

Since the Force Publique stood no chance against a Belgian-led Katanga army, Lumumba saw only one recourse. Immediately upon returning to Leopoldville he dispatched an urgent cable to the U.N. calling for action on four points: non-recognition of Katanga; an end to Belgian military action; swift withdrawal of Belgian troops; and technical assistance. At 3:22 A.M., July 13, after a long

emergency session, the Security Council passed a resolution demanding Belgian withdrawal and promising military and technical aid.

The first U.N. troops hit Leopoldville on July 15, and in three days their strength had been built up to 3,500. But the Belgians refused to withdraw. Ultimatums flew, as did Belgian promises; but deadline after deadline passed without adequate Belgian compliance. By the end of August the Belgians had evacuated some parts of the Congo, but they remained stubbornly entrenched in Katanga.

On August 12, to force the issue, Dag Hammarskjöld personally led an advance guard of 220 U.N. troops into Elisabethville, Katanga's capital; but Belgium continued to lie and delay. Brussels declared that all Belgian troops "except technicians" had been pulled out of Katanga; but on September 10 the U.N. revealed that hundreds of officers and troops remained active in the Katanga army, ill-concealed under various halfhearted disguises, and that Belgium had shipped 100 tons of arms and 25 military planes into Katanga.

This Belgian deceit and intransigence drove Lumumba to storms of fury. At one point he shouted that he would "make a pact with the devil himself" if necessary to get the Belgians out. He demanded that the U.N. not merely remove Belgian troops but end Katanga's secession through force if necessary. But Hammarskjöld hung on to a point of law and refused to intervene in what he called "internal politics."

Hammarskjöld's timidity infuriated Lumumba even further. "U.N. troops are only parading in the Congo instead of aiding us," he ranted. "The situation is the fault of the Secretary-General. . . . Everything he has done thus far has helped Tshombe and the Belgians. . . . Hammarskjöld and Von Horn [the U.N. military commander-in-chief] are Swedes, and everybody knows the close links between Sweden and the Belgian royal family." Lumumba even claimed that there were Belgians in disguise among U.N. troops. As a result Congolese troops and police began harassing U.N. personnel. Dozens of U.N. soldiers were arrested, and many were beaten. The reason was always the same—the U.N. soldiers were Belgian spies.

This did not make the U.N.'s incredibly difficult task any easier. Understaffed, hampered by orders to use force only in the extremes of self-defense, harassed by the Congolese, and usually at odds with the government, the U.N. was unable to control the exploding chaos.

Tribalism caused the most trouble. And as always the Baluba suffered the most. In the bush of Kasai throughout July and the first two weeks of August, Lulua warriors massacred the unfortunate Baluba. Unprotected villages were burned, the inhabitants slaughtered—hacked to death, hundreds at a time. Hundreds of thousands of Baluba fled their orderly, up-to-date communes and disappeared into the bush. Then, on August 9, Albert Kalonji, originally one of Lumumba's most avid supporters but now thoroughly disillusioned broke with the government and proclaimed his own Baluba state, the "Mining State," in South Kasai, where—just by chance—the Congo's greatest diamond mines are situated. Kalonji met with Tshombe, formed an anti-Lumumba secessionists' alliance, and persuaded Tshombe to supply his Baluba with modern weapons. Once these were received, the Baluba proceeded to take a satisfying, bloody revenge on the Lulua.

Kalonji's action saved the Baluba from the Lulua, but it got them in trouble with Lumumba. Lumumba sent 1,000 heavily armed Armée National Congolaise (ANC) (the new name of the disgraced Force Publique) troops into Kasai to achieve four goals: to put down Kalonji's secessionist state; end the Baluba-Lulua fighting; set up a jumping-off point for an invasion of Katanga; and restore some prestige to Lumumba's rapidly tarnishing image.

Initially, Kalonji's troops could not match the ANC's firepower. Thousands of Baluba warriors fought ferociously, with bows and arrows, spears, and bicycle chains that they had hooked to wooden handles and honed so sharp that they could cut a dog in half with one swing; only 450 Baluba were armed with modern guns. It was a bloody, ferocious battle. Neither side gave any quarter. Both chopped off enemies' hands and wore them around their necks as trophies. ANC troops shot at anything that moved and burned anything that could be burned. It was estimated that they killed 400 Baluba daily—mostly women and

children. The "restoration of order" had turned into genocidal war. At a "peace conference," for which 1,000 hopeful Baluba warriors had gathered, ANC troops suddenly opened up with burp guns and machine guns, and mowed down the Baluba. One journalist who had driven in to attend the ceremonies was sitting in his jeep with a Baluba headman when the machine guns began to fire. Both the journalist and the headman dived to the floorboard. When the firing stopped, the journalist carefully peeked over the side of the jeep. He saw hundreds of dead Baluba. Then he saw the muzzle of a tommy gun, held by an ANC soldier. There was a moment of terrified silence. Finally the soldier winked, reached around the journalist, and blasted the Baluba headman.

Kalonji, who had fled to Katanga before the ANC onslaught, quickly sought Tshombe's assistance, then returned with Belgian mercenaries to spearhead a counter-attack. The ANC troops began to retreat, and for a moment the Baluba were reprieved. But the 300,000 Baluba refugees who had gathered around Kalonji's capital, Bakwanga, were totally without food. Starvation set in, and they died at the rate of 200 a day. Smallpox, bubonic plague, malaria, and cholera heightened the death rate. There were no doctors. By Christmas Day, when the Red Cross finally flew in supplies, 18,000 more Baluba were dead.

Lumumba's anti-Kalonji, anti-Baluba campaign was the final step in the steady decline of his prestige and power. As early as July 20 one group in Parliament had moved to censure him for "Communist-leaning dictatorial demands and ultimatums." On August 7 ABAKO cabled Hammar-skjöld that Lumumba was incapable and should be removed. On August 10, the day after Kalonji's secession, Lumumba was attacked by a mob in the African quarter of Leopoldville. With his country and government disintegrating around him, Lumumba fought desperately to regain control, eating nothing, living on alcohol and marijuana, and becoming more and more irrational and intemperate. But the forces of federalism and regionalism had joined against him. On August 22 representatives of ABAKO, CONAKAT (Tshombe's party), MNC-Kalonji, and PUNA,

meeting at Elisabethville, issued this ultimatum: "We are determined to overthrow Lumumba. . . . He will fall within 15 days."

Their prediction was precisely correct. On September 3, Kalonji's counterattack drove Lumumba's ANC troops into full retreat and surrounded them. It was not only the defeat of the ANC; it was also the defeat of Lumumba. Two days later, Lumumba's foremost foe, President Joseph Kasavubu, leader of ABAKO, at heart a federalist, who had not even been consulted on the invasion of Kasai, announced on the radio that Lumumba had "plunged the nation into fratricidal warfare" and so as President, he was relieving Lumumba of office and appointing a new Premier.

Lumumba immediately countered Kasavubu's action by firing Kasavubu. Parliament then voted to invalidate both ousters. ABAKO, PUNA, and MNC-Kalonji demanded Lumumba's arrest. Lumumba announced that, as Premier, he had just appointed himself President as well. Kasavubu declared that Parliament had no right to reject the President's ouster and asserted that Lumumba was still out and that a new government, headed by Joseph Ileo, was in. Both Kasavubu and Lumumba sent delegations to the U.N. ABAKO went out on general strike. Finally, on September 14, after 10 days during which the Congo had no government, Colonel Joseph Mobutu, chief of staff of the ANC, declared that all the politicians were incompetent and that, as head of the army, he was taking over. "This is a truce," he said, "not a revolution." At 28 Mobutu was seven years younger than Lumumba and even less experienced in politics. He was not even a professional soldier. By trade and training he was a journalist and public-relations man. Only because he had served as a clerk in the old Force Publique, because there was a distinct lack of qualified Africans to take over the Africanized command of the ANC, and because he had been a friend of Lumumba's, had he gotten the job as chief of staff. But Mobutu's real power came not from his position nor from Lumumba. It came from the CIA. The CIA, which had flooded agents into the Congo, found Lumumba too far to the left for its liking. It had done far more than just encourage Mobutu. It had financed him. It was a combination of CIA and U.N. funds

(the U.N. was fed up with Lumumba) that enabled Mobutu to pay his troops after they had gone two months without salary, thus making it possible for him to gain their loyalty, which made it possible for him to take over.

Mobutu's first action was to "neutralize" Lumumba and Kasavubu. Then he closed down Parliament, kicked the politicians out of the government building, kicked the Russians out of their embassy and out of the Congo (because they had given Lumumba the trucks with which to send his troops into Kasai; the CIA was delighted), and set up a "college of commissioners" composed of graduate students, not politicians, to run the country until the end of the year or until the politicians could re-establish a strong coalition.

When the students moved into their new offices they found that their predecessors had either kept no records or left everything in confusion. They discovered that the fleeing Belgians had burned or stolen most of their files or stolen the keys to desks, files, and safes. There was either no staff to work with or no order among the staff. Inexperienced and bewildered, the students turned, naturally enough, to their teachers. Since their teachers were Belgians, other Belgians were persuaded to return to their old posts. For a moment it looked, unexpectedly, as if order might be restored. Then Mobutu lost control of his army.

When Mobutu took over, the Leopoldville police, which supported Lumumba, simply disappeared, so Mobutu called on his troops to patrol the city; but they fell back into their old habits of looting and brutalizing. At Thysville, "patrolling" troops sauntered into the local bank, casually cleaned it out, and then disappeared with the loot. With Leopoldville verging on anarchy, the college of commissioners took matters into its own callow hands. Without consulting Mobutu, the students asked the U.N. to take over the patrols. Mobutu was so offended that he arrested the head of the college. This turned the college against Mobutu, and the UN's actions turned the army against the U.N. To make things worse, the Belgians who had returned to the government were bitterly antagonistic to the U.N., so they did their best to turn the college against the U.N.

It was a lovely mess. The army harassed the U.N.; the

government criticized the army; Mobutu harassed the government; the government antagonized the U.N.; Mobutu refused to deal with the U.N. And the U.N., where was the U.N.? The U.N. in Leopoldville was headed by R. Dayal, who, at least according to the Congolese, arrogantly sat back and snickered at the whole mess.

Meanwhile Tshombe and Kalonji refused to conciliate, and because the students had absolutely no political organization or power behind them, other provinces began to fall away. Oriental province swung further and further into rebellious Lumumbism, and at the end of October its divisions of the ANC declared their loyalty to Lumumba and cut ties with Leopoldville.

In the bush, chaos increased. In northern Katanga, Tshombe carried out his own brutal campaign against the unfortunate Baluba, because in Katanga they supported the anti-Tshombe BALUBAKAT. His army beat, raped, mutilated, and massacred the Baluba. At Luene 100 were shot down in a 10-minute mass execution. Such persecutions drove the Baluba crazy. At Manona they massacred, mutilated, and then ate 33 people. Their mutilations and tortures reached new extremes of horror. Two survivors of an ambushed Irish U.N. patrol were unable to speak coherently for days after they were saved. Then they told of howling, hopped-up, hemp-smoking Baluba swirling down upon the patrol, crazed and convinced that they were invulnerable to bullets. When they overran the Irishmen they chopped them up slowly—so slowly that before the Irishmen died they watched witch doctors cook their hands, penises, and testicles into magical concoctions and then eat them. When Baluba chief Kaloa Boniface gave in and pledged loyalty to Tshombe, BALUBAKAT followers seized him and his wife, cut his wife's throat, and finger-painted the chief's car with her blood. Next, using iron bars and hammers, they systematically broke every bone in the chief's body. Then they poured gasoline down his throat and shoved a lighted torch into his mouth. Boniface finally died. He exploded.

Back in Kasai, as soon as Mobutu pulled out the ANC troops, Kalonji's starving Baluba began to run riot. Seeking food, they pushed northwest. In one raid they captured and

ate 113 Lulua. When they were stopped by the Kasongo tribe, they drove south from Bakwanga and tangled with the Kanioka tribe. A patrol of U.N. soldiers that tried to intervene was massacred. Just as in Katanga, hunger, persecution by superior forces, and intertribal warfare were destroying the Baluba.

During October and November, Lumumba supporters had been gathering in Stanleyville, the capital of Oriental province, where Antoine Gizenga, Lumumba's Deputy Premier and a devoted follower, waited for Lumumba to reassert himself. Victor Lundula, ex-general of the ANC, reorganized the Oriental divisions, expelled pro-Mobutu troops and officers, and carried out a vast recruiting campaign among the Lumumbists. After Mobutu's coup, Lumumba himself had been held in semi-confinement in his house in Leopoldville. On November 27 he escaped and made for Stanleyville, but he refused to take precautions. Because he stopped to speak at almost all the little villages he passed through, he was easily traced. On December 1 he was arrested, flown back to Leopoldville, and thrown into prison.

Then the Cold War entered the Congo. Lumumba's arrest convinced Gizenga that Mobutu would not allow Lumumba, who was, in reality, the only legitimate elected leader the nation had, to reassert himself peacefully. Thus, on December 12, Gizenga publicly broadcast that, as Lumumba's Deputy Premier, he was declaring Stanleyville the legitimate capital of the Congo. To a certain degree this was a legitimate claim, and not only because Gizenga was Lumumba's heir. Stanleyville-Lumumba supporters dominated a far greater part of the country than Mobutu's did. Northern Kasai, western Leopoldville province, Kivu province, northern Katanga, and Oriental all were dominated by Lumumbists. Mobutu maintained himself not through political support but through his American-supplied army. Now even that power was threatened. The Communist bloc immediately took up the Lumumbists' cause, granted diplomatic recognition to the Stanleyville regime, and began sending in large shipments of arms, supplies, and money.

At the end of 1960, then, the Congo was in worse

trouble than when Lumumba had been ousted three months before. Katanga was more firmly secessionist, as was Kalonji's Mining State, and another vast portion of the country had broken off under Stanleyville. The central government now controlled only parts of Kasai, parts of Leopoldville, and Equator province, which was Mobutu's home ground. Tribalistic fragmentation and warfare continued to spread with increased ferocity. And as the final touch, the Cold War was splitting the country even more forcibly on still different lines. America supported the central government in Leopoldville. The Soviet bloc supported Gizenga in Stanleyville.

“The most terrible visions of hell
do not include such tortures.”

—Statement of a priest who escaped
from Kivu

On Christmas Day, 1960, 60 troops from Stanleyville drove into Kivu, arrested the provincial president and the commander of the local ANC, installed their own pro-Stanleyville president, and left a company of Stanleyville soldiers in command of Kivu. One week later 600 Stanleyville soldiers sped across Oriental, through Kivu, and on January 7 entered Manono in northern Katanga. There, making contact with BALUBAKAT leaders, they announced the establishment of still another regime—anti-Tshombe, anti-Mobutu, pro-Gizenga.

Mobutu was clearly losing his grip. As one Western observer put it, “He's the weakest strong man I've ever seen.” But he was not yet ready to give up. Immediately after hearing of the coup in Kivu, Mobutu flew 100 “picked” troops to Ruanda-Urundi, a Belgian protectorate bordering on Kivu. The Belgians allowed them to land, picked them up in lorries, and drove them to the Kivu frontier, where they proceeded to “invade” Kivu. But Mobutu was ignorant of the support the Lumumbists had in Kivu. He expected his troops to be greeted with open arms. Instead, they were cut to ribbons. One contingent was

immediately captured by Stanleyville-led ANC troops; another fled back into Ruanda-Urundi, where the Belgians gave them refuge; and the last hid behind the coattails of a detachment of U.N. troops in Bukava. Kivu was solidly behind Gizenga, and Mobutu was solidly beaten.

Mobutu's abortive attack was farcical, but its consequences were tragic. The Belgian involvement in Mobutu's plan outraged Lumumbists all over the Congo and provoked another wave of anti-Belgian rioting. This rioting was worse in Kivu. Previously Kivu had been relatively quiet, its distance from Leopoldville and Stanleyville sealing it off from the chaos of the rest of the Congo. But now the combination in quick succession of the entry of Gizenga's troops and their political coup, the abortive raid of Mobutu's troops, and the news of Belgian involvement, exacerbated by sporadic clashes with Belgian commandos stationed at the border of Ruanda-Urundi, plunged the 5,000 pro-Stanleyville troops stationed in Kivu into a bloody spree.

"The most terrible visions of hell do not include such tortures," said a priest who escaped to Ruanda-Urundi. One nun was dragged into the back of a truck, taken for a terrifying joy ride, then thrown out as the truck barreled past a group of loitering soldiers. Her arms and pelvis were broken, but this did not deter the soldiers. Eleven of them raped her. She was 75 years old. Soldiers dragged another nun to an army camp, undressed her, and shoved the muzzle of an automatic rifle up into her vagina. When they could force it no further by hand, they hammered it home with a rock. Another nun was tied to the ground, and while her mouth was forcibly held open, soldiers urinated and defecated onto her face. When she vomited, she was forced to eat the vomit. Other nuns had burning cigarettes pressed against their breasts and into their vaginas.

Only 600 U.N. troops were stationed in Kivu. Under instructions not to be aggressive and vastly outnumbered, they were helpless. Kashamura, Gizenga's appointee as provincial president, did nothing to restrain the troops. Law and order disappeared. Patrols of mutinous soldiers roamed freely, stopping motorists, beating them up, stealing their cars. The body of a murdered Belgian was

stripped naked, tied to the side of an army truck, and driven through town. His clothes were flown from the antenna as a flag. His penis had been cut off and stuffed in his mouth. Not even Africans were safe. Poverty-stricken Congolese saw their gardens destroyed, their few livestock slaughtered and left to rot, their houses burned, their daughters and wives raped and mutilated. There were no police or courts. They did not exist. District administrators were beaten and jailed. Even Lumumbists were attacked—the rioting had lost all connection with politics and had reverted to total, undirected brutality and barbarism. Kivu was being sucked back into the darkness that had already claimed Kasai and Northern Katanga. The Republic of the Congo had returned to the poverty, hunger and barbarism of Leopold's "slice of cake."

The mutiny of the Lumumbist troops in Kivu, even as it spread into Oriental province, did nothing to diminish the prestige and power of the Stanleyville regime or the reputation and prestige of Lumumba, who, as the martyred hero rotting in jail, was rapidly becoming a popular legend. It was Mobutu's prestige that suffered, and it became obvious that his lack of control over the army, popular dissatisfaction with the military regime, and the rising power of the Lumumbists required the formation of another parliamentary government. But Kasavubu, Mobutu, and the CIA were determined that the new government would not be Lumumba's. Indeed, during the first days of 1961, Kasavubu and other anti-Lumumba politicians were concerned much less about the devastations in Kivu than about the possibility that Lumumba would escape again, scurry to Stanleyville, and re-establish his own government, which undoubtedly would gain the loyalty of the great majority of the Congolese. To prevent this, Kasavubu and Mobutu arranged with Tshombe to transfer Lumumba to Elisabethville. This was accomplished on January 17. The journey almost killed Lumumba. Several Belgians who had hitched a ride on the plane, were, despite their own anti-Lumumba sentiments, so disgusted at the endless beatings that Lumumba absorbed during the flight that they moved out of the passenger cabin. The beatings were so violent that at

one point the pilot hurried back to investigate—he was afraid the plane would be seriously damaged.

Once Lumumba had been transferred, Kasavubu set to work building a new government. His first step was to invite representatives of the dissident regimes to attend a conference of “national reconciliation.” Tshombe responded that he would attend only if the conference was held in Elisabethville and on his own terms—independence—and the Stanleyville faction refused to attend unless Lumumba was released. But though it was not attended by the two most important Congo figures, Tshombe and Gizenga, the conference began anyway: Kasavubu had heard that the Security Council had called another session, and he was terrified that Hammarskjöld would be granted a mandate of such strength that the Congo would become virtually a U.N. protectorate. On February 9 Joseph Ileo formed a new Cabinet, which was to replace the College of Commissioners immediately. Announcing the new government, Kasavubu issued a stern warning: “The Congolese people will not tolerate any attempt whatever to put them under trusteeship. The Congo is an independent country and has the sovereign right to decide its own future.”

But the new government and the brave statement went unheeded, for there was bigger news. On February 12 Tshombe’s Minister of the Interior, Godefroid Munongo, announced with obvious delight that Lumumba had tried to escape into the bush, that rewards had been posted for him, and that residents of a small native village had captured and killed him. Everyone knew this to be a lie. Munongo, anticipating public disbelief, ended his announcement by saying: “People will accuse us of assassination. To this I have only one response. Prove it!” The U.N., which investigated Lumumba’s death, said later that Lumumba had almost certainly been killed the night of his arrival in Elisabethville, “in the presence of high officials of the government of Katanga province.” But it couldn’t prove it.

Around the world, reaction to the news of Lumumba’s death was violent. The Belgian embassy in Cairo was sacked and burned. Violent demonstrations were held in front of Belgian embassies in Paris, Washington, Moscow,

and London. The U.N. suffered a severe loss of prestige. In Leopoldville, Lumumba's wife walked through the streets naked to the waist. This was an ancient sign of mourning, but it was also meant to incite tribal males to violence. As a result Lumumba supporters ran wild through the capital throughout the night, knifing and castrating Kasavubu's Bakongo followers. But in Stanleyville the immediate reaction was shock. There were no protests or demonstrations. The city fell dead silent. Gizenga ordered the markets closed to initiate a week of mourning, and 25,000 attended a memorial ceremony, where they were told to go home quietly and shut their doors.

But the regime in Leopoldville continued to rid itself of Lumumbists. On February 9 six prominent Lumumba followers were transferred to Bakwanga, where Kalonji's Balunda used them as scapegoats for their hatred of Lumumba. All were taken to the city square, publicly beaten, then summarily executed "for crimes against the Baluba people." When this news reached Stanleyville, soldiers machine-gunned 15 political prisoners, including five of Mobutu's officers captured in Kivu. They then burst into a bar where Belgian settlers were stupidly celebrating Lumumba's death with loud gusto, and dragged the whole bunch off to jail, and administered several severe beatings.

Lumumba's death increased pressure on the U.N. to adopt an even stronger Congo resolution. Passed on February 21, the resolution proclaimed that the member states, "deeply concerned at the danger of widespread civil war and bloodshed in the Congo . . . urge that the U.N. take immediately all appropriate measures to prevent the occurrence of civil war, including . . . the use of force, if necessary." For the first time in history the U.N. had decided to use force beyond the requirements of self-defense.

Kasavubu's immediate response was to create a united front against the U.N. On March 8 Tshombe, Kalonji, members of the Ileo government, and Kasavubu met at Tananarive, Madagascar. Tshombe, seeing his opportunity, dictated the terms. It was agreed that a united front would be presented against the U.N., but it was also agreed that the Congo would be reorganized into a "confederation of

states" and cut up into a new group of provinces established along traditional tribal and regional lines.

The Tananarive unity, however, quickly dissolved. This was due to three factors. First, the U.N. replaced Rajeshwar Dayal, who had alienated the entire central government to the point where it refused to deal with him, and the new representative was able to explain to Kasavubu that the U.N. was not considering a takeover. Second, Kasavubu quickly realized that the provisions of Tananarive meant that the central government would virtually be abolished and would surely be powerless. Third, Tshombe reinvaded the new Baluba state in northern Katanga, thus proving that he was not in any way interested in a just, ethnographic setup of new provinces but only in creating a powerful, independent Katanga.

From his new perspective Kasavubu called another conference, this time at Coquilhatville, for April 24. To this conference he deliberately invited Gizenga, who had not attended at Tananarive, and Jason Sendwe, the head of the Baluba state in northern Katanga. Tshombe came, too, but horrified at finding Sendwe in attendance, he immediately stalked out. But the conference quickly voted that Tshombe should be arrested and tried for high treason, and he was captured before his plane could leave. Then the conference voted to approve cooperation with the U.N. and to recall Parliament to elect a new government.

Tshombe was transferred to prison in Leopoldville, and while Kasavubu began arranging for the convening of Parliament, Tshombe was forced to agree to the conference's decisions. On June 22, in a bargain to obtain his freedom, Tshombe stated that he would send representatives to the New Parliament and reintegrate Katanga forces with the central government army. Thus he was released, and fled back to Elisabethville. But once safely inside Katanga he announced that anything he said in Leopoldville had been forced from him and was therefore invalid.

Still, when Parliament reconvened, 120 out of the required 137 representatives in the chamber of deputies and 68 of the 84 senators were present. Even Gizenga sent representatives. Except for Katanga's absence, the meeting

was a marked success. On August 1 Cyrille Adoula (the CIA's candidate) was asked to form a national reconciliation Cabinet. When presented, it included 12 members of the old Lumumba government, seven of the Stanleyville government, and seven of Ileo's government. Portfolios for Gizenga, Kalonji, and Sendwe were also included. Despite the fact that Adoula was Western-supported, Gizenga approved the government and asked all nations that had sent embassies to Stanleyville to transfer them to Leopoldville.

Thus, for the first time in a year, the Congo had a truly representative government; but there still were serious problems. During the first years of independence, national political activity had ceased to exist. The only organizations now working at the grass-roots level were tribal, and tribalism had thrown the bulk of the population into the turmoil that had peaked in Kasai, Kivu, and northern Katanga, that was still spreading, and that with every passing day wiped away more and more of the Congo's trappings of civilization and drove the Congolese further and further back into barbarism. Cannibalism, ancient tribal religious cults, tribal wars, and the worst excesses of brutality occurred almost daily. The few meager links that once had unified the masses had now rotted away and snapped, and the Congo had flown apart into a litter of fragments.

The economic situation was horrendous. Seventy per cent of the population were unemployed. Exports were down by 75 per cent. Government revenues were off by two-thirds. Consumer prices were up more than 20 per cent. In Kaisai dozens were dying of starvation every week. U.N. technicians and American aid, which were supplied abundantly to the pro-West Adoula government, could alleviate these problems only temporarily. The nation's total deficit continued to increase at the rate of \$4 million per week. Foreign aid was not enough. It was absolutely necessary to regain the revenues from the glittering mines of Katanga.

In August 1961 Katanga was in markedly better shape than the rest of the Congo. When Tshombe declared his secession he had closed the borders to Kivu and Kasai and

ordered all exports to leave the province through towns controlled by his government. All export revenues were thus collected solely by the Katanga government and went straight to Elizabethville. And the all-important mineral production had not fallen off but had been maintained at the high levels of 1959.

Agricultural imports usually sent in from Kivu and Kasai had, of course, been cut off; but these were compensated for by special trade agreements between Katanga and Ruanda-Urundi; which was Belgian-controlled; the Central African Federation, which was British-controlled; and Angola and South Africa. All were anti-black nationalist regimes; all were delighted to support a pro-white, independent Katanga; and all offered trade agreements that were quite favorable to Tshombe. Given the explicit concrete support of these countries and the huge Belgian mining corporation, Union Minière, Katanga continued busily pushing forward to new heights of prosperity and industrialization.

By the end of July 1960 Tshombe had already repatriated to other provinces all black soldiers of non-Katangese origins or anti-Tshombe sentiments. Initially, this left him with fewer than 400 soldiers; but he had more than 200 Belgian officers, who immediately went to work rebuilding his army. They set up an intensive recruitment campaign, organized large training camps, and courtesy of pro-secessionist-Katanga Belgian politicians, sent 50 Katanga soldiers off to Brussels for special military courses. By August 1960 they had a force of more than 13,000. And when Belgium finally was forced to withdraw some of its officers, Tshombe knew how to replace them. By offering various lures, from money (up to \$1,000 a month) to adventure or ideals (the defense of the wealth of Africa against the ravages of Communism), he had, by August 1961, enticed more than 500 tough, experienced white mercenaries to spearhead his Katanga army.

Meanwhile an abundance of military supplies, bought with Union Minière revenues or donated by Belgian and French sympathizers, flowed in through Angola. Tshombe also obtained three French Fouga jets equipped with rockets, bombs, and machine guns; several DC-3s and

DC-4s; and a whole squadron of Doves and Herons equipped to carry bombs and machine guns.

In contrast to Tshombe's stubbornness and determination, the U.N. operation in Katanga was characterized by a truly extraordinary degree of indecision and internal disagreement. The U.N. took hesitant, leery steps forward; Tshombe backtracked but grew more and more belligerent. In August 1960 Hammarskjöld personally escorted the first U.N. contingent of troops into Katanga. In December 1960 he arranged for a neutral zone in the north where Tshombe was relentlessly persecuting the Baluba. All the while the U.N. demanded; all the while Tshombe promised; all the while nothing significant was done to end Katanga's secession. In August 1961, because Tshombe refused to fire his mercenaries, Hammarskjöld okayed Rumpunch, a minor military action designed to forcefully expel the mercenaries from Elisabethville. As soon as Rumpunch was thrown Tshombe promised to fire the mercenaries, and despite his long record of hypocrisy, the U.N. called off its army. Then, of course, instead of firing the mercenaries, Tshombe reinforced them.

Tshombe then embarked on a campaign of violent anti-U.N. propaganda and provocation, and this, along with his breach of promise, irritated the local Elisabethville U.N. command so much that, shortly after Rumpunch, they tried again. On September 12, 1961, they opened up with Operation Mother. Mother's plans were identical with those of Rumpunch, but in the few weeks after Rumpunch the situation had seriously changed; Tshombe's troops had dug in. This the U.N. command had carelessly failed to notice, and suddenly, without expecting it, the U.N. was involved in a full-scale war over Elisabethville. When Hammarskjöld heard this, he fired off instructions to halt all U.N. aggression—he was still firmly opposed to intervention in "internal politics"—and offered to meet with Tshombe in Ndole, Rhodesia. On the way to Ndole, Hammarskjöld's plane crashed, killing everyone aboard. Though it was feared that this would deal the death blow to the U.N. mission in the Congo, the opposite turned out to be true. Indeed, it was the succeeding of Hammarskjöld

by U Thant that finally brought the long, confused mission to an end.

Thant understood the significance of Katanga's secession to the whole Congo nation, and he did not balk at intervention. But at the beginning, Thant also gave Tshombe the benefit of the doubt. He sent more troops into Elisabethville on December 5, and 10 days later, after a brief but violent firefight, they controlled the town, and Tshombe was forced to agree to negotiations. Under U.N. supervision he and Adoula met and planned the reintegration of Katanga into the Congo; but, incredibly, Tshombe was still unwilling to give up. He stalled, built up his mercenary force, army, and air force, and once again reneged on his promises.

It took Thant a full year to finally decide to do what should have been done at the beginning of the U.N. mission, two and a half years before. On December 29, 1962, he ordered Indian Brigadier General Reginald Noronha to forcefully subdue the rebellious province. Given this long-overdue go-ahead, Noronha accomplished his mission in less than three weeks. On January 15, with his mercenaries in full retreat and Noronha's armored column rolling through the streets of Tshombe's last stronghold, Kolwezi, Tshombe finally capitulated—but not without one last grand gesture, a gala dinner in honor of his conqueror. At the reception Tshombe drew Noronha aside and whispered to him, "The Belgians, my friend, led me down the garden path. They promised me 10,000 things. But nothing. You watch out for these whites; they are *your* worst enemies, too."

Neither the Katangese, the U.N., nor the rest of the Congolese suffered the most as a result of the Katanga fiasco. Instead, tragically, it was the Baluba. The tragedy of the Baluba in the Congo rivals that of the Jews in Europe. The Lulua and ANC massacres and persecutions in Kasai, the 18,000 who starved to death in Bakwanga, and the untold thousands who were murdered or killed in tribal wars in northern Katanga, were only the beginning. The most piteous and horrible chapter in the Baluba's story started right after the U.N. Operation Rumpunch landed. Just a few days before, Tshombe had turned his strong-

arm and para-military groups loose on the defenseless Baluba in the African quarter of Elisabethville, where many still supported anti-Tshombe BALUBAKAT. The hapless Baluba were arrested, assaulted, and murdered. Terrified, they appealed for U.N. protection, and, reluctantly, the U.N. agreed to set up a refugee camp for them behind the Swedish contingent outside Elisabethville.

During the excitement of Rumpunch, the U.N. hardly noticed the Baluba camp. But before they stopped congratulating themselves on Rumpunch, the U.N. command discovered that in less than a week's time the refugee camp had swelled to 35,000. The Baluba were not coming just from Elisabethville. Word that someone was finally protecting them had spread with incredible speed, and refugees flooded in from all over northern Katanga and Kasai, where conditions were even worse than in Elisabethville. The refugees overran the original small plot, took over half a dozen nearby villas, set themselves up inside, dozens to a room, then overflowed even the villas and expanded the camp to a seven-acre plot.

Some lived in tents, some in shacks, some under newspapers hung from string or propped-up branches; but most made no pretense of setting up housekeeping. There was no point to it. There was nothing to set up housekeeping with—no water, no sanitary facilities, and after a few days, no food. The Baluba ate the leaves off trees; then the bark; then, when that was all peeled off, they began to starve. Bodies of the dead and dying mixed with a carpet of excretion and refuse that was spreading over the camp grounds.

Desperate, the Baluba armed themselves with old muzzle loaders, machetes, knives, clubs, and their sharpened bicycle chains, and tried to raid the neighboring white suburbs for food. U.N. troops fired over their heads, Katangese fired into their midst, and they were driven back. Then the suburban Belgians took revenge. For fun they crept up to the camp's perimeter and sharpened their aim on the living targets inside.

The once-proud, once-civilized Baluba were beaten and starved to the final extreme of degradation—snarling, barbaric, murderous cannibalism. At night the screams of

victims could be heard all around the camp's seven acres of hell, and every day new sets of thumbs, testicles and penises, preserved as magic fetishes, could be seen drying in the sun. No one will ever know exactly how many Baluba died there to feed their tribesmen, but the number was in the hundreds every week. At least six Katangese policemen were snatched inside and eaten. Journalists trying to enter the camp were attacked. U.N. patrols were forced to travel in armored cars and armor-plated troop trucks bristling with guns.

The U.N. finally flew in a huge store of supplies to feed the starving refugees, but before they could transport the supplies from the unloading point to the camp, the second indecisive U.N. action, Operation Mother, was launched. The food was caught in the middle of no-man's land, and it took the U.N. more than a month to get it out. By that time the camp had become a rotting, festering, stinking horror. It took on a new name: The Camp of the Dead.

No one bothered to count the Baluba who starved to death in the Camp of the Dead, just as no one bothered to count the dead Baluba in Kasai or northern Katanga. But impartial observers suggested that by the end of 1962, when Tshombe's secession was finally squelched, the Camp of the Dead, together with Tshombe's, the Lulua's, and the ANC's persecutions, had accounted for 100,000 dead Baluba.

"Bullets just go through the body and leave small holes. That can't kill."

—Statement of a Lumumbist rebel

After Tshombe's capitulation, by the end of January 1963, the Baluba refugees had been returned to their homes, the Camp of the Dead had been cleaned up, Joseph Ileo had been sent as special minister to handle the re-integration of Katanga, the U.N. had announced that it was beginning to withdraw its troops, and it seemed that the Congo would finally begin to patch itself up. But there was one more chapter of violence and horror left. It was to be the worst of them all.

When Adoula formed his first government, at the end of 1961, Gizenga seemed to approve; but for reasons he never openly explained he never took up his post in Leopoldville as Deputy Premier. Adoula appealed, urged, and finally ordered him to come; but Gizenga refused. On January 8, 1962, Adoula ordered his arrest, flew him to Leopoldville, and threw him in jail for "leading a secessionist movement."

This was an early indication of the pattern Adoula was to pursue for the next two years. He never accepted or attempted to incorporate the opposition into his regime. As dissidence and criticism of the regime increased, he simply silenced it. And the opposition increased.

During the spring of 1962 it was revealed that Adoula's Ministers were "earning" \$2,000 a month with monthly expenses of \$900, while the average "well-paid" urban Congolese worker was making \$45 a month. On April 1 the Union of Congolese Workers began a two-day strike to protest the Ministers' exorbitant salaries. Adoula did not negotiate. He called in the army and put down the strike through force. Hundreds of unionists were jailed; public meetings were banned.

Shortly thereafter Adoula expelled more than half of his Cabinet for being "extremist." One of those expelled was Christopher Gbenye, who had been a close friend and aide of Lumumba's and a top member of Gizenga's original Stanleyville regime. Not content with just having Gbenye out of the government, Adoula tried to arrest him; but a vote of Parliament forced his release.

At about the same time (September 25) in Rabat, Morocco, Anicet Kashamura, ex-Information Minister in Lumumba's government and ex-President of Kivu province, announced the formation in exile of an anti-Adoula front composed of the MNC (Lumumba's party), the ASP (Gizenga's party), BALUBAKAT (Sendwe's party), and CAR (his own party). At that moment Sendwe was a member of Adoula's Cabinet, and the MNC was the strongest party in Parliament. Kashamura's united front obviously did not represent exactly what he claimed; but it pointed up a fact that was becoming painfully clear: Adoula's regime was becoming more and more repressive.

Political prisoners filled Leopoldville's jails; the opposition had been forced out of the government; and the telltale "government in exile" had been set up.

Adoula, however, pretended not to notice. After the fall of Tshombe's Katanga he allowed the U.N. to begin withdrawing its forces. In April 1963 he announced the formation of a new, improved "government of national reconciliation" which included representatives of newly-tamed Katanga. But those who were excluded from the new government were more important than those who were included. Sendwe was dropped from his old Cabinet post; Gizenga remained in jail; Gbenye had fled to Brazzaville; Kashamura's whereabouts were unknown. Adoula's new government, like his previous one, excluded the real opposition.

But quite aside from this, everything was far from O.K. in the Congo. Adoula had given in to the forces of regionalism and tribalism, and had chopped the Congo up into what finally fragmented into 24 different provinces. Then, as Lumumba had warned, the power of the central government evaporated. The new provinces each received an annual \$4 million grant from the central government, but they all acted as if they were independent nations, maintaining fully staffed governments of their own, levying their own customs fees, taxes, export fees, and setting up immigration posts at their borders. Despite the central-government grant and despite the taxes, however, most of the provincial governments remained poor: the money disappeared into private pockets before it was ever used for state purposes. One new provincial government worked out of a grocery store, without electricity, telephones, or water, in a village composed of 12 shacks and a gas pump. Its only sign of officialdom was a typewriter no one could use.

It soon became clear that in too many provinces the only real power lay with the tribal chiefs; and all too soon this had the predictable result—another rash of tribal conflicts broke out. Even when war did not occur, the forces of tribalism were extremely destructive. When the province of Luluabourg was created, the Lulua-dominated government decreed that all non-Lulua workers had to be fired—immediately. In Maniema province, where the minority

Basuka tribe controlled the government, the majority Warego tribe simply decided to refuse to cooperate with the government. To counter this the Basuka set up a force of 1,200 policemen. But they did very little to restore order. Their first and constant problem was self-support. This they achieved by fining anyone for anything he happened to be doing—such as walking on the left side of the street, walking on the right side of the street, or walking in the middle of the street. If you had money, all paths were illegal.

Not only were the provincial governments powerless, but, as Lumumba had warned, the central government's power was evaporating. Despite the ever more complicated and expensive paraphernalia of central and provincial governments, the Congo was sliding deeper into anarchy and chaos.

Three other factors contributed to the Congo's deterioration. The economy was in terrible shape. Even the reintegration of Katanga had not saved it, and by 1963 the Congolese franc was almost worthless. In July the U.S. Government, to persuade Adoula to devalue the franc, temporarily withdrew its aid, which the year before had amounted to \$73 million. But when Adoula gave in and devalued the franc, prices rose so rapidly that most Congolese were unable to afford even bread. Leopoldville and Katanga seethed with popular unrest.

At the same time the central government again lost control of its army. Since independence the ANC's ranks had more than doubled—from 25,000 to 55,000; but most of the new recruits classified as rabble. Three hundred and fifty literate, Belgian-trained Congolese officers had recently returned to Leopoldville, and they might have improved the situation; but because the uneducated, untrained officers who had been promoted immediately after independence were fearful of losing their power, they posted the better-qualified men to distant provinces. Thus the rabble was not contained, and the trained officers themselves became a new source of dissatisfaction and unrest. During 1963 there were three army mutinies. All of these were put down; but by November the army had become so unruly that when Kasavubu (the Commander-in-Chief) and Mo-

butu (the army's highest-ranking general) visited Camp Leopold II, the troops simply turned on them. Both were severely beaten and barely escaped with their lives. Mobutu, hurt and shaken, took a month-long "vacation" to recover.

The Cold War added the final touch. Adoula's government had allowed the U.S.S.R. to reopen its embassy, but Adoula was utterly under the thumb of the West. American aid and aides were everywhere; and since the signing in August of a huge, \$1 billion investment, aid, and technical-assistance pact with Belgium, the old directors from Brussels had begun to return. Combined with rising discontent and Adoula's repressive and abusive tactics, this left an obvious opening for the Communist bloc. Gbenye and other Gizenga supporters from the old Russian-supported Stanleyville regime had long ago fled to Brazzaville to set up a National Liberation Committee. In the fall of 1963, 60 army officers and outcast politicians followed. So did the Russians. Together they plotted revolution.

On November 19 Adoula discovered the plot when two Soviet diplomats were seized as they returned from consultations with the National Liberation Committee in Brazzaville. A search revealed documents proving the conspiracy, the Russian embassy was surrounded, and the entire staff expelled. But it was too late.

In September 1963 Adoula had shown journalists the remnants of a Molotov cocktail manufactured by guerrillas operating in Kwilu province, which borders on Leopoldville province. He said that guerrilla training camps had been established deep in the forests by Pierre Mulele, previously Gizenga's ambassador to Cairo for the Stanleyville regime. After the dissolution of that regime Mulele had been in exile in Cairo and Communist China, but in the summer of '63 he had returned secretly to Kwilu. At this point the situation was not too serious. The rebels were armed only with bows and arrows, spears, bush knives, beer bottles filled with gasoline (Molotov cocktails), and homemade bombs—barrels filled with stones and gasoline. But by the end of the year they were receiving arms from Russia and Communist China, and the danger escalated. Early in January 1964 they tossed Molotov cocktails into

the homes of two Belgian teachers, attacked and pillaged a Portuguese palm-oil plantation, and carried out dozens of other raids. The provincial police were unable to put them down. On January 21 Kasavubu declared a state of emergency in Kwilu.

Already the unique character of the movement was apparent. It had three pillars: the tribe, Congolese national politics, and international communist aid. In Kwilu the tribes involved were the Bapende and the Babunda, which followed their respective tribal leaders, Gizenga (still in jail) and Mulele, both outcast opposition Congolese politicians who had established liaisons with Russia and Communist China, which sent in money and supplies. The tribesmen were trained in a dangerous combination of the modern and the atavistic. Goals and weapons were modern. First they cut communications, blew up bridges, sank ferries, destroyed vehicles they couldn't steal; next they assassinated provincial politicians; then they began driving out the whites. But the thinking and behavior of the tribesmen were atavistic, and this was shamelessly encouraged by their leaders. Ancient, barbaric superstitions and practices were deliberately reactivated. "Soldiers cannot hurt our warriors," a captured Bapende explained. "They have only guns. Bullets just go through the body and leave small holes. That can't kill. We have poisoned arrows from which just a scratch is fatal." Mulele told his troops: "If a bullet kills one of you, it is because you are a traitor." And why were the tribesmen fighting? "The soldiers come to take away from Mulele the Golden Book, which has passed from Lumumba to Gizenga to Mulele. The Golden Book contains all power, all the secrets—who the Congolese are, where they came from, how much land each one owns. No one can rule without it."

Backward as these tribesmen were, their barbarism, combined with modern strategies and weapons, made them extremely dangerous, and the central government was worried. But it did not dare use its army. The troops stationed in Leopoldville, though untrustworthy, were all the government had to protect itself from overthrow—and Adoula lived in constant fear of being overthrown, either by the Leopoldville mob or by Gizenga's agents. Troops commit-

ted to Katanga could not be removed, or Katanga might secede again. And most of the army units in the interior were considered too untrustworthy to be used at all: the company in Albertville had mutinied in mid-January 1964 and had never been brought completely under control; and on January 29 units in Stanleyville mutinied and the entire battalion had to be disarmed. The government was fearful of turning loose even those troops it considered loyal. The ANC had been trained since Leopold's day to burn, loot, rape, and shoot on sight. No one had forgotten the genocidal horrors of Lumumba's campaign against the Balubu.

Thus Adoula was too slow in acting with too little, while the rebellion accelerated, especially after the declaration of emergency. It spread to Kivu, where on May 15 the rebels captured Uvira (without firing an arrow), proclaimed their own rebel government, then went on to rout the ANC troops at Bukava, the provincial capital. On May 27 a group of rebel youths armed only with bows and arrows captured Albertville, in northern Katanga. On May 29, 900 ANC troops retook the town, but this made the kids angry. Two weeks later, still armed only with bows and arrows, they returned and routed the entire 900-man ANC garrison.

By June the rebels controlled Kwilu, Kivu, and northern Katanga. Adoula's prestige had fallen to a new low. While the rebels' strength was growing, the ANC was proving itself worthless. The people had no faith in Adoula's government, and with each passing day the fear of rebellion in Leopoldville itself grew stronger. Kasavubu was desperate.

Who could handle the situation? The choice was obvious. Who had stood off the entire central government and 20,000 U.N. troops for more than two and a half years? Clearly the man for the job was Kasavubu's old antagonist, the biggest rebel of them all, Moise Tshombe. For the last year he had been flamboyantly bouncing around Europe cooking up support for another secession for his beloved home of the rich, Katanga; but when King Kasa cabled that his country needed him, the rebel turned patriot, selflessly sacrificed his personal plans, and settled for the premier's job.

AFRICA ADDIO:

June 26, 1964. Tshombe returns. Leopoldville airport is overrun by thousands of Congolese, who greet Tshombe as he steps from his plane with screams of approval and enthusiasm. The road from the airport to the capital is lined with ecstatic crowds, 10-deep, stretching for miles. A motorcycle escort preceding his military jeep, Tshombe triumphantly stands for the entire trip, waving, smiling broadly.

Ostensibly Tshombe's job was to form another "government of national reconciliation." This was a pleasant game in which most cooperated. By promising to free Gizenga and end Adoula's program of repression, Tshombe cajoled Andre Lubaya of the National Liberation Committee into affirming the NCL's readiness to join a new government. Tshombe then presented a new Cabinet in which Lubaya and various other stooges had been given several insignificant posts (Lubaya was Minister of Health), and actually did free Gizenga, who, in order to be sure that he would really get clean away, also pretended to play the game. With deep gravity and tongue in cheek, Gizenga promised to "work for the pacification and reconciliation of the country."

But it was just a game. All real power in the new Cabinet was clearly in the hands of the old infamous team of Tshombe, Kalonji, and Munungo. And the real rebels had not even been invited to play. Two days after Gizenga's release Gaston-Emile Soumialot, leader of the rebel government of the eastern Congo, publicly proclaimed that his rebels considered Tshombe's government illegal. And one month later, Gizenga, by then sure of his freedom, denounced "the present *de facto* government" as "incapable of finding a solution to the country's problems" and announced the formation of a new Lumumbist party.

None of this shocked Tshombe, Kasavubu, the CIA, or

anyone else. Everyone knew exactly why Tshombe had been called back. The central government wasn't in trouble because it couldn't conciliate the rebels. It was in trouble because it couldn't defeat them. And this wasn't because the rebels were such ferocious fighters. It was because the ANC had proved worthless. In the war in the bush, a most extraordinary pattern had developed. Whenever the rebels planned to attack an ANC-garrisoned post, they simply telephoned ahead to say they were coming. This always panicked the ANC troops, who would toss away their guns, disguise themselves as women, and slink off. One observer had remarked, "You don't need an army to clean out these rebels. All you need is about 300 guys who are willing to fight." Tshombe's job was to find them.

No sooner had Tshombe been sworn in than a familiar ad reappeared in newspapers in London, Paris, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Salisbury, and other appropriate cities:

Any fit young man looking for employment with a difference at a salary well in excess of the usual should telephone 838-5202 during business hours. Employment initially offered for six weeks. Immediate start.

That was it—the right men knew what it meant: Tshombe was back in power, back in trouble, and needed his helpers—the mercenaries, *Les Affreux*, the "Awfuls." They were delighted to respond—in Johannesburg more than 1,000 applied. About 250 were accepted there, and another 200 from almost everywhere else. Ex-Freedom Fighters came from Hungary. The CIA, which loved anti-Communist Tshombe, kindly supplied him with the best pilots from the Bay of Pigs fiasco. White racists from Rhodesia, Angola, and France signed on. Ex-anti-Mau Mau fighters slipped in from Kenya. Englishmen, Poles, Belgians, Germans, Americans, Canadians; ex-Wehrmacht and SS men, ex-NATO pilots, French Foreign Legionnaires, white slavers, a Negro stunt pilot from Harlem—

they were professional soldiers, pimps, perverts, adventurers, sadists, alcoholics, homosexuals, hard-case criminals. They fought for money, for adventure, for excitement, to taunt death, to commit suicide, to combat Communism, for white supremacy, because they hated blacks, because they loved to kill. Most of them were running from something, someone, some crime, somewhere. But all of them fought well. They had had experience in Cuba, Dien Bien Phu, Korea, Malaya, Budapest, Algeria, World War II, and often Katanga. Military experts from respectable armies pretended disgust—but privately they ranked them with the greatest fighters in the world.

Supplies came from the U.S.A. and Belgium, which on September 7 signed an agreement on aid to the Congo—specifically, on aid to Tshombe's army. American equipment totaled four C-130 transport planes, 10 C-47 transport planes, 10 helicopters, seven T-28 propeller-driven trainers equipped with rockets and machine guns, 250 trucks, 70 jeeps, 24 ambulances, and three B-26 bombers equipped with CIA-trained crews.

Some mercenaries were ready on instant call. One large bunch, after the fall of Katanga, had been so sure that they would soon be needed again that they had simply loaded up a freight train with about 10,000 guns and half a dozen planes and chugged across from Elisabethville to Dilolo in Angola. There they performed odd jobs for Salazar against the Angolan rebels, and waited. When *le Patron* called, they were back in hours. One hundred were in the field almost immediately, and by the end of August the army was completely assembled, trained, organized, fully supplied, and ready to go.

AFRICA ADDIO

The mercenaries are at Kisaka, which 15 of them tore from the hands of about 400 rebels just a few days ago. Now they are resting, lounging on the steps and porches of the village buildings, waiting for the next action.

At first they seem ordinary—some young, good-looking; some older, with lined, weatherbeaten faces, balding pates or graying hair. Some wear ordinary civvies, but most wear camouflage, carry rifles, machine guns and pistols. Many wear beards and moustaches. One affects the costume of a pirate—patch over one eye, bandanna tied around his head, and a towel hanging from under the bandanna over his shoulders—and sports a huge moustache that almost hides the gap where two front teeth are missing. Another wears no shirt, displaying a torso covered with tattoos—naked women, faces, jokes, the American eagle. One wears a huge monkey-hair headpiece.

Some seem curiously languorous, careless, almost hopeless. Most of their faces are queerly somber and severe. Many just sit and smoke, staring at nothing. Some hardly glance at the camera as it focuses on them. Others glare at it, as if trying to stare it down. One fidgets with a cross and a beer-bottle opener that hangs from his neck. Another is quietly carving a set of initials on a gravemarking cross. Another checks out a grenade, then hangs it from his belt.

A few perform for the camera. A Congolese soldier draws out a huge panga and gently slices it across the jugular vein of a white mercenary. The mercenary finds this great fun. Another mercenary, wearing a beret from the British forces and a huge, drooping moustache, smiles broadly at the camera, then drops a complete set of false upper teeth down over his lower lip, sucks the falsies up again, smiles broadly, drops them. A young mercenary sporting a scraggly beard squats next to a jeep. Its American emblem is clearly displayed. The mercenary arranges three not-quite-dried skulls into a neat line before the camera. Then another mercenary walks past, grabs one of the skulls, and ties it onto the jeep over the hood ornament. Another jeep is decorated with a classroom “visible man” topped, macabrely, with a very real skull, which in turn is topped with a mocking monkey-hair headpiece. Next to it a 50-caliber ma-

chine gun has been permanently fixed to the jeep's hood.

On August 5 the rebels had captured Stanleyville, and by the end of the month they controlled at least one-sixth of the entire Congo. At the beginning of September, Gbenye and Soumialot proclaimed Stanleyville the capital of the Congolese People's Republic. Peking had already announced official recognition and support of the regime. The rest of the Communist bloc quickly followed suit.

But by then Tshombe's mercenaries were in the field and the rebels had already felt the first shocks. On August 19 the mercenaries launched a massive attack on Bukavu, capital of Kivu, which for months had been in rebel hands. Anti-Castro CIA pilots flying American T-28s mowed the rebels down with strafing and rocket attacks, and then the mercenary-led ANC moved in and massacred the survivors. The mercenaries took no prisoners and shot at anything that moved. At Bukavu they killed 1,000. On August 26, using the same tactics, they recaptured Albertville.

When the obvious presence of white mercenaries and American equipment caused an international outcry, Tshombe noted that the rebels were supported by Communist supplies and led by Algerian military advisers. When the Organization of African Unity called on both sides to stop fighting and for an end to all foreign intervention, the American State Department responded that the OAU should deal directly with the Congo Government; but on September 28 Kasavubu described the OAU activities as "manifest interference in the purely internal affairs of our country." The Communist reply came just as plainly: Algeria, Egypt, China, Russia, and other Communist countries publicly announced that they had been sending in and would continue to send arms and supplies to the rebels. In Khartoum, load after load of Communist supplies were transferred from huge cargo planes to lighter planes and flown in to the rebels. By the end of the year 300 tons of weapons had been sent in. The Cold War was back in the Congo.

Since international pressure had failed to force out the

mercenaries and their American planes, Gbenye tried another tactic. On September 2 he notified U Thant that he considered all the whites held in rebel territory—more than 3,000—to be hostages against the mercenaries' attacks, and threatened that he would treat them as such. Throughout September and October the United States and Belgium negotiated for the release of the hostages, but Gbenye was unyielding. He had no choice. Although his rebels could certainly whip the ANC, they didn't stand a chance against airplanes and the mercenaries.

At the beginning of November, after two months of dawdling while the negotiations were going on, Tshombe's mercenaries launched a major offensive. At the Uganda border the mercenaries took Beni and Lubero. Combined with the previous capture of Bukavu and Albertville, this cut a major rebel supply line, from the Chinese embassy in Usumbura to Stanleyville. At the same time ANC troops, directed and spearheaded by the mercenaries, attacked Boende.

AFRICA ADDIO:

Two mercenary pilots climb into two T-28s armed with rockets and machine guns and, with a cameraman aboard, take off for the attack on Boende. The camera focuses on one plane as it drones on toward Boende: its American insignia is plainly visible on the wing tip. Then the planes peel off and slice down over Boende, strafing and launching their rockets, softening up resistance for their buddies below.

On the ground the mercenaries' column rolls toward Boende. The cameras have been set at the head of the column, just behind the machine guns, with which the mercenaries hose the roadside shrubbery as they drive by. The rebels are seldom visible. A few who are too slow to run are mowed down, but most disappear into the jungle that borders the road, and we can barely see their shapes as they run through the underbrush. But as the column moves closer to town the shapes become more numerous, and the

firing becomes two-way. The jeeps squeal to a halt. The mercenaries flip over the sides, fling themselves into ditches beside the road, then run forward.

The first mercenary in each group carries a heavy machine gun hung from his shoulders by a canvas strap. Belts of ammo trail out behind, jerking up into the gun as the mercenary runs forward, spraying long blasts into any shrubbery he has to penetrate.

The mercenaries attack an outlying house from which they have been receiving fire. Since the house is thatched straw, they use the same methods as they used on shrubbery. They hose it with belt after belt of machine-gun fire, rush the door, shove a machine gun inside, spray the room again, then burst inside. When they come upon brick buildings, they toss grenades through the windows, again and again. When it is certain that nothing could still be alive inside, they kick open the door and make sure.

In a short time Boende is captured, the rebels have fled, and their white hostages are freed. Missionaries, doctors, nuns, and priests rush out to embrace their saviors. Some smile happily, laugh and joke with the soldiers; but some faces are contorted with anguish. Several men, weeping, turn away from the camera.

Now the mercenaries sweep through Boende and the surrounding brush to clean out any remaining snipers. As they beat through the bush they come upon rotting corpses—rebels killed in previous battles. Driver ants, vultures, and the weather have stripped the flesh from most of them. The jeeps and trucks that rumble into town crunch through rib cages, flatten skulls. In a patch of bush beside the road, the ants are already beginning on one of today's corpses. It ripples with an unbroken blanket of ants. They cover everything, crawl inside the nostrils and ears and over the eyes. The only flesh that can be seen, pale against the black blanket of ants, is one hand that rigor mortis has bizarrely frozen as it reaches upward as if in a last plea for help or as if grasping for the light.

The streets of Boende itself are littered with the

rebel casualties. Piles of rubble half cover rebels killed during the air attack. A corpse hangs by the neck inside a prison, and a pile of blacks and whites executed by the rebels as "enemies of the revolution" clogs an alley with corpses.

But the mercenaries are happy. They break out cases of beer and celebrate, draping themselves cheerfully over machine guns, on the hoods of jeeps, next to the skull ornaments. One drunken group drives wildly through town, drinking, blowing aimless notes on a bugle, shouting, screaming, laughing. Others begin to loot. They go after beer and liquor first, then for the valuables—elephant tusks, trunks full of goods and clothing, safes that they blast open. Nothing is sacred. In one house they discover a huge cache of money—50 million Congolese francs. The mercenaries split this up among themselves. It is their only salary. Tshombe has not paid them in six months.

The ANC troops get their loot, too. They break into stores and houses, carry off silver serving sets, trunks, mattresses, purses, hunters' trophies, old irons, pith helmets, even toilet bowls. One covers his camouflage uniform with an elegant set of dress tails.

Then the executions begin. Two rebels have been tried by a tribunal of mercenaries and sentenced to death by the firing squad. The first, a young boy, clearly does not understand what is about to happen. When the ANC officer in charge of the firing squad explains, the boy does not protest. He refuses a blindfold and stands meekly before the wall. Then he is riddled with bullets, drops on his face, is shot in the back of the neck by the ANC officer. The second victim is older, a strong, well-built, handsome man. He puts up a violent argument, swearing that he has done nothing. Mercenaries try to drag him to the wall, but he grabs the edge of a jeep and refuses to be torn loose, screaming and yelling. One of the ex-captive missionaries gives him a perfunctory last rite, but he continues to protest. Then a white mercenary, giving up on the idea of a formal execution, shoves a pistol into the rebel's gut, and fires. The rebel drops.

The mercenary fires again, into the back of his head, then nonchalantly turns away, replacing his pistol in its holster, without even a second glance at the man he has just killed. Both corpses are dragged unceremoniously off into the bush behind the execution wall and left to rot.

The conquest of Boende ended a strong threat of a rebel attack on Leopoldville and opened the way for a two-pronged mercenary attack on Stanleyville, the rebels' capital and stronghold. Leading a force of 2,000 picked ANC soldiers and supported by T-28s and B-26s, one force of mercenaries kicked off from the Kamina military base in northern Katanga and drove straight toward Stanleyville. By November 4 they had taken Kindu and were only 280 miles from Stanleyville. On the west, the force from Boende pushed in farther toward the rebel capital. On November 6 it took Ikela and was only 185 miles from Stanleyville.

In Katanga, Tshombe's mercenaries had slaughtered Baluba and fought viciously against the U.N., but it was against Gbenye's rebels that they really showed their colors. One mercenary has reportedly described how they fought when there were no cameras present. This is the "Battle of Kindu":

When we came in sight of the town from a hill-top it seemed a fine place with many modern homes and white business buildings shimmering in the evening heat. We had heard that all Europeans had been carried off across the river by the rebels and that most of the African women and children had run away into the bush. But obviously there were people down there, so, as usual, we opened up with everything we had—rifles, machine guns, rockets, the lot.

As we thundered into town there was a wild scramble by the Africans to get away. Few made it. Scores were mown down as we approached. And then we were amongst them.

They didn't put up any fight. We just killed until, by the time it was dark, we thought that there was nobody left alive. . . .

In the morning we realized that a lot of rebels were hiding in some tall bush nearby. We went out in an extended line flushing them out. Most of them were just kids. We knew that in the Congo a 17-year-old could be a trained killer; but this time instead of shooting at sight we rounded up the unharmed ones for questioning and killed only the wounded ones, where they lay.

When the questioning was over we made the survivors help us pitch the bodies into the Luluaba River. We hoped they would float down to Stanleyville as a warning to the rebels there. Then we herded the living Africans into canoes and made them squat down to die. They didn't make a sound—just gazed at us with their huge brown eyes. We mowed down one boatload after another. Then we cut the boats adrift and sent them, too, floating down the stream toward Stanleyville.

As the central-government offensive neared Stanleyville, Gbenye became more belligerent. In a radio broadcast on November 5 he declared that he was still holding many whites hostage against bombing raids and that if the offensive wasn't stopped he would murder them all. One week later he broadcast again, ominously: "I did what I could to preserve Africa's honor, and you have left me alone beneath the bombardments of the Americans and the Belgians. In the name of Lumumba, I utter a last appeal."

In Stanleyville the situation was steadily worsening. Food and water were running low, and the city was being pillaged. The mood of the rebel soldiers, like Gbenye's mood, was growing uglier and more desperate. Kangaroo courts to try "enemies of the revolution" were set up throughout the surrounding countryside. Those found guilty were forced to swallow gasoline. Then small holes

were cut in their stomachs, matches were applied, and they exploded alive.

When it became clear that the offensive would not be stopped, Gbenye went on the radio again: "I can no longer guarantee the lives and property of Belgian and American citizens," he said. It was not a threat. His rebels had gone out of control. At Kindu, after the mercenaries moved out, the rebels swarmed back into town. They set up a system of kangaroo courts so "efficient" that hundreds of blacks were tried and burned in one day. In front of the local Lumumba monument the pavement is still cracked and blackened from the heat of the exploding bodies. But the worst fate was reserved for the 24 captured whites. As one survivor recalled, "They took us outside and lined us up against a wall. To amuse themselves they deferred to kids seven or eight years old. 'What shall we do with this one?' they asked the kids. The kids devised a different fate for each white. 'Cut off that one's ear,' or 'Cut his stomach open,' or 'Put his eyes out.' The rebels kept sharpening their spears. Then, at the children's demands, they began."

That was November 20. The United States and Belgium, exerting diplomatic pressure through Arab and African countries, were still trying to force Gbenye to release the hostages; but at the same time they were preparing a rescue. Six hundred Belgian paratroopers were flown to Ascension Island, a little-used British possession in the South Atlantic only six hours by air from Stanleyville. When Gbenye heard this he evacuated the majority of the hostages from Stanleyville, each in the care of three trusted rebels under orders to kill the hostage upon the slightest provocation. Then he made his own final statement: the remaining hostages would die at the slightest attack.

When the Belgian paratroopers were flown to the Kamina base in Katanga the next day, Gbenye decided to show what he was capable of. He hauled more than 100 Congolese "enemies of the revolution," including the former mayor of Stanleyville, into the street near the monument to Lumumba and killed them all. The mayor was accorded a special death; his arms were bound, his liver cut out, and while the dying mayor watched, a rebel ate it. The mayor was still

alive when his executioner belched, laughed, and walked away.

At 6 A.M., on November 24, the 600 Belgian paratroopers were flown out of Kamina and dropped over Stanleyville by U. S. Air Force transport planes. The early drop took the rebels by surprise, and the paratroopers had almost fought their way into the center of town before the rebels hauled 250 hostages out onto the Avenue Sergeant Kitele and ordered them to kneel down. Apparently these were meant to be used to force the paratroopers to withdraw; but as the firing rushed nearer, one of the rebels fired into the crowd of hostages, who leaped to their feet and began to scatter. Major Babu, an ex-boxer and drug addict who led rebels of the Simba tribe, gave the order to fire, and the rebel guards, shouting "*Ciyuga! Ciyuga!*" (Kill!), opened up. Then, just like the cavalry in a grade-B western, the Belgian paratroopers burst into the square and saved the day. The rebels, knowing what was in store for them if they were captured, outran their hostages.

Most of the whites were saved. Only 29 hostages died on the Avenue Sergeant Kitele. But across the river in another section of Stanleyville the Simbas performed one last, hurried dance of death before they fled. Captured priests and nuns were forced to strip naked in public, join in sexual positions, and then had their sexual organs mutilated. Others were simply castrated or brutally beaten and mutilated. In a last spasm of rage, the Simbas began to eat their captives. Forty-five whites died before the paratroopers fought their way into this section.

AFRICA ADDIO:

The camera is in a car driving down a large boulevard in Stanleyville. No one is to be seen on the street or in the houses. Nothing moves. The city is deserted. A cadaver lies in the middle of the boulevard, frozen rigid, one leg raised off the ground as if in a grotesque salute. Other corpses lie farther down the street and on the sidewalks. At one corner is an abandoned car, smashed up, its windows broken. The

corpses of three blacks hang limply halfway out of its open doors. Just beyond the wrecked car is another splotch of cadavers—perhaps a dozen—lying sprawled across each other on the sidewalk. A white paratrooper, his rifle nonchalantly hung through the crook of his elbow, stoops to pick up a booklet of identification papers from a puddle of blood and water.

Four blacks, followed by a para who keeps a sub-machine gun trained on them, carry a cadaver across the street. Everywhere that the camera's car drives, paras guard blacks who carry cadavers away from garages, houses, alleys, bushes, and throw them into piles at the edge of town.

In an alley a mercenary looks down at a pile of corpses, blacks and whites. The camera zooms in on the corpses. Many have holes cut in their stomachs, from which the livers were torn out. Most of the cadavers' hands and feet are still bound. Several are nuns and priests. The mercenary holds a handkerchief over his nose.

The Belgo-American paratroop drop was a remarkably successful operation. More than 1,800 whites and 300 Congolese were flown out of Stanleyville before the mission ended on November 28. Most of the rescued whites told the same story: at the beginning they were treated well, but as the mercenaries advanced and American aid increased, their treatment worsened. Just before the rescue, in a paroxysm of rage and despair, Gbenye had shouted, "As fetishes we will wear the hearts of Belgians and Americans; we will dress in the skins of Belgians and Americans!"

AFRICA ADDIO:

At Leopoldville airport rescued whites stream out of 40 American transport planes. Some smile happily; most are weeping or silent. The wounded are carried off in ambulances. One man lies motionless on a

stretcher. At the end of his leg his foot has been propped back into place—where it was before it was cut off.

The paratroop drop was the turning point of the rebellion, marking the beginning of the end for the rebels. But it also filled them with rage against whites, and they no longer restrained themselves in their treatment of hostages. At Paulis, Simbas burst into a Dominican mission containing one American and 70 Belgian missionaries. Drunk, doped up on hemp (marijuana), and outraged by the Stanleyville drop, they grabbed a dozen captives, trussed their hands and feet together behind their backs, took them outside, and dumped them on the sidewalk. One priest was blinded when a beer bottle was smashed across his face. Then he was beaten, slowly, down the spine, with rifle butts and clubs. Every time he squirmed, he was hit again. It took him 45 minutes to die. Two days after the Stanleyville drop, paratroopers entering Paulis found the corpses of 20 whites killed through such horrible tortures.

Though the Western press screamed about the torment of the whites, the Congolese really suffered much more. This was hardly mentioned, but more than 4,000 blacks died in Paulis. The Simbas dragged the pro-Tshombe provincial president into the village square, cut out his tongue, cut off his ears, feet and hands, then slowly sawed him in half, from the bottom up. In rebel-held territory almost every educated Congolese—teacher, clerk, civil servant, any well-dressed black—was killed. By the end of November the rebels had killed 12,000 Congolese in the Stanleyville area alone.

And no one ever counted the thousands of blacks and mercenaries killed. By the time they reached Stanleyville, the mercenaries had turned, as one of them admitted, “into wild, rampaging animals”:

Some of us had really believed that we were going to help a lawful government to restore law and order, to end the years-old Congo chaos.

Some of us had been lured into the war with promises of high pay (up to \$1,000 per month). But we never saw any of it. Payday was always tomorrow.

We knew that if we became casualties there would be no question of compensation. In fact, we knew that if we were wounded there would be little hope for us right there in the jungle. We had strict orders that we should always move in pairs. In places where evacuation was impossible, any wounded man was to be shot dead by his comrade. What's more, we were ordered to set fire to the body if possible. And widows and orphans scattered around the world, we knew, would rot in poverty.

So subconsciously we made up our minds to kill every living thing that could possibly harm us—women, children, old folk—it was all the same to us. All we really cared about in the end was the killing and the business of keeping ourselves alive and unharmed. Certainly we were not going to take risks by trying to sort out the good from the bad, the innocent from the guilty, the friends or the neutrals from the enemy.

I doubt if even our officers—Britons, too—realized to begin with just how effectively and enthusiastically we would carry out their orders to kill on sight. We would thunder into villages in our lorries and armored cars, blazing away wildly with our guns, tossing petrol into the little native homes and setting them afire. We watched the wounded squirming and moaning by the roadside. We just left them to the vultures and the cruel, consuming sunshine.

Sometimes we killed in a frenzy. Sometimes we killed coldly. Some of the column killed for kicks—killed for fun.

This was the truth, the reality of this Congo war, of the race to the relief of Stanleyville. It was a faraway little world of men crazed with bloodlust. Don't think that we white mer-

cenaries, we hired killers, racing for the besieged jungle city, saw ourselves as white knights on a crusade of mercy. All we really cared about in the end was the killing.

Though the U.S.A. and Belgium protested to the world and before the U.N. that they had only been aiding in a humanitarian rescue mission, the timing of the drop was coordinated with the mercenaries' advance. Four hours after the paratroopers floated down on Stanleyville, the two mercenary columns stormed in and joined forces. With them came the ANC troops. Stanleyville had been permanently recaptured.

The lot of Stanleyville did not improve under mercenary and ANC control. Putrid, rotting corpses still littered the streets. Dogs fed off them. Fear of epidemics grew. Food was scarce. It was a toss-up as to whose occupation was worse—the rebels' or the central government's. "Mad Mike Hoare," as the major who led the mercenaries was called, had established only two standing orders: his 300 white soldiers were "to stay neatly shaved, and refrain from drinking beer." Otherwise Hoare didn't care. The mercenaries robbed everything and everyone—dead bodies, banks, homes, stores, hospitals. They cracked every safe in town. They even stole flour and set up their own commercial bakery.

But some of them did attend to their original business—quite successfully: in the first few days of the drop 1,800 whites were rescued. But more than 1,000 remained captives in the countryside. The mercenaries and the paratroopers rushed through the jungles to reach them, but before they arrived, most of the hostages suffered horribly. In Bunia, where the Simbas held 76 whites, they dragged the females, mostly nuns, outside, forced them to strip, made them "dance" by shooting at their feet, then took their pleasure. Some were simply beaten with bottles or gun butts. One was slugged with a telephone, which the Simbas considered bad medicine. One nun who resisted was simply shot through both kneecaps, raped, and left to die. One priest survived by playing dead, but later he went mad.

As his rescuers led him to a plane, he muttered a new litany: "The cadavers. The cadavers. I must go back to join the cadavers."

At Bafwasende the mercenaries encircled and slaughtered the local Simba detachment and saved 14 white hostages; but 14 more were already dead. One of them, a pretty 16-year-old girl, had been raped repeatedly before a cheering rebel audience. Then, when she was worn out, she was executed. Curiously, between rapes and executions, the Simbas had crowded into the hostages' prison to sing Christmas carols.

When the mercenaries stormed into Wamba they saved 121 whites. But 21 others had been clubbed to death or thrown into the crocodile-infested Wamba River. William McChesney, an American missionary, had been stomped to death. Another 101 whites were still missing.

Meanwhile the war grew more and more savage. The mercenaries took no prisoners: they simply machine-gunned anyone who tried to surrender or was captured. Some claimed that this was merciful: prisoners would have been turned over to the ANC and then would have died horrible deaths. ANC troops liked to use wet rawhide to tie prisoners up hand and foot, because the rawhide shrank as it dried, cutting through the flesh and down to the bone. When prisoners became insensible to that pain, the ANC troops then shot them to death—slowly, by stages: feet, knees, thighs, hands, arms, stomach; finally, hours or days later, if at all, the head.

In Stanleyville the ANC "tried" political and military prisoners "by acclamation." Twenty thousand accused were led to the Stanleyville sports arena. If the huge crowd of spectators cheered, a suspect was acquitted. If it jeered, he was shot or thrown to the crocodiles. In this delicate exercise of justice more than 2,000 died.

At the beginning of December, partly in response to Belgo-American intervention, the Communists sent huge amounts of arms to the rebels. Eighteen full planeloads of arms and ammo arrived from Algeria, Egypt, and Ghana. In Zanzibar and Tanganyika every month three shiploads of arms from East Germany and Communist China were unloaded and sent in to the Simbas. Pangas, poison arrows,

and molotov cocktails were things of the past. Now the rebels had machine guns, automatic rifles, and grenades, and they littered the mercenaries' path with mines. In Kenya former Mau Mau were being recruited for the rebels. In Urundi the Chinese Communists had persuaded thousands of refugee Watutsi (*inyenzi*) warriors to join the rebels in Kivu. Outside Brazzaville, in the French Congo, an East German was training 800 rebels for a direct assault on Leopoldville.

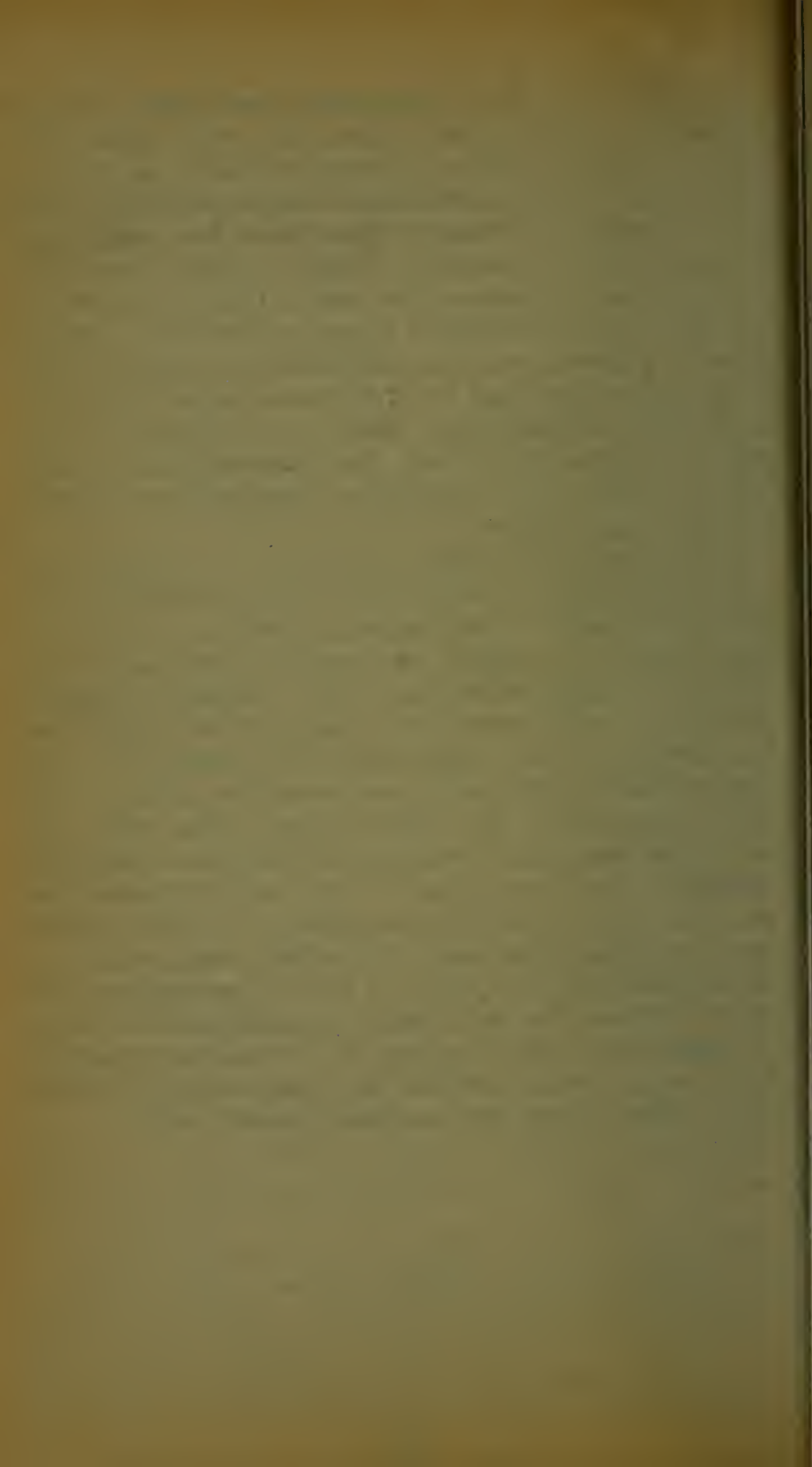
Tshombe was worried. Hoare needed 150 more mercenaries, supplies, and pay for the men he had. On December 11 Tshombe flew to West Europe to meet with government leaders; but he returned 10 days later empty-handed. Hoare was fed up, and when by the beginning of January no new troops or equipment and money arrived, he threatened to quit. That scared Tshombe into action. By January 18 he had supplied Hoare with 100 new mercenaries. Then, more determined than ever, he zipped back to Europe. This time he returned with almost \$2 million in aid and more than \$300 million worth of stocks in previously Belgian Government-owned Congo corporations. By March, Hoare had a force of 700, with which he simply massacred the remaining rebels. Aka fell on March 26; Faradje on March 28; and the next day the last important rebel stronghold, Watsa, was taken. On April 23 Hoare said, "As far as I am concerned, the war is over."

Actually, other pockets of resistance still remained, and Hoare had plenty of work left. But in September, Gbenye fled (in a Rolls-Royce) to Cairo. Later, when Nasser tired of his boozing and troublemaking, Gbenye fled to Kigoma, the Tanzanian railhead on Lake Tanganyika, where the last diehard, Cuban-trained, overequipped rebels were holding out. But by the middle of October, Hoare had wiped out even this last stronghold. The rebellion, Tshombe said, was over.

So was his premiership. Kasavubu, who had gotten from Tshombe exactly what he sought, wanted Tshombe no more. On October 13 he fired him and put Evariste Kimba in office. But nothing works that simply in the Congo. On November 14 Parliament refused to approve Kimba, in effect giving Tshombe a vote of confidence, and Tshombe

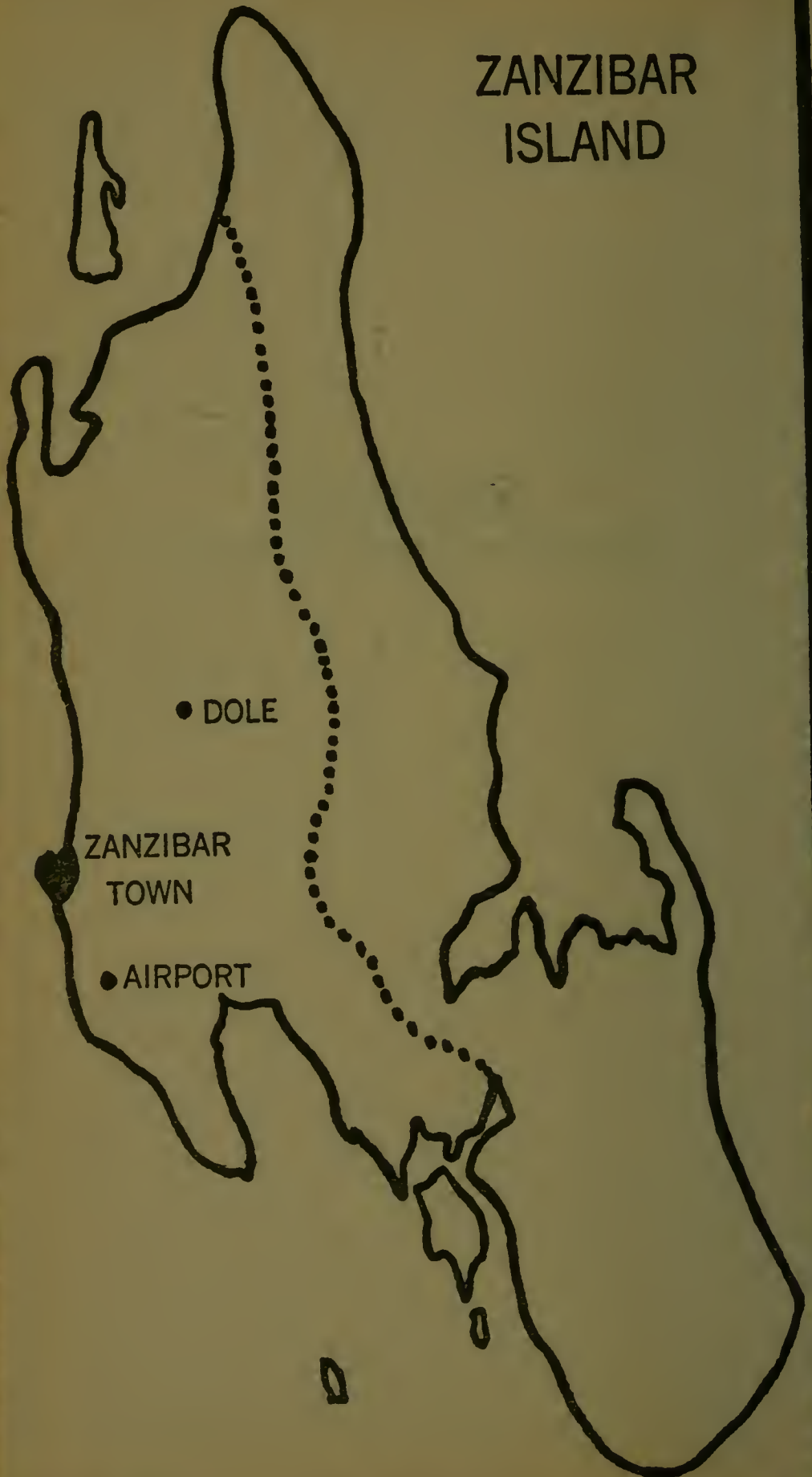
refused to leave office. Kasavubu was outraged, tried to enforce his command, and failed. So on November 25 General Joseph Mobutu (remember him?) stepped in again, took power in a bloodless coup, canceled the next year's elections, proclaimed, "The army has only taken its responsibilities toward the country," and declared that he would hold power for five years. Though Parliament officially approved Mobutu's maneuver, there was distinct popular disagreement. On December 28, 1965, Radio Peking announced that it continued to support an outfit of 20,000 rebels who were still hiding out in inaccessible regions of Kivu. The Congo had come full circle, right back to where it had been when Lumumba was kicked out five years before.

Fifty years ago Joseph Conrad, a sea captain who learned his trade on the Congo River, wrote *Heart of Darkness*, a story concerning an investigator sent to the Congo to write a report on Leopold's "free state." At first the investigator tried to write Inforcongo material, the kind Leopold wanted; but the facts undid him. His last shakily written words were "Exterminate all the brutes!" But his last spoken words were less specific: "The horror, the horror!" he said, and died. These might still be the last words for the Congo, but today even these are inadequate, for a new form of colonialism that mutilates and kills more terribly than anything before has taken over. The Congo has been, and probably will be again, a battleground for the Cold War. Mao Tse-tung has said openly. "If we take the Congo, we shall hold the whole of Africa." Now the West has it; but the East wants it. If China moves in, the West will again defend its "holdings." What horrors will the Congo suffer then?



Zanzibar

ZANZIBAR ISLAND



Come and see how we hang people and burn them like chickens. Some will be burned; others will be sliced into little piece that will be thrown through the streets; others will be tossed into the sea or tied to trees to be used for target practice by my novice marksmen. Good-by. We shall meet again. Thank you.

(John Okello, the Field Marshal, leader of the Zanzibar revolution, January 13, 1964)

On January 12, 1964, the isle of cloves, tiny, paradise Zanzibar, exploded into a revolution bloodier and more brutal than even the most shocking sequences in *Africa Addio* suggest. On little Zanzibar Island, 130,000 Africans suddenly turned loose the centuries of hate they bore against their 22,000 Arab neighbors. They killed so many that the bodies were hauled away in truckloads to be buried in mass graves, so many that hundreds were never buried but were simply left on the beaches, where the ocean took them, so many that the number will always be estimated, never counted.

Why did this happen? Zanzibar's Arabs knew: they had been storing arms for just such an occasion. And the British, who left Zanzibar only one month before the revolution, knew too. Anyone, even a tourist merely trotting around the island before the revolution, would have known.

The State of Zanzibar is composed of two main islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, and many smaller islets lying immediately off their shores, just six degrees south of the Equator. Zanzibar Island is 53 miles long and, at its

broadest, only 24 miles wide. Pemba is slightly smaller. It only takes an hour to sail across the 22-mile channel that separates Zanzibar from the mainland. Suppose it is January 11, 1964, the day before the revolution; suppose you can sail over to see Zanzibar as it was before, as it never will be again.

From the channel you first see Zanzibar's western coast—black coral cliffs crumpled into an endless series of bays and inlets lined above and below with green, the brilliant green sea and the wind-blown, waving green foliage of the coconut palms. You put in at one of the bays and climb up to the plain above the cliffs. Here the air is warm and moist, and pure, sweet water gushes up through fertile, humus-rich soil. It's a natural greenhouse. Coconut palms, mango, lime, and banana trees, tobacco, coffee, sugar, grains, sisal, rice, cotton: almost any kind of vegetation seems to thrive here—particularly clove trees. These are everywhere, in long, orderly avenues or in confused jumbles, on huge plantations or small estates.

This is the western side of Zanzibar, less than half an island that in its entirety is smaller than Rhode Island, but that can, in combination with Pemba, supply more cloves than the whole world can use. This side of Zanzibar is decorated by large plantations and rich estates, elegant homes and carefully tended gardens. Large, chauffeured limousines cruise its roads. Tens of servants care for the houses, and thousands of workers cultivate the plantations. This side of Zanzibar, this fertile side, is owned by Arabs. The servants, the workers, and the chauffeurs are Africans. They only work here; they belong somewhere else.

Zanzibar Island is split in half by a low ridge that runs down its center from north to south. In itself the ridge is nothing remarkable; but when you cross the ridge it's like crossing LaSalle Street in Chicago or like walking straight out of downtown Los Angeles into Watts. It's like standing on Park Avenue and 50th Street in New York City, turning around, and suddenly finding yourself looking into the center of Harlem. When you cross the ridge, you enter a slum.

Of course, it's a rural slum, so there isn't too much to see—uncultivated land too poor to farm, drying and caking

in the sun; a little rough scrub brush and spots of unused forest; an endless stretch of glaring white coral beach. You can walk for 50 miles along this beach. All you'll see is some outrigger canoes pulled up out of the water, worn nets hanging in the sun, a few sand crabs scuttling into the cool of their burrows, and clusters of run-down thatched huts. This is the Africans' half of Zanzibar.

In such a setting statistics take on unmistakable meaning. On the island of Zanzibar Arabs owned more than three-quarters of all the clove trees. Less than 3 per cent of all the Africans had any trees at all, and perhaps only 250 Africans had enough clove trees to supply them with a respectable income. The rest of the African clove farmers were desperately impoverished.

Still, if Zanzibar had been a strictly rural island there might never have been a revolution. It was the city that nurtured the revolution in Zanzibar, the modern ideas that were available in the city, and the intensified sense of inequality that the city created. For until January 11, 1964, Zanzibar Town, the capital, was also split in two, just like the island.

Zanzibar Town is built on a triangle peninsula that juts out into the sea so as to create a perfect, sheltered harbor between itself and the island. The part of this peninsula nearest to its tip, perhaps one-third of the town proper, is called Stone Town. On January 11, 1964, Stone Town still is inhabited almost solely by Arabs and Asians. Here are the offices of the great trading companies, the banks, the shipping firms, the insurance companies, and the quaint, expensive shops that cater to tourists. Here the houses are of Middle Eastern design, large homes five stories high, with wild roses growing over graceful arches and in bright courtyards. As you walk past you stop to marvel at the doors—heavy, eight-foot-thick mahogany, intricately carved but massively strong, studded with gleaming brass spikes. Originally these were designed to withstand the charge of an angry elephant; but now the only mammoth Stone Town has to deal with is the Sultan's Rolls-Royce: when it drives past, because the streets are narrow, you have to press yourself back into a doorway to avoid being

run over. But the Rolls-Royce fits: it is a perfect symbol of Stone Town's prosperity and power.

In the rural areas a ridge divides the island. In Zanzibar Town it is a creek—a stagnant creek that reaches back into the city like a rotting finger. Until recently the creek was filled with garbage, junk, and the putrid corpses of dead dogs, farm animals, and sometimes slaves. Now it is almost completely filled in, and at least there are no more slaves. But on January 11, 1964, it still stinks. So, to get from Stone Town to Ngambo, the African quarter, you hold your nose.

In Ngambo the streets are broad, hot, and dusty, and the houses are hovels—mud, thatch, and flattened-out kerosene cans thrown carelessly, hopelessly together. Heavy *homali* carts, used by African men to pull loads of cloves to the docks, shove through the thick crowds or stand tilted against the huts by the side of the street. In Ngambo, the few shops provide only the essentials that the poor can afford.

Statistics for the city are as clear as those for the country. Arabs and Asians compose 100 per cent of Zanzibar Town's upper class, 90 per cent of the upper-middle class, and 80 per cent of the lower-middle class. The lowest class, on the other hand, is 90 per cent African.

If the Africans on Zanzibar had been a minority like the Negroes in the U.S.A., this situation might have endured. The majority in the U.S.A. has no worries about being able to control the minority—forcibly, if necessary. Witness Watts. But on Zanzibar the Arabs were a tiny minority, just over 13 per cent of the entire population. For every Arab there were four Africans. And most of the Africans hated the Arabs with a fierce and ancient hatred.

The statistics quoted here come from the British surveys taken by British civil servants and printed in London and Zanzibar on British presses. Their meaning is unmistakable: the imbalance on Zanzibar could not endure. But the British Government pretended it had created a democracy in Zanzibar, and that Zanzibar thus was ready for independence. They fabricated this pretense, turned Zanzibar's government over to the Arabs, and then abandoned the

island. One month later, when the revolution exploded, the British expressed surprise. They were lucky. Most of the Arabs expressed nothing. They were dead.

In 1808, in the city of Muscat, the capital of a Middle Eastern Arab kingdom called Oman, a 17-year-old teenager walked into a reception at the royal-palace banquet hall and slipped a slender Arab shiv straight into his cousin's stomach. The murderer was Seyyid Said; his cousin had been acting as Said's regent on Oman's throne. So when Said removed his knife, and his cousin obligingly died, Said became Seyyid Said bin Sultan, Sultan of Oman. In so doing he initiated the chain of events that ultimately led to the bloody revolution on Zanzibar, more than 2,000 miles away and 156 years in the future.

In the seventeenth century, Said's ancestors had driven the Portuguese out of upper East Africa, broken their stranglehold on the Indian Ocean, and established an immensely profitable network of commercial and military outposts along the East African coast. Later, however, squabbles over the succession to the sultanate, civil war, and invasions seriously weakened the kingdom, and during the eighteenth century Muscat suffered. But along the African coast, its outposts prospered. Prospering, they took the opportunity to declare themselves independent.

Seyyid Said was a man of unusual strength and determination; he was not the man to tolerate his colonies' rebellious attitude. Once he took over the throne, he quickly squelched Oman's internal squabbles, unified his kingdom, organized a powerful navy, and sallied southward down the African coast, subduing colonies as he went. All progressed admirably until he reached Mombasa, the wealthiest, most powerful, most important, and most antagonistic of his outposts. Here, to Said's great distress his momentum ran out. Twice he besieged Mombasa's fortresses, and twice he was forced to withdraw with only very unsatisfactory treaties. After his second failure Said gave up and sailed south, to Zanzibar. He was looking for a replacement for Mombasa.

In 1828, when Said arrived at Zanzibar, he saw a harbor crowded with Arab dhows, American squareriggers, French and German merchantmen. Shipping traffic was so

heavy that the harbor was almost impassable. Its water was littered with flotsam and jetsam of all sorts, dead bodies, empty crates, and discarded refuse.

Ashore, in the bazaar, filth and confusion were just as great and closer at hand. The stench of rotting fish and vegetables mixed with aromas of rich spices. It was an incessantly whirling kaleidoscope of color, noise, and filth. Still, it was always worth it. In the bazaar waited rich cargoes of copal, ivory, coconuts, hides, tortoise shell, red pepper, beeswax, ambergris, hippopotamus teeth, rhinoceros horn, cowrie shell, and slaves. Slaves were everywhere: men, women, and children, alone or in groups, loose or in chains; old, broken, domesticated slaves; and newly captured slaves, their ribs sticking out, half dead from hunger, crazed from brutal treatment and cruel captivity, their teeth sharpened to points and their skin covered with scars, naked, bewildered, and yet still fierce, looking like cornered, desperate, uncomprehending wild animals.

Said was delighted: Zanzibar fitted his needs perfectly. It was close enough to the mainland to be a fine market place for the goods his caravans brought out of the interior, yet far enough away to be safe from vengeful tribes. Its beautiful harbor was a perfect base for his navy and his commercial fleet. And its location placed it right in the path of the trade winds.

Every six months, with absolute dependability, the trade winds change direction. First they blow down from the northeast, diagonally across the Indian Ocean from the Orient and the Middle East, and then they blow back in the opposite direction. Centuries before Christ was born, Arab explorers and traders studied the trade winds, East Africa's navigable rivers, the habits of its mainland tribes, and the best—and most profitable—routes for caravans, and proceeded to develop a vast, thriving empire of commercial outposts, trade routes, and settlements all along the East Coast and the Indian Ocean. Vasco da Gama and the Portuguese harassed the Arabs for a century after 1498, but the ancient Arab empire didn't lose its control over the Indian Ocean until the industrial revolution.

Just a few years before Said, the British Captain Thomas Smee visited Zanzibar's slave market, and took careful notes on what he saw:

The show commences at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The slaves, set off to their best advantage by having their skins cleaned and burnished with coconut oil, their faces painted with red and white stripes, their hands, noses, ears, and feet ornamented with a profusion of bracelets of gold and silver and jewels, are ranked in a line. At the head of this file, which is composed of all sexes and ages from 6 to 60, walks the person who owns them; behind and at each side, two or three of his domestic guards, armed with swords and spears, serve as a guard.

The procession passes through the market place and the principal streets, the owner holding forth in a kind of song the good qualities of his slaves and the high prices that have been offered for them. When any of them strikes a spectator's fancy the line immediately stops and a process of examination ensues that, for minuteness, is unequalled in any cattle market in Europe. The intending purchaser having ascertained that there is no defect in the faculties of speech, hearing, etc., that there is no disease present, and that the slave does not snore in sleeping, which is counted a very great fault, next proceeds to examine the person; the mouth and the teeth are first inspected and afterward every part of the body in succession, not even excepting the breasts, etc., of the girls, many of whom I have seen handled in the most indecent manner in the public market by their purchasers; indeed, there is every reason to believe that the slave dealers almost universally force the young girls to submit to their lust previous to their being disposed of.

I have frequently counted between 20 and 30 of these files in the market. Women with children newly born hanging at their breasts, and others so old they can scarcely walk are dragged about in this manner. Some groups appeared so ill-fed that their bones seemed ready to penetrate the skin. From such scenes one turns away with pity and indignation.

Said did not turn away. His attitude toward slavery was barefaced, simple, profitable hypocrisy. In 1822 he had signed the Moresby Treaty, in which he agreed to help the British to seize any vessel carrying slaves from Moslem to Christian countries. But Said did not abide by the treaty. He was an Arab, and as an Arab he saw nothing wrong with slavery, nothing more objectionable than we find today in horse trading or cattle raising. The Arabs had a 2,000-year tradition of slave trading behind them: slaving was in their blood. Besides, it was in the blood of Africa, too. It was as old as the continent itself. Warring tribes had always enslaved their captives and had bought and sold them among themselves. The first white visitors to Africa—long before the Pharaohs—had started their own slave trade, and the first Europeans to land on the West Coast of Africa had done the same. So Said, despite his treaty with the British, did nothing to prevent slaving. Indeed, he encouraged it. Anyone who wanted slaves could get them from Zanzibar, and everyone knew it.

It was a simple, easy-to-run, profitable operation. On the East Coast hundreds of Arabs armed with muskets and swords formed huge, powerful caravans that trekked deep into the interior. Lines of communication with the coast were maintained by fortified stockades placed at strategic points along the caravan routes. When the Arabs came upon a weak village, they waited until the villagers were eating their evening meal, then surrounded the village and marched in. Anybody who resisted was shot, speared, or butchered. Everyone else was taken captive. If the caravan came upon tribes too warlike to be easy game, the Arabs pretended to be in the area for the purpose of trading.

Then, through promises, lies, and propaganda, they persuaded one tribe to make war on another. As the war spread, the Arabs bought the captives—for a few beads or a yard of cloth apiece—from both sides. It didn't take too long, and it was cheap.

The results were always the same—another caravan trekking out of the interior with hundreds of captives. Often, to reach the coast, these caravans traveled 500 or 600 miles. For the entire march all captives carried loads of ivory and plunder. Those who couldn't, died. If a mother could not carry both her infant and the ivory, the infant was snatched from her arms and its brains bashed out against a tree. And for the entire march all the captives walked single file, tied together by ropes, chains, or a devilish linkage of sticks called *shekas*. In this system the forked end of a heavy, six-foot-long stick was shoved up against the back of a captive's neck and locked into place across the front of his neck with a crosspiece. Then his hands were tied to the end of the *sheka* hooked to the captive one place ahead in the line. Escape, rebellion, or misbehavior was utterly impossible.

The caravans rendezvoused at Bagamoya ("There where the heart weeps"), where the slaves were loaded into special dhows. This was one of the most brutal aspects of the slave trade. The slaves were forced to squat on the bottom of a dhow's hold. As soon as the bottom was crammed full of slaves, a bamboo platform was dropped into place just above their heads, only two or three feet above the bottom. This was then covered with another layer of captives, then another platform was dropped down and in turn covered with its layer of human misery. This went on and on: one dhow could hold 400 slaves.

The voyage to Zanzibar usually took about 24 hours, but if the dhow was badly becalmed, a voyage could last for weeks. The slaves, crammed in so tightly that they could not move, were given no food, no water, no sanitary accommodations, no fresh air. Often, when a dhow had been becalmed, scarcely a dozen living human beings were pulled out of the stinking pile of rot and filth that remained when the dhow arrived at Zanzibar.

The death rate in transit was phenomenal, but still the

slave market prospered: in a good year the turnover topped 50,000. About two-thirds of these were shipped out again to Arabia, India, Persia, Egypt, and Turkey. The British intercepted some of these ships, but even if only one ship in four got through, even if on that ship more died than lived, the trade was still immensely profitable, for a slave worth \$5 in Zanzibar would sell for \$50 in Persia. The space between the dhows' bamboo tiers was cut to 18 inches, and five slaves were crammed in where two had been before.

During Said's reign hundreds of caravans pushed deep into Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, even into the Congo. On the mainland Africans lived in constant fear. In order to be unattractive to the slavers, women painted themselves with hideous colors and tattoos. They slashed their skin with knives so that scar tissue formed all over their bodies. They hung heavy rings through their lips so that they became grotesquely distorted, and they skewered huge bones through their noses. Today, in the streets of Zanzibar, moderated versions of the monstrosities can still be seen; but today's Africans are quite unaware of the origins of their curious decorations.

"When the Sultan plays his flute in Zanzibar, they must dance west of the great lakes," they said. They not only danced—they warred, they fled, they perished, they were exterminated. In 1843 the explorers Kipf and Rebmann reported: "Slavery is fast depopulating this side of the continent, barbarizing residents of the coast, carrying death and desolation far into the interior." In a countryside that once had teemed with life, the slavers created deserts of desolation, ghost villages, vast regions empty of humanity.

Before Said's arrival, there were only about 300 Arabs on Zanzibar. These few Arabs had not seriously disturbed the life of the native Africans, most of whom still lived where they wished, on land that had belonged to their tribes for centuries, according to the laws and customs of their forebears. After Said's arrival this changed.

It is said that when Caesar entered Gaul, he came, he saw, and he conquered. Of Said's arrival in Zanzibar it should be said that he came, he saw, and he swindled.

Knowing that for the moment, at least, the Africans' overwhelming numbers could cause major trouble for his operations, Said arranged for a conference with the *Mwinyi Mkuu*, the Great Leader of the Africans, to whom he offered a treaty. He promised that the Africans would continue to live as they always had, that they would govern themselves according to their own ways and live on their own land, that he wanted only the right to govern his Arab community and to control its taxes, shipping, and trade agreements. To convince the *Mwinyi Mkuu* of his sincerity, Said offered him a handsome sum of money. The chief considered this. He also considered Zanzibar harbor, in which Said had stationed his entire navy, the mightiest fleet on the Indian Ocean—three frigates, four corvettes, a host of smaller fighting vessels, and a vast array of troopships carrying thousands of well-trained, well-armed soldiers, their guns, like the gunboats' cannon, primed and ready. The *Mwinyi Mkuu* signed.

When Said settled on Zanzibar he brought with him a few stems from a clove tree, which he planted in his palace garden. Zanzibar proved to be the clove's prescribed home. Said noticed how phenomenally they flourished, and he immediately ordered huge shipments of seedlings—and colonists: Said had seen that on Zanzibar he could build an empire upon the clove. The cloves quickly arrived, and the colonists blew in on the annual monsoons like leaves on autumn winds. To these colonists Said gave free land, and vast clove plantations sprang up. Zanzibar's economy boomed: in 20 years it was producing 7 million pounds of cloves a year.

Said, of course, never meant to honor his treaty with the *Mwinyi Mkuu*. It was only meant to pacify the Africans until it would be too late for them to cause trouble. As the colonists flocked in, the treaty was abrogated incident by incident. Finally it was not worth even lip service. The colonists had forced the Africans to give up their land. They had pushed the Africans off by violence. They had cheated and swindled. They had bought the land at ridiculously low prices. Soon most of the fertile land and all the power and money belonged to Arabs, while the Africans had been impoverished, weakened, and forced

over the ridge to the eastern shore. Even the pretense of allowing the Africans to govern themselves through their own traditional institutions was dropped: They were governed by Arabs appointed by the Sultan. In a few decades Africans had forgotten what a *Mwinyi Mkuu* was. He had ceased to exist.

The Arab plantations, of course, needed labor. Said had foreseen this, and had included in his treaty with the *Mwinyi Mkuu* the provision that the chief would provide free labor, called *corvée*, to help the Arabs get established. Originally, *corvée* was to be offered only for the clearing of plantations, but soon the Arabs demanded it for harvests also. They demanded, and they received.

Corvée and the flourishing clove made the Arabs rich. In less than 20 years after Said's arrival Zanzibar had become the most important and prosperous metropolis on the East Coast of Africa and the most powerful mercantile and military force on the Indian Ocean. Some referred to it as the capital of the East. Its Arab population increased from a few hundred to almost 40,000; it grew only richer, and the future seemed ever rosier. But Zanzibar was designed for disaster.

Corvée proved insufficient for the needs of the expanding clove plantations, and the Arabs imported huge numbers of slaves from the mainland. Some plantation owners maintained gangs of 2,000 slaves. And in accordance with ancient Arab tradition, even the small businessmen felt they required at least four or five slaves apiece. By 1840 there were 150,000 slaves on Zanzibar.

This did not worry the Arabs. Rolling in money, they lived the lives of leisured aristocrats. They delegated the management of their plantations and businesses to ambitious Asians. They lavished their wealth on vast shows of generosity, heavy drinking, and the constant use of opium and marijuana. They became addicted to an ever-changing sequence of slave women, whom they preferred to their Arab wives, while their wives became addicted to African men—for reasons that one explorer from England called “too physiological for the general reader.”

But the lot of the slaves was somewhat different. Living in misery and captivity, they caused a constant undercur-

rent of discontent, distrust, and fear. Many of them escaped, often when they had just been imported from the mainland and were still half wild, and roamed through the countryside and the city streets looking for food. After dusk all houses had to be barred against them, and to venture out at night without arms was suicidal. In 1840 all the slaves erupted into a bloody and violent rebellion that could not be put down until six months later, when military reinforcements were shipped down from Oman.

Thus by 1840 the situation on Zanzibar was almost exactly the same as it was to be on January 11, 1964, just before the revolution. Huge numbers of slaves lived in angry misery, as did the native Africans on the eastern, barren side of the island. No black man had a voice in Zanzibar's government, which was controlled totally by the Arabs who, living on stolen native land and forced labor, enjoyed all the island's riches, kept all power in their own hands, and pressed the Africans deeper and deeper into poverty. Only two steps remained before Zanzibar would be truly ripe for disaster: the Arabs' power had to be slightly weakened, and the slaves had to be freed.

Britain made its first strong move for power on Zanzibar in 1856. In that year Seyyid Said died, and two of his 120 sons fell into competition for the throne—a younger son, Majid, and his older brother, Barghash. Majid was weak, timorous, and dissolute, a typical product of the corrupt Arab aristocracy; Barghash was strong, intelligent, and willful. Britain, which had become more and more influential on the Indian Ocean and in East Africa, and which now wanted Zanzibar, understandably favored Majid. So when Barghash attacked the Sultan's palace with a small band of followers, the British landed a detachment of marines, put Barghash to flight, and established Majid's throne for him. By this simple action Britain took power in Zanzibar. They sent Barghash to Bombay, where they supported him in a life of leisure and luxury, and they made the lesson quite clear to Majid: he had been put on his throne, and was being kept on his throne, by England.

The British had made slavery illegal in their own territories in 1807. They had forced Said to sign the Moresby

Treaty forbidding the slave trade between East Africa and European countries in 1822, then forced him to sign another treaty (1845) that forbade even slave trade between Africa and the Middle East. But it wasn't until 1873 that another important step was taken toward abolition. By then Majid had succumbed to his own corruption, and Barghash, far from ungrateful to the British for his pleasant stay in Bombay, had been brought back to the throne. The English consul during his reign, Dr. John Kirk, established a warm bond of friendship and respect with Barghash, and exerted unusual personal and diplomatic pressure on the Sultan to abolish slavery. Barghash knew he needed British support to maintain his throne; even more, he needed it to protect his dominions against ever-increasing pressures exerted by the French and the Germans. But his subjects were addicted to slavery. As Barghash said, "A spear is held at each of my eyes. With which shall I choose to be pierced?" He really had no choice; power politics determined his course for him. In June 1873, he signed a treaty demanding an immediate cessation of the slave trade in any part of his dominion.

But it was not yet forbidden to *own* slaves: to have decreed that so suddenly would have thrown into chaos a vast and prosperous part of what was rapidly becoming a crucial part of the British empire. Therefore, because more than 150,000 Africans continued to subsist in slavery on Zanzibar, the trade in slaves continued—underground. On Pemba, where there were no resident Europeans, the slave trade proceeded at a jolly brisk pace; on the mainland slaves were quite successfully smuggled wherever they were needed by a hardly concealed, well-oiled underground railway; and at sea British patrols had their hands full with an unceasing traffic, despite the new laws.

In 1890, at an international conference held in Brussels, European abolitionists declared that urgent action was required to "put an end to the crimes and devastations engendered by the traffic in African slaves . . . ensuring for all that vast continent the benefits of peace and civilization." These glorious, high-sounding words, the trumpet sounds of the abolition movement at full volume, were largely directed against Zanzibar, for that same year, in

formal recognition of what had existed in fact since Said's death, Zanzibar had been officially declared a British protectorate.

The British consul in Zanzibar, Sir Arthur Hardinge, knew that if the slave system were suddenly abolished, the entire social and economic system of Zanzibar would be thrown into turmoil: the Arabs would be utterly alienated; the clove industry would be devastated; British revenues would disappear; and the freed slaves, contrary to the high-sounding idealism of the abolitionists back home, would in almost every case be worse off than before. But the abolitionist cause was strengthened by the "Great Rebellion" of 1896. In reality this was a minor affair, a totally unsuccessful rebellion that British marines quashed in precisely 40 minutes; but since it seemed a flouting of British rule, the Great Rebellion gave the abolitionists tremendous new leverage. On April 5, 1897, the British Government reluctantly forced Sultan Hamoud to decree that he "would decline to enforce any alleged rights over the body, service, or property of any person on the ground that such a person was a slave." The decree was effective immediately.

The abolitionists, of course, had not consulted the slaves as to what they wanted. Nor had they bothered to scrutinize the economic and social system of Zanzibar to see what freed slaves could do. The abolitionists were content to set the slaves "free"—that, as far as they were concerned, was the crowning glory of their massive effort, and the end of their work. And the British Government, which had for several decades been pursuing an abolitionist policy less out of dedication than in reluctant response to abolitionist pressures, seemed to agree. It freed the slaves, then forgot about them.

But where was a freed slave to find the food and the shelter he had been guaranteed before? A slave, after all, had been like a farm animal: his usefulness continued only as long as his health was protected. But the freed slave was a different animal altogether, and those who chose freedom soon found that though their owners before had generally maintained a policy aimed at keeping them alive, no one, not even the great humanitarian British Government, cared

for them once they were free. Since they were valueless, freed slaves were treated with the utmost cruelty. They became wage slaves, paid not even enough to live on: they were worse off than when they were bound in slavery.

It is not surprising, then, that one year after the decree was issued, out of a total slave population of 150,000, only 2,000 slaves had claimed their freedom. And as the British consul in Zanzibar had prophesied, these 2,000 were almost solely ne'er-do-wells and ruffians. Unemployed, angry, and half-wild, many ex-slaves roamed about the countryside robbing, raping and murdering.

The British didn't find jobs for the freed slaves or set minimum wage levels, but they continued on their course toward absolute abolition. In 1911 they announced that as of the first day of 1912 no slave owner would be compensated for the emancipation of any slaves he continued to maintain. Since the Arabs wanted their compensation, Zanzibar was flooded with freed slaves.

The Arabs got their compensation, but what did the slaves get? Some chose to become squatter farmers on their former masters' plantations—an arrangement by which the Arabs allowed the former slaves to build shacks on the plantations and cultivate small patches of ground to grow crops for their own sustenance, in return for providing the owner with free labor whenever he demanded. But the living conditions of these squatters were intensely squalid. Most Africans chose to seek other opportunities in the city. Ngambo was always at the end of that road. The African quarter swelled and swelled, living conditions became intolerably sordid, and Zanzibar Town developed a magnificent slum.

If the Arabs were responsible for the establishment of slavery on Zanzibar, then the British were responsible for ending it the wrong way. Since extreme poverty can destroy freedom as utterly as a slave master's bonds, this is as serious a condemnation as that laid against the Arabs. Britain freed the slaves, but then let them fall into conditions as bad as or even worse than they had suffered before Zanzibar became a British protectorate. Perhaps this is explained in part by the attitude of some British

administrators. For instance, when the protectorate was established, one British civil servant, filled with prim outrage, filed this report:

There is a complete lack of even the most elementary sanitary arrangements. Heaps of rubbish and filth litter the streets and alleys. . . . Buildings are hastily erected anyhow and anywhere without any government control. At night the entire town is in darkness . . . the approaches to the harbor are inadequately lighted and the entrance buoys uncared for and inadequate. Steamers anchor where they please, while Arab dhows come and go without any papers.

Dirt, disorder, hygiene—on these matters, the British got to work immediately. They cleared the streets, enforced new ordinances, and established an orderly, efficient administration. But as for the fact that Ngambo was swelling with tens of thousands of slaves who could find no work or who were forced to work for less than subsistence wages, either the British did not realize the trouble that was building (which seems unlikely) or they lacked the resources to cope with it, and so turned their backs on the problem.

When the original protectorate decree was signed, it was understood that the Sultan was to retain control of internal affairs while Britain was to be primarily responsible for foreign affairs. Britain, of course, abrogated this agreement, just as Seyyid Said had abrogated his agreement with the *Mwinyi Mkuu*.

Soon the British controlled everything from the police department to the succession to the sultanate. But when the Arabs took over from the *Mwinyi Mkuu*, they stripped the natives of all their rights and privileges and turned them into a powerless, poverty-captive lower class. The British treated the Arabs much better.

By creating a school system that only the upper classes could afford, the British educated only Arabs, and when they set about training government officials, the British

chose their candidates from the Arab community. Thus, Arabs became Zanzibar's administrators, teachers, and technicians, and they retained their control over the government bureaucracy. When an erratic world market for cloves threatened the Arabs' economic position, the British passed special laws that protected the Arabs. Thus they were allowed to retain control of the clove industry, and to maintain their ancient position as wealthy landowners. Such actions made the British position quite clear. As the British Attorney General said: "This is an Arab state. It is the duty of the protecting government to assist the protected people." The Africans, of course (to what state did they belong?), merely continued to suffer. If they were lucky, they became houseboys, servants, fishermen, dockhands, rickshapullers, or farm laborers. The British had emancipated the slaves; but they had frozen Zanzibar's social, economic, and political hierarchy into exactly the same mold that Seyyid Said had created.

British policy in Zanzibar broke down into three stages: the abolition of slavery, completed in 1912; the creation of an efficient administration, carried out by 1930; and the creation of a parliamentary democracy. This last stage broke down into three steps: the "official majority" stage, during which British civil servants controlled the government; "responsible government," in which local officials controlled certain internal aspects of government; and "internal self-government," when local leaders controlled almost all internal matters. The ultimate goal was parliamentary government and independence. The British expected, of course, that this process would require at least a century. By 1926 they had set up "Legco" (the Executive Legislative Council), which was dominated by British civil servants but also included local representatives (Arabs and Asians only) and which could legislate certain local laws. But the British did not move into the second stage, "responsible government," until 1961—and then only because they were forced to.

There was absolutely no African participation in Zanzibar politics until 1946, when, belatedly, one African was appointed to Legco. Nevertheless, the Arabs were terrified of the future. It seemed that the British were determined

to democratize the island, and to do it slowly. This was the crucial point: if the British worked too slowly (for the Arabs), the Africans would have a chance to become politically effective. If the Africans became politically effective in a democratic country, their 80 per cent majority would crush Arab control of Zanzibar forever. The only way the Arabs could save themselves was to force the British to accelerate their policies. Democracy would have to be instituted before the Africans became politically effective, and independence would have to follow immediately.

Thus the Arabs became nationalists. Their nationalism was not the kind seen in most other African countries. It was not inspired by high-flown patriotism or by the loss of their native land to a conqueror. The Arabs were driven by a different zeal—they were in a desperate race to save their power, a race to achieve independence before the Africans could assert themselves.

The Arabs had quite a head start. They had formed their first political organization, the Arab Association, at the turn of the century, while the Africans did not form an African Association until 1934, and this did not become active for many years. Indeed, until the 1950s, politics on Zanzibar was an elite Arab phenomenon from which Africans were almost entirely absent. While the Arabs could afford to send their children to school, the Africans could not. Even as late as 1964, more than four-fifths of secondary-school graduates were non-Africans: at the time of the revolution only six Africans had any university education. Educated, the Arabs entered the civil service and government bureaucracy and gained experience in politics. Uneducated and discriminated against, the Africans remained politically inept.

When the Arabs began agitating for independence, they smeared a heavy glaze of simple, old-fashioned patriotism over all their statements: *Zanzibar for Zanzibaris!* This slogan they turned to particularly good advantage. There had always been antagonism on Zanzibar and Pemba between the African mainlanders, who were the descendants of the slaves and immigrant laborers the Arabs had carted into Zanzibar, and the Shirazi, descendants of the

Africans who were on Zanzibar and Pemba when the Arabs arrived. The Shirazi experience with the Arabs had been totally different from that of the mainlanders. The Shirazi had never been taken as slaves. On Pemba they had not even been too seriously alienated from their land, but had lived in relatively equal prosperity and harmony with the Arabs. Especially on Pemba, many Shirazi looked upon themselves as colleagues of the Arabs, remembered a history of warm interrelations, and were proud that their ancestors had served as administrators in the Arab regime or as sailors in the Sultan's navy.

Mainlanders thought of the Arabs differently. For them Arabs were the perpetrators of the villainous slave trade; they hated Arabs. In their anti-Arab attitudes they were united with Zanzibar Island's indigenous Hadimu tribe, which had lost most of its land to Said's colonists, which had been forced to supply most of the *corvée*, and which also hated Arabs.

The Arabs cleverly capitalized on this split between Shirazi, Hadimu, and mainlander. By spreading propaganda that portrayed the mainlanders as "foreigners" who were gaining power and stealing jobs away from the Shirazi, the Arabs effectively split the African population in half, and quickly brought the Shirazi, who in 1939 had formed their own association, into sympathy with the Arab Association. Of course, this increased Hadimu and mainlander hatred of Arabs, but they were lost causes in any case, and the Arabs didn't worry about them.

The alliance with the Shirazi gave the Arab movement a chance to portray itself as the true representative of the entire population of Zanzibar: "We are Zanzibari in and out, and detest any method used to inculcate racial discrimination and widen the gulf between different sections of our people" (*Al Hahadha*, an Arab newspaper, November 6, 1952). It was a clever stroke. The Arabs manipulated racial discrimination to bring the Shirazi to their side, then proclaimed their union with the Shirazi as proof of their own multiracial, undiscriminating basis.

Using this new image, the Arab nationalists gave themselves a new name—the Zanzibar National Union (ZNU). As ZNU became more influential, Britain became alarmed

and attempted to block the movement. The Arabs responded by threatening the worst—*jihad*, holy war against the unbelievers.

Oh my brother
The Oppressors have exceeded the bounds;
It is right that we should wage *jihad*,
It is right that we should redeem ourselves.

Such sentiments were too much for the British. They threatened to enforce an established regulation forbidding civil servants to indulge in political activity. Since most of the Arab nationalists were civil servants, ZNU was successfully squelched. But then the Arabs began working directly within the government. To demonstrate their antagonism to the British program for slow progress toward independence, all but one of the Arab members of Legco initiated a boycott of the council. The one Arab who refused, Sultan Mugheiry, was brutally murdered (November 1955).

At about this time a small group of simple, uneducated, rural peasants founded a party they called the National Party of the Subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar (NPSS). This was a party of multiracial appeal that, like the dying ZNU, demanded immediate independence. Its platform agreed with the Arabs' goals, and the party was African-originated and African-run. It was a perfect front for the Arabs. They infiltrated party ranks, such as they were, then joined openly, and then took control. They changed the name to the Zanzibar Nationalist Party (ZNP) and changed the rural peasant league to an urban Arab movement.

ZNP maintained Africans as president and vice-president and proclaimed this, along with the party's origins and multiracial tenets, as proof of ZNP's true multiracial basis. ZNP blamed all of Zanzibar's racial difficulties on the British. Its official history opened by saying, "For decades imperialists segregated the Zanzibari into tribal and traditional groups." ZNP was not squelched, and it exerted tremendous pressure on the British to speed prog-

ress toward independence. As a result, Britain announced that in 1957 Zanzibar would have its first official elections, for new members to an expanded version of Legco.

The non-Shirazi Africans understood that ZNP nationalism was a simple Arab ruse to seize power, and they realized that if the Arabs succeeded, their own hopes of bettering their conditions would be finished forever. This put the Africans in an ironic position: they were forced to ask for a prolongation of British rule—it was their only alternative to utter subjection to the Arabs. They asked for more time to attain the education, experience, and prosperity necessary to create the effective political movement with which they could combat the Arabs. Thus Shaaban Sudi Mponda, the first mainland African to be appointed to Legco, declared in Legco that “we Africans do not welcome this election with open hearts. . . . We Africans are a backward people due to the lack of educational facilities. . . . Owing to my people’s ignorance of elections, I suggest that they should be given enough time to learn.”

Africans had said this before, and more strongly. In 1952 the Young African Union (YAU) had declared that “The educational system in Zanzibar has always been such as not to give the same facilities for higher education to Africans as given to Asians. . . . It is no good blaming us for being an ignorant, backward, uneducated lot. . . . The alien races have and are making us politically hopeless by denying us equal facilities.” But the British had disregarded YAU claims—indeed, they had destroyed the organization—and now they disregarded Mponda’s. As far as Britain was concerned, Zanzibar was still an Arab state: the elections were scheduled as planned.

In 1957 the non-Shirazi Africans were represented by an organization known as the African Social Union (ASU), an outgrowth of the squelched YAU. ASU was headed by Abied Karume, an ex-seaman who had worked in the seamen’s union and then taken to politics. Karume, like most anti-ZNP Africans, was bitterly pessimistic. He expected that ZNP’s advantages in training and power would give it a clean sweep of the elections, especially because ASU had been unable to persuade the Shirazi to break with ZNP and move to the ASU side. But the elections

were a complete surprise. ZNP did not win one seat; ASU took three. It seemed a remarkable African victory. One British observer even wrote: "The knell of the Arab hegemony which once extended to the whole of East Africa may well be sounding in their last stronghold." But in reality the ASU victory was hollow—all the seats it had won on Legco were non-voting seats. More important, ZNP was neither demoralized nor defeated. The Arabs only realized even more desperately how much harder they would have to fight to achieve their goals.

After the 1957 election, under nationalist pressure, which did not abate but instead increased, partly because the ASU now believed that the Africans had a chance to gain control of the government, Britain agreed to move Zanzibar into the second stage of its progress toward independence, "responsible government." Elections for a National Assembly that would govern most aspects of internal affairs were scheduled for January 1961.

For this campaign ZNP pulled out all the stops and used its tremendous advantages unscrupulously. Not only did it have ready financial support from the wealthy Arab community, it had direct power—Arabs controlled the largest coconut and clove plantations and all the connected industries. ZNP used this power to force membership in the ZNP—those who did not support ZNP were fired. These tactics were also used on the docks, where the Arab-controlled Schooner Captains and Owners Association froze out unions that sympathized with the ASU. Since the ASU was primarily a mainlander organization, these ZNP tactics pulled the Shirazi Association into even closer accord with the Arabs.

But these tactics snapped the long-rotten timbers of Zanzibar's social structure. ANP and ASU supporters refused to ride buses run by the opposition, refused to share wells, to work together on the same jobs. Sports events flared into minor political battles. Supporters of one party boycotted the funerals, weddings, even the religious services of the other. Both parties organized heavily armed bands of paramilitary groups that roamed the countryside and attended political meetings, often clashing in brief but dangerous outbursts of violence. Several speakers and can-

didates were severely beaten. Outbreaks of violence, especially in the rural areas, became more and more frequent. To protect themselves, Arab landowners expelled thousands of African squatters from their plantations. The consequent suffering and bitterness among the displaced Africans only increased tension and violence. ASP organized counteraction from below—vast boycotts of Arab-owned shops forced hundreds of Arab shopkeepers out of business. Though the boycott had little effect on the true source of power—those who suffered were only petty shopkeepers, poor Arabs—it tremendously increased racial tensions. Then, in a famous speech in response to the squatter expulsions, Karume suggested for the first time that Arab ownership of plantations was illegal: only the clove trees and the movable property truly belonged to the Arabs, he said. It was the native Africans, from whom it had been stolen, who really owned the land. This suggestion, of course, inflamed tempers still more. Many Arabs moved into the city for safety.

Meanwhile the ZNP continued to pour out propaganda to widen the split between the Shirazi Association and the ASU. Although after the 1957 elections the two organizations had been able to reach a shaky agreement, which resulted in the formation of a merged party, the Afro-Shirazi Party (ASP), the ZNP propaganda worked so well that the Shirazis made an irrevocable split with ASP and set up their own political party, the Zanzibar and Pemba People's Party (ZPPP), which on constitutional, domestic, and racial questions was much closer to the ZNP position than to the ASP's.

The ASP identified itself with the Pan-African Freedom Movement, copied its flag from Tanganyika's, and brought in such celebrities as Kenyatta and Nyerere to speak at its demonstrations. It emphasized that ZNP was the Arab party, the party of the rich minority, while the ASP was the party of the deprived majority. But it didn't work. In January 1961, elections brought in 9 ZNP candidates (in 1957 ZNP had won no seats), 10 ASP candidates, and three members of the ZPPP. ZPPP thus held the balance of power, but when two ZPPP candidates sided with the ZNP and one joined ASP ranks, Parliament was thrown into a

stalemate—11 seats for each side. The British declared new elections for June 1, adding one new constituency so that there could not be another tie.

Viciousness and incitation peaked even higher in the campaigning for the June elections. ZNP and ZPPP candidates, who by agreeing not to oppose each other in any districts gave their coalition a tremendous advantage, spread violent anti-mainlander propaganda. "The ASP is fighting for Tanganyika," they shouted. "It is ASP policy to bring mainlanders into Zanzibar, spread Christianity, and suppress the Muslim faith. The ASP is built on hatred. They want to bring in immigrants and create unemployment and starvation. We have been overpowered by foreigners . . . the rights of citizens are enjoyed by aliens; and the indigenes have no work."

Such propaganda forced the ASP's hand, and it responded in kind, by flipping the coin to its other face: "Today we would like to remind our African brethren who are insisting on helping the Arabs . . . [of] the actions of the Arabs during their time alone. The Arabs made the people sweep with their breasts; they pierced the wombs of the women who were pregnant so that their wives could see how a baby was placed. They shaved the people's hair and then used their heads as knocking places for their toothbrushes. They castrated the people like cows so that they might converse with their wives without wanting them."

The atrocities cited in ASP propaganda were verified by old-time Africans, who testified that they had seen them with their own eyes. Then ASP campaigners, directly identifying the ZNP with the ancient Arab oligarchy and the horrors of the slave trade, proclaimed that if ZNP won in June young Africans would get their own chance to see Arab atrocities.

This was not just political campaigning, not on either side: It was incitement to riot, and it had the inevitable effect. On election day, June 1, 1961, violence broke out at a polling place in Zanzibar Town. A minor fist fight erupted into a large-scale brawl; sticks, clubs, and swords suddenly appeared; and before police, tear gas and billy clubs restored order, four people were dead and 40 injured.

The next day it was announced that the ASP had polled

more votes than both ZNP and ZPPP combined, but that it had taken only 10 seats, while ZNP and ZPPP forming their coalition as previously agreed, had taken 13. Since the ASP had shown itself truly representative of the majority but nevertheless had lost control of the government, ASP supporters felt defrauded, and immediately after the results were announced the excited hatreds of the Zanzibari erupted again. Stone-throwing episodes developed into violent fights. ASP and ANP paramilitary youth groups flocked into the streets, fought pitched battles with each other and with the police, looted shops and burned homes. In the rural areas, where ASP was strongest, enraged Africans ravaged Arab plantations, pillaging and murdering. They beat an Arab mother and her five children to death with clubs. They burned Arab estates and clove orchards to the ground. Knifings, beatings, stonings, fires, lootings flared up everywhere.

The British rushed five companies of the King's African Rifles over from the mainland, set up armed guards around the airport, the radio station, gasoline depots and power stations, and declared an official state of emergency. Zanzibar Island was placed under a dusk-to-dawn curfew. It took almost a week for specially trained and equipped riot squads and commando divisions to subdue the rioters, but by June 7 Zanzibar was quiet again. Sixty-eight people were officially reported dead. Sixty-four were Arabs. More than 400 were injured, and more than 750 had been arrested.

Officially, the British played the riots down. In their reports they described them as minor incidents resulting from a "bombardment of words." But their actions belied their statements. They had brought in almost 1,000 troops, had deliberately guarded the radio station, the airport, and the power depots, and had declared a state of emergency. Clearly they considered the situation to have been on the verge of revolution. And after the riots, to make their position even clearer, they permanently stationed one regiment of the King's African Rifles on Zanzibar, ordered the regiment to make frequent tours of rural areas (the traditional British "show of force"), stationed a British aircraft

carrier in Zanzibar harbor, and sent sorties of jet fighters swooping low over the island.

The campaigning had indeed produced a "bombardment of words"; but it had also produced very real hatred and fear. After the election the Sultan refused to leave his palace except accompanied by a cordon of tough bodyguards. Arab citizens steered clear of Ngambo, and Africans avoided Stone Town. Political murders became almost commonplace. It was reported that in order to persuade Hamadi Shamte, leader of ZPPP, to accept the dangerous job of Premier, ZNP had to pay him \$30,000.

That was expensive, but ZNP was happy. They had their African front man; through their coalition with ZPP, they had absolute control of Parliament; and they had relegated the ASP to the role of a minority opposition. The opposition disagreed violently, but the ZNP-ZPPP coalition had no difficulty pushing its policy through. It was the same policy that the Arab Association had pursued when it first realized its precarious position on Zanzibar, and it had the same goals—Arab dominance. The new Parliament loudly demanded immediate independence.

Despite the obvious injustice of the June election results and despite the riots it provoked, the next British actions made it quite clear that they intended to proceed toward independence rapidly, in accordance with the wishes of the Arabs. Despite ASP protests, the British scheduled new, and presumably final, pre-independence elections for July 14, 1963. And the British favoritism for the Arabs continued to tip the balances against the ASP. For these new elections the British allowed the Arab-controlled Parliament to redivide Zanzibar into 32 new voting districts. As was inevitable, the ZNP-ZPPP coalition drew the boundaries of the new districts to give themselves a distinct advantage—in the U.S.A. it's called gerrymandering.

After the June 1961 riots, racial tensions had abated only slightly, and as the 1963 election approached, the same propaganda began to excite them all over again. The British, anticipating the worst and again revealing their basic doubts about Zanzibar's stability, arranged anti-riot precautions equivalent to a full-scale military maneuver. The Second Battalion Scots Guards, complete with armored

cars and bristling with weapons, flew in from the mainland to reinforce 900 police already on the island. On all main roads commandos stationed behind roadblocks nervously fingered Bren guns. Meetings, loud-speakers, loitering, and gathering in groups were banned. On the day of the election, spotter aircraft and helicopters kept the islands under constant surveillance. Polling places were issued pre-arranged trouble signals—a white sheet meant all was well; a red sheet spelled trouble. One bemused Western observer said aptly, "It's a piece of fantasyland that's slipped its moorings."

But in one sense, at least, it worked. Though many frightened Arabs, remembering 1961, barred themselves behind their eight-foot-thick Stone Town doors, 99.5 per cent of the enfranchised voters cast their ballots—everyone knew that this would be the last election before independence. Long lines piled up at the polling places. Women violated purdah to stand with the men, and pulled aside their veils to prove identity. The sick, the crippled, the aged, even the lepers voted. Two old men died casting their votes. Aside from these, there were no deaths, and there was no violence: the "show of force," in this instance not merely a show, kept Zanzibar quiet. One Zanzibari even retained a sense of humor—scrawled on a wall was a last-minute campaign slogan: "PLAY IT COOL. ELVIS IS A BACK NUMBER."

When the votes were tallied, ZNP took 12 seats. ZPPP six. Despite the fact that ASP polled 54 per cent of the total popular vote and won 13 seats, it once again failed to gain control of Parliament. In the crowds milling outside the Municipal Building, which was ringed by a tight cordon of soldiers bristling with guns, ASP supporters burst into tears.

When Parliament convened, ASP members attempted to negotiate for a three-way distribution of the Cabinet posts; but Prime Minister Shamte offered only one humiliating course: he would let ASP enter his government only if the party officially dissolved and had its parliamentary representatives apply individually for ZPPP membership. The ASP leaders were in a state of despair. They now knew that Zanzibar would be in the hands of the Arabs when

it was granted independence; and they had concrete reason to fear that as soon as the British left, the Arabs would use all their power, as crudely as necessary, to stifle the African majority. Militant elements in the party and extremist trade-union leaders openly discussed the only other way a majority can seize power after constitutional means have failed—revolution.

The British, however, seemed quite pleased. Despite the fact that their “parliamentary democracy” blatantly preserved all the injustices and evils that had caused unrest on Zanzibar since 1840, despite the fact that a minority of 40,000 Arabs dominated a country of more than 200,000 Africans who had already made quite clear by the evidence of 64 corpses the degree of their resentment of a Arab domination, despite the fact that dissident elements were openly talking of revolution and were being wooed by the Chinese and Russian Communists, Britain declared that Zanzibar was ready for independence. The date set was December 10, 1963.

The Independence Day ceremonies were boycotted by all important African leaders, who disapproved of Zanzibar’s government. But still, the Arabs were delighted—Sultan Jamshid even gave his bodyguards the day off. At the harbor, regal in a multi colored turban, he watched with satisfaction as two flags were raised side by side: the red flag of the ancient Arab Sultanate of Oman, and the new flag of Zanzibar. Standing beside him, the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the Queen of England, read a message reminiscing about centuries of warm relationships between England and Zanzibar and predicting centuries of amicable cooperation within the Commonwealth. The Sultan expressed his pleasure, a 41-gun salute boomed out over the harbor, and 70,000 Zanzibaris burst into shouts of “*Uhuru!*” But on the sidelines, ASP leader Abeid Karume was not moved: “The government will fall three days after independence,” he predicted.

Karume was wrong—the government fell 33 days after independence. On January 12, 1964, like a fragile toy in the hands of an infuriated gorilla, the ZNP government and Zanzibar’s Arab community were smashed into pitiful fragments. So violent and furious was the revolution that before

this writing no one had organized and reported all the events as they actually occurred.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

The beginning of Ramadan, a traditional Moslem holiday. Thousands of celebrating Arabs drink and gorge themselves at huge banquets, then spill out into the streets of Zanzibar Town, singing, dancing and carousing.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12

As today begins, the celebration dies. The Arabs drift back into their houses; lights go out; the city quiets.

But Ramadan this year will be different. As the Arab lights go out, a group of very sober Africans meet on the outskirts of town. At about 3 A.M., John Okello, an unimportant African policeman from Pemba, leads about 20 would-be revolutionaries down a dark side street toward the police arsenal at Ziwani. The arsenal is guarded by a double-strength platoon of Arab guards armed with modern automatic weapons. The Africans have only spears and bows and arrows. When they reach the arsenal, they huddle in the shadows—it seems a suicidal situation. But suddenly Okello screams defiance, leaps out of the shadows, and charges toward the arsenal. Hurling their spears as they run, his men follow.

Miraculously, in only a matter of minutes they have taken the arsenal, and once inside they have more guns than they can use. They rush out with hundreds of automatic rifles and sub-machine guns, join with known sympathizers from Ngambo, and drive swiftly to the only other store of arms on Zanzibar—the police Mobile Force arsenal at Otoni, about four miles outside Zanzibar Town. Here their job is even less difficult: in what seems only seconds this arsenal has fallen too. Okello has control of more than 800 guns, which he distributes through Ngambo. The police are left with practically no weapons at all.

Okello's force now attacks Zanzibar Town's strategic points. At 5 A.M. the Malindi police headquarters is overrun. The British Cable and Wireless Company office falls

at 8 A.M., along with the radio station. Shortly after noon the airport is captured without a shot being fired, and just moments later the ZNP's last hope, a plane carrying arms from Pemba arsenals, flies overhead, surveys the situation, and turns away.

The Sultan and Prime Minister Shamte flee to the Sultan's yacht in the harbor, just beyond the range of the rebels' guns, where other members of the deposed government join them; those who don't make it to the ship are captured, beaten, and thrown in jail. Okello sets up revolutionary headquarters in the Zanzibar radio station, which begins broadcasting as the Voice of the Freedom Fighters. On the air for the first time, Okello declares that two captured ministers will be hung and all others sentenced to 15 years in jail. He proclaims Zanzibar a republic and names Abeid Karume as President; Kassim Hanga, the deputy general of the ASP, as Prime Minister; and Abdul Rhaman Mohammad, known as Babu (Father), head of the leftist Umma party, as Minister of External Affairs and Defense. This comes as good news to Karume and Hanga, both of whom fled the island in canoes when the fighting broke out. But Babu, already in Dar es Salaam when he hears the news, acts unsurprised. The revolt, he says, was caused by the banning of his Umma party the week before: "It was the straw that broke the camel's back."

In Zanzibar Town the Arab community is terrified. What apparently began as a political coup has turned into uncontrolled genocidal warfare. Rebels hang the genitals of murdered Arabs from automobile-hood ornaments and parade them through the streets. Streets leading to the docks and the beaches are littered with the corpses of Arabs shot down as they fled toward the sea. Hundreds of those who get to the harbor are drowned as they overcrowd their dhows and capsize.

Goans (Indians) are shot down as they flee to their mosques or are murdered inside. An entire community of 1200 Ismaili Indians flees to its mosque for shelter, leaving uncounted dead behind. The Sultan's palace is looted, his coat-of-arms desecrated in the streets. Ali Muhsin, an Arab founder of ZNP and later the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is caught in the street, beaten uncon-

scious, and dragged off to jail. Zanzibar Hospital overflows with wounded and dead. At one point 85 bodies are merely thrown together in a grotesque heap in front of the entrance: there is no other place to put them.

An American consular official hurries to the Zanzibar Hotel, gathers up all American tourists, and sneaks them through the streets to the English Club, where other American and British citizens have gathered for refuge.

MONDAY, JANUARY 13

Karume, Hanga, and Babu return. Their first move is to seal the island off from the rest of the world. Telephone and cable communications to the mainland are cut. Ships and planes are refused entry. A dusk-to-dawn curfew is imposed, and the Voice of the Freedom Fighters broadcasts that anyone violating curfew will be shot. But armed rebels still run wild in Stone Town and in the rural areas, breaking into Indian and Arab shops and homes, destroying and looting property, beating women and children, arresting the males. Lines of thousands of Arab prisoners file out of town to detention camps in the country. Several of these marches end in bloody massacres: after the Arabs have been herded into enclosures, African guards viciously mow the prisoners down with machine guns.

The elated revolutionaries have adopted crude uniforms; some wear the red armbands of the Umma party, others the blue and yellow of the ASP. When they encounter each other, they make the V-for-victory sign, the ASP's old political symbol. Then they continue murdering, pillaging, and beating Arabs.

Okello broadcasts new decrees: "It is I, the Field Marshal, who speaks. The power behind me is 999,999,999. I will be 88 times as severe as my predecessors. The Sultan's feet will never touch Zanzibar soil again."

Okello is right: from his yacht, the Sultan radios for British help. When none arrives he gives up hope, transfers his party of 150 refugees to a larger ship, his yacht *Seyyid Khalifa*, and sails out of Zanzibar harbor. But when he arrives at Mombasa, the port authorities refuse him permission to dock.

The American vessel *Manley* finally arrives in Zanzibar

harbor and establishes communications with the English club by heliograph. Picard, the American consul, negotiates with revolutionaries for the evacuation of the 61 Americans in the club. The new Ministers and their carbine-waving assistants become very excited, then very unsure, then agree. It takes three hours, but the Americans are allowed to transfer to the *Manley*. Only Picard and his third secretary, Donald Petterson, remain on Zanzibar to represent the U.S.A. The British residents still stranded at the club develop a new game to while away their time while waiting for escape or arrest. It is a modified version of Monopoly. Instead of Park Place and Boardwalk, they play for revolutionary headquarters, the hospital, the English club, and the airport.

Okello returns to the airwaves, demanding that all citizens turn in their weapons: "Otherwise we will announce to all to come and see how we hang people and burn them like chickens," he screams. "Some will be burned. Others will be sliced into little pieces that will be thrown through the streets. Others will be tossed into the sea or tied to trees to be used for target practice by my novice marksmen. If you try to be arrogant we will have no mercy on you. Any person who doesn't turn in his arms, whether Arab, African, or Indian, will be burned in public. Some people are pretending to be officers and are releasing detainees. Those detainees who are released by those silly people go back to rural areas and create trouble. No one is allowed to release a detainee. It is I, the Field Marshal, who has the right to release any person I think fit to release. I announce that any person over 80 will be released and not anyone else. Anyone who tries to be a hypocrite will be punished by 50 years in jail. Anyone found looting will receive corporal punishment of 50 strokes in the first stages and later will be sentenced to 65 years in prison. Good-by. We shall meet again tomorrow. Thank you."

When Okello leaves the radio station he walks proudly through the streets wearing a specially tailored black uniform on which he has pinned a silver eagle epaulet borrowed from an American naval uniform. It symbolizes, he says, that he is the strong man of Zanzibar. This seems undeniably true. Crowds gather around him, shaking his

hand, cheering him and shouting "*Jamhuri! Jamhuri!* (Republic! Republic!)"

Today, only one day after the revolution broke out, and despite the fact that Zanzibar is still in total turmoil, Uganda and Kenya rush their recognition of the new government.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14

DAR ES SALAAM. The *Manley* puts in. One tourist reports hearing horrible screaming from Arab houses and seeing whole families beaten and dragged away. Another says that he was "scared to death" by the carelessness with which the rebels handle their guns—sub-machine guns, burp guns, and automatic rifles. One of the rebel leaders, a tourist reports, wears Cuban puttees and speaks Spanish, although he claims to be a Persian. Others report having seen many rebels in "Castro-style uniforms." "All hell broke loose," one recalls. "Patrols wandered about shooting up the town. The dead were left lying in the streets. They killed so many that all the Arabs were terrified." One American reports that despite the confusion and wildness of the Zanzibaris, the revolution itself seemed extremely well planned. A Western diplomat, guessing wildly, says that Umma provided the brainpower behind the revolt, while the ASP provided the manpower.

WASHINGTON, D. C. The State Department says that China, Russia, and Cuba trained the Zanzibar guerrillas and financed the revolution. Experts say that Babu, known to be leftist, has more power than the moderate Karume. Government spokesmen express concern about a satellite-tracking station built by the U.S. on Zanzibar with the consent of the British Government. Since 1960 all political parties on Zanzibar have demanded its removal. Babu, decrying the station as "an example of American militarism and imperialism," once claimed that he would organize 100,000 Zanzibaris to demonstrate against the station because "in my recent visit to Peking I learned that Project Mercury is a front for something bigger." The station had

indeed been a front for a military project, but after the protests the U.S. shifted the military section to Rhodesia. Officials in Washington value the station at about \$3 million.

ZANZIBAR TOWN. Bands of armed African youths roam through the streets on foot and in trucks, cheered by crowds of Africans as they pass. The revolutionaries now seek specific people—Arabs. Okello broadcasts again: "I would like to inform Hilali Kehanga that I want to see him hang himself. First he must kill all his children by slashing them with knives. Then he must hang himself. I have no mercy. I do not want captives. I will use very heavy firearms that will destroy everything from top to bottom. I can make no fewer than 500 guns a day, and I can make a bomb that can destroy an area of three square miles. I can make 100 grenades every hour. If a person behaves arrogantly, his farm and house will be seized by the government and he will be sent to a secret place. Now I am searching for Umari Hamadi. I instruct the Pemba district commissioner to go to his district. This man must go to the police by himself. His sentence will be execution, just as the sentence of Rashid Hamadi will be execution with no right of appeal. This is because he has been found guilty. Salim of Kengeja will also be executed. If he likes, he can execute himself, or I will execute him before a firing squad or burn him with oil. In any case, he will die. The people of Nungi [a rural town] should come out into the open. I will not go there today but I will tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. I want to see them bowing and kneeling when I pass there, and I want them to sing the song *God Bless America*. This is the Field Marshal."

Then Kassim Hanga broadcasts, more soberly, that the new government has "no policy of friends and enemies. Our policy is to have relations with all the countries in the world."

TANGANYIKA. The Sultan finally finds a port in the storm. Tanganyika grants him the "traditional rights of asylum and transit."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15

ZANZIBAR TOWN. The state of emergency continues, as does the curfew. Sporadic bursts of gunfire still shake the city. Looting of Arab possessions continues. Beds, furniture, clothing, rugs, and personal belongings are thrown out into the streets or loaded into trucks or cars and carried away. The Voice of the Freedom Fighters announces that all "confiscated" Arab possessions will be sold and the proceeds turned over to the government; but much is simply destroyed or left to rot in the streets.

Thousands of Arabs are rounded up on suspicion of "counterrevolutionary activity," imprisoned in huge outdoor enclosures surrounded by barbed wire, and, strangely, entertained by music played over loud-speakers. On the Voice of the Freedom Fighters, Okello retracts as a "misunderstanding" his announcement that he will hang the two ex-ministers.

WASHINGTON. The State Department announces that the tracking station will be omitted from the system for the manned satellite projects. Officials hope for a "reasonable chance" of retaining the equipment on Zanzibar. Now they value it at \$1 million.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16

ZANZIBAR TOWN. Looting seems to have stopped; the post office opens for the first time since last week. The post office sells old stamps, but over the image of the Sultan's face the words "Republic" or "Revolution" have been stamped, or his image has just been scratched out. Okello holds a news conference at the radio station. When asked if he was trained in Cuba or China, he denies it. He says that the revolution was planned with 14 of his closest followers who had trained his 600 soldiers for 14 days in the bush. He says that he is the strong man of the revolution, that he remains the head of Zanzibar's army, and that it was he who appointed Karume and the other Ministers. But Karume seems to be assuming increasing control. He flies to Dar es Salaam to ask for Tanganyikan troops

to help restore and maintain order. While there, he reads several American newspaper dispatches concerning Zanzibar.

In Zanzibar Town rebel soldiers arrest four American correspondents who sailed a dhow over from the mainland. When they are put under house arrest at Zanzibar Hotel, Picard rushes over to help out, and in a few hours he, the newsmen, and Othman Sharriff, a Minister in the new government, are amicably talking and drinking beer in the lobby. Suddenly Karume storms angrily up to their table. He shouts at the newsmen that he has seen their reports, that they were untrue and distorted. When Picard interrupts, Karume turns on him furiously: "Why are you causing us trouble? Why are you interfering in our internal affairs? WHY? WHY? WHY? You Americans! Why did you evacuate your people without informing us? Why don't you recognize our government?"

One of Karume's assistants snaps, "We have wasted enough time on these Americans. We don't need them." But Karume continues shouting furiously at Picard: "You have called our Ministers and interfered in our affairs. Get out of here in 24, no, 12 hours!"

Then Karume rushes out. Bewildered, Picard follows him. "You mean you want me to take my staff and leave?"

Without pausing, Karume replies, "Go to your home and don't leave it."

Armed rebels surround Picard, poke guns in his back, force him to his home, and hold him under house arrest. A group of rebels dressed in Cuban-type uniforms push the journalists into a car, tells them that they will be driven to the harbor and expelled. Instead, they drive about three miles inland. When one journalist complains, a rebel sticks his rifle out the car window and points to a nearby cemetery. "We just wanted to show you how quiet it is here," he remarks, grinning. Then the guerrillas drive to the harbor.

In Zanzibar harbor a British survey ship picks up 130 women and children and prepares to sail; 270 other British residents choose to stay.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dean Rusk reports to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that he has evidence that the revolutionaries trained in Cuba and Communist China.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

ZANZIBAR. Picard is expelled and flies to Dar es Salaam by chartered plane. The newsmen leave by a special boat. Complete censorship has been imposed. No newsmen from the West are allowed to enter, and armed launches patrol the waters around the island. Guards search all ships entering the harbor.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Government experts admit that they don't know anything about what is really happening in Zanzibar.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

AFRICA ADDIO:

Using a rented light plane, Jacopetti tries to fly into Zanzibar to photograph the revolution. He is accompanied by three German journalists who have come along in their own rented plane. The camera shoots down on Zanzibar Island and Zanzibar Town from 1,000 feet up, they look placid.

The planes drop down toward Zanzibar airport. One pilot radios for landing clearance; there is no response. He radios again:

"Tower control, tower control, please answer. We are requesting landing authorization. We are flying over you. We are flying over you. Please answer. Over."

"This is tower control. Authorization refused. Authorization refused. For the last time you are requested to leave immediately."

But Jacopetti and the Germans decide to try anyway, by using an abandoned landing strip to the north of Zanzibar Town. The camera watches the



These pictures are the only documentation of what happened in Zanzibar between January 18 and 20, 1964 . . . endless files of Arab prisoners, thousands and thousands. Now, as always, the poor and the innocent will pay—for the sins of their ancestors, who turned Zanzibar into the cruelest slave market the world ever saw, and for the crimes of their leaders, who tried to continue in modern times that ancient oppression.

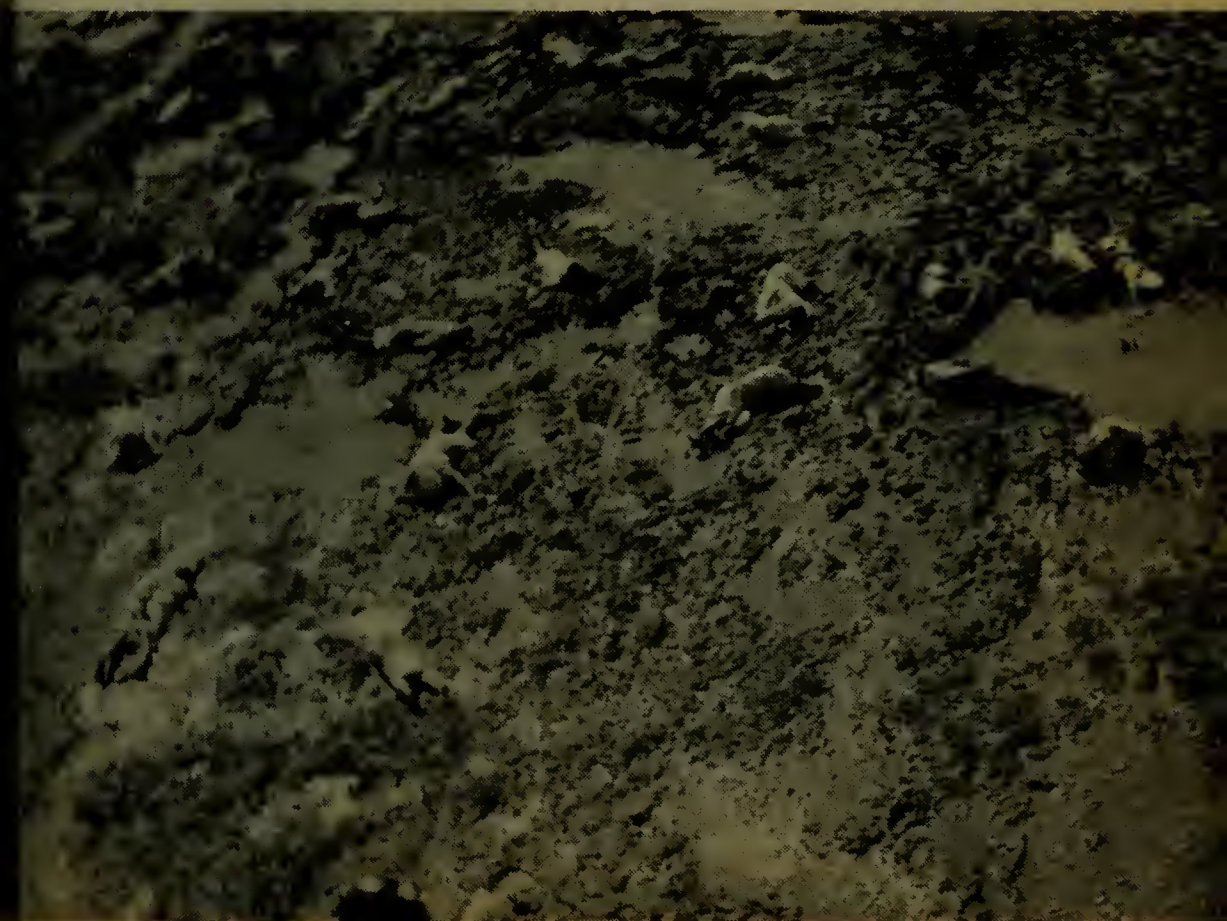


Ancient Moslem cemeteries turned into modern extermination camps. Today there has been no time to bury the dead . . . And one of the most pitiful scenes in history's brutal anthology of death: entire villages of Arabs fleeing into the sea, a desperate race to an impossible salvation...





Zanzibar beach, January 20, 1964.







Dar es Salaam, January 20, 1964. Another revolt has exploded, this time in Tanganyika. The police have disappeared, and mutinous army troops have taken over the city. Just as in Zanzibar, the ancient African hatred of Arabs has broken loose. Everywhere, with indiscriminate viciousness and vengeance, African mobs attack the Moslems . . . On Ocean Road, a Moslem tries to escape a crowd of Africans by running out into the sea. When the mob overtakes him, he is drowned.





For us it is almost suicidal to travel through the streets. We are chased off, threatened, insulted. Everywhere, crowds hide from our cameras the evidence of the slaughters...Uhuru Square: Someone killed three mutineers, so now there must be a reprisal. Dozens of Arabs are forced to the wall.





But we are not welcome at the executions. When we stall to get some good shots, one of the mutineers loses his temper. ...Already, the mortuaries are full, and the cadavers overflow into the hot sun...Patiently, the vultures wait for the inspection to finish, so that they can begin their own.



Kenya, 1962: Uhuru arrives late at the White Highlands, where for over 60 years only the whites were permitted to own land. Here settlers transformed Africa's rough bush into "a little piece of England."



Nairobi, 1963: Now the whites must trust to black hands the defense of their homes and families. Soldiers of the most famous white African regiment, the King's Rifles, hand over their guns. There are no ceremonies, no military honors. It is a matter of fact. Africa has emerged from her long, dark ages. She lays down the spear, and picks up the rifle.





Under the British, the Highlands were a private white estate. From outside, the Africans admired it; now, they claim it... During Kenya's first independent elections, politicians promised to hand over all the whites' property. Eager to claim their shares, Africans scramble to the polls; but all they get is an age-old lesson, meted out with the same old clubs.







In the new Africa the old kings are in disgrace. Take the ex-King of Beasts: he has retired. He's even given up hunting. Why bother? Park wardens deliver meat right to his doorstep: now, he's just a weary old man on welfare. And those terrible tuskers? Once they were Africa's most ferocious beasts; but today, they can be led like lambs to their slaughter.





Today Africa offers a dozen different types of safari. The "15-minute safari" is just right for the harried businessman.



A helicopter flies him over the forest, sets him down in a nice, safe place, finds an elephant, and drives it to him.





The Africans don't have airplanes, but they have their know-how and their numbers. They gang up 10,000-strong, surround an area as big as Rhode Island, then pull the noose tight.





February 18, 1964. The first control action after a year of anarchy in the reserves surprises a band of ivory poachers. Most of the poachers flee, but the damage is done: 750 dead elephants. The next year Tanganyika police collected 82 tons of poached ivory—only a fifth of the annual poachers' bag.





In one valley of the Semliki police found 2,800 skins from poached zebras, leopards, and lions. Once this was the richest reserve in the world. Now the game grows rarer and rarer; rotting carcasses poison the air; and the forest is shadowed by acrid, greasy smoke rising over the animals' funeral pyres.





Africa is starving for protein, so the East African governments have put their parks to use. Game wardens organize the details; and now, every Friday, Operation Cropping—the Animal Harvests—stocks Africa's butcher shops with meat.







Rwanda, January, 1964:
The Watutsi are being ex-
terminated. When modern
elections ousted them from
power, they allied them-
selves with the Chinese Com-
munists and revolted against
the Bahutu. This month
alone at least 20,000 Watutsi
have died, and the Bahutu's
revenge has been continuing
for years. Now, 100,000
Watutsi may be dead.







Ten days of exodus along the road to Uganda, the road to safety. Once the Watutsi were a rich, arrogant people. Now, owning only their cattle, they are poor refugees—landless, homeless and uncomprehending—a people who hardly exist.





Angola, 1963: Portuguese troops go into action in the “rotten triangle.” Here is the oldest white Africa south of the Sahara, the Africa of the great explorers. But today, there is a new reality: the guerrilla war of nationalist rebels.





In Angola the whites claimed to ignore the colors of human skin: "Here in Portugal," they said, "blacks and whites are all Portuguese." But until the revolution, barely half of one percent of Angola's blacks were granted citizenship. So now the rebels say, "This is Africa. Only blacks are African."





Once Portugal's empire stretched from India to the Americas. Only two African colonies remain from that glorious past; but Portugal will not give them up. They are all she has.









These are the reasons why Tshombe was so cocksure he could clean up the Congo—his white mercenaries. They are the world's last soldiers of fortune, outdated relics of the past. They are outcasts from the modern world, which expelled them or from which they fled—on the lam from an infamous past, a burnt out adventure, a dead faith. They are all ex-something: ex-SS officers from Germany; ex-CIA pilots from Cuba; ex-students from South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. Some follow a macabre ideal of glory and adventure; some believe they are fighting a last-ditch battle against communism; some are known as *Les Affreux*, the Horrors, who just love war.





The Congo, October 22, 1964: the mercenary attack on Boende



The victors have no sympathy for their prisoners. Today, it's the rebels' turn to suffer. But tomorrow, when the mercenaries move on, other rebels will return. Then it will be someone else's turn...It's an endless cycle, a dance of death that has lasted five years. It's worse now because the Cold War has moved in: black against white, East against West, black against black. No one ever wins, no one finally loses; except the dead. Under the pitiless sun and swarming ants and flies, they rot together, with absolute equality.









Germans' plane go in first: as soon as it taxis to a stop dozens of Africans rush out of the bush, converge on the plane, and haul the Germans out of the cockpit. By the time this has happened, however, Jacopetti's plane has already touched down and is rushing along the strip. Suddenly the rebels drive a truck onto the strip in front of the plane and open up with rifles. The pilot hauls back on the stick, just makes it off again. Then he makes one more low pass overhead, across the strip: the Germans have been dragged away; their plane has been set afire.

ZANZIBAR. The death toll grows higher and higher. Okello reports 500 dead; Karume puts the figure at 600. W. A. Belcher, who before he fled the island commanded the last police station to fall, reports that at least 3,000 are dead. It appears that only one-tenth of the casualties occurred during the 12 hours of fighting that were necessary to destroy ZNP forces and establish control of the island. The other nine-tenths occurred afterward, when the Africans' racial hatred exploded. At the community of Dole 200 Arabs were massacred. There are reports of hundreds of Arab corpses buried in mass graves—one rebel boasts of burying 160 people in such a grave.

AFRICA ADDIO:

Jacopetti returns to Zanzibar, this time in a helicopter so that landing won't be necessary. Following a dirt road across the center of the island, the helicopter overtakes a jeep carrying half a dozen Africans dressed in shorts and undershirts. Most are unarmed, but two carry rifles. As soon as the rebels spot the helicopter, the jeep swerves to a stop. The unarmed rebels run for the bushes, but the two with rifles begin firing wildly at the helicopter, which swoops low, swerves away, makes another quick pass, then floats on up the dirt road ahead of the jeep. It overtakes

about 100 rebels running along the road. Several are armed with rifles, and immediately begin firing at the helicopter, which swings off and retreats.

The cameraman spots smoke, and the helicopter heads toward it: it is the remains of a village. All the houses have been burned to the ground, and across the smoldering black blanket are scattered dozens of white-robed corpses—Arabs shot down as they attempted to flee.

The helicopter turns away, flies over another road, overtaking two open dump trucks in convoy. Two armed guards stand at the front of each truck's bin. Loaded inside, like refuse, are more white-robed corpses—probably 50 in each truck. The helicopter whips over the trucks and across a patch of coconut-palm forest, then suddenly passes over a path running through the dense greenery. Circling back for another look, it follows the path and discovers a column of Arabs marching single file, hands clasped on top of their heads, down the path. Spaced alongside the column at short intervals walk Africans armed with rifles. The helicopter flies over the column against the direction in which it is moving. The path widens into a road, but still the column stretches on—old men, women, children, single file, hands atop their heads, guarded by Africans. The helicopter flies farther down the column. It must be more than two miles long.

DAR ES SALAAM. One of the four American correspondents expelled from Zanzibar files a story claiming that at least 2,000 political suspects, almost all Arabs, have been liquidated and that the toll may soon reach 4,000. He quotes residents as saying that the revolt has turned into a "hellish massacre—systematic mass murder." He claims that Zanzibar is on the verge of becoming "the Cuba of Africa," that the ASP African nationalists are just camouflage for a hard core of 30 to 50 Cuban-trained guerrillas "known" to be on Zanzibar: "Some wear beards, moustaches, or longish hair. Others wear berets or base-

ball caps. They look startlingly familiar to the revolutionaries under Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba." He quotes one rebel as saying, "We do not want America to interfere with our revolution. We want no Congo here. We want a Cuba."

Russia and Communist China recognize the new regime today, and Khrushchev sends personal greetings to Karume. Though Karume requests British recognition, it does not arrive. Nor does American recognition.

WASHINGTON, D.C. State Department officials express concern that Zanzibar is being taken over by Communists.

ZANZIBAR. Okello, who seems worried about his position in the government, holds a news conference. He asks a correspondent from *Pravda* to transmit his personal greetings to Khrushchev and to the Russian people, says that the new government will be known as "the People's Republic of Zanzibar," and states that capitalism is ready for the grave. At another interview he claims that "everything I've learned is in the Bible"; that "God Mongu will kick out all imperialists and reduce their wealth to ashes"; that he was a brigadier with the Mau Mau in Kenya for three years, during which time he learned to interpret dreams. At times he seems completely insane—at one point it appears that he is about to shoot himself. One Westerner who interviewed Okello before being expelled from the island recalls that as he walked into Okello's office a dead body was dragged out past him and that Okello seemed like a schizophrenic, shouting wild exaggerations about his enemies and his own grandiose plans.

Three hundred special Tanganyikan police arrive to help maintain order, adding to a force of 130 Tanganyikan police already present. The government spokesman who announces these arrivals wears a bright blue cap—one of six, he says, that Babu was given in Peking.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

LONDON: The Sultan arrives in England with an entourage of 44 hangers-on, all of whom are hospitably ac-

commodated by the English Government, and announces that he expects to return to Zanzibar "very soon".

ZANZIBAR. The revolution is now one week old. It is clear now that Karume is not just faced with the problem of disarming the rebels and restoring power to a disciplined police force: the Revolutionary Council has split into factions, and Karume's leadership is challenged. Karume is backed by Minister of Health Jumbe, Minister of Education Sharriiff, and Minister of Finance Makame, all senior ASP leaders and moderates who seem to be neutral or pro-West. But they are opposed by a large group supporting Babu and Hanga.

Babu, Minister of External Affairs and Foreign Trade, at 40 is 20 years younger than Karume, but was well known as "the firebrand of Zanzibar politics" even before the revolution. Originally, he entered Zanzibar politics as a member of the ZNP, but then formed a leftist splinter party, Umma (Forward). He studied journalism in London but has visited Communist China several times. In 1961 he was arrested for sedition because of his work for the pro-Communist newspaper *Zanews* and his activities as the Zanzibar representative of *Hsinhua*, the Chinese Communist press agency. Tried and sentenced to 15 months in jail, he was freed in 1963, when he immediately re-entered Zanzibar's political spotlight.

During the first few days of the revolution Okello announced that Hanga would be Prime Minister, but now he is named Vice President. Like Babu, Hanga began his studies in England, but failed out of the University there and transferred to Lumumba University in Moscow, where he finished a five-year course in political science in two and one-half years. It is reported that he married a Russian woman named Lilly Golden, whose parents left the U.S. in the 1930's to become Soviet citizens. Hanga, 32, is as pro-Communist as Babu. When the Legislative Council voted to express condolence over the death of President Kennedy in 1963, Hanga walked out of the session.

Karume is totally different from Babu or Hanga. Born in the Congo in 1905, he was brought to Zanzibar by his

parents when he was still an infant. He has had almost no formal education at all, though he speaks Swahili eloquently. He worked for eight years as a coxswain in the British Merchant Navy, then became an official in the seamen's union. He entered politics in 1955, became chairman of the ASP, and in 1957 was elected to Legco. He is internationally neutral, politically moderate, and intensely dedicated to an ideal of African nationalism and pan-Africanism. But Karume is neither an intellectual nor a trained political activist. And while he works to disarm the freedom fighters and restore order, Babu and Hanga are building up a small nucleus of well-armed, "Cuban-trained" guerrilla fighters.

The third force on Zanzibar is John Okello, who remains a mystery. He says he was born in Lira, Uganda, worked as a carpenter and glazier, joined the Mau Mau at the age of 19, fought for three years, then escaped to Pemba and took a job as policeman. It is rumored that Umma awarded him a scholarship to train for guerrilla warfare in Cuba and that while there he worked on a magazine called *Zanzibar Awakening*. Since the first few days of the revolution, Okello has often been out of the country, traveling to Dar es Salaam, Nairobi, and Uganda. His power rests solely on the loyalty of his freedom fighters; now they are being disarmed.

AFRICA ADDIO:

Jacopetti's helicopter returns to the coconut-palm forest, flying over what seems to have been the foundation of a large building. At least two dozen rifle-carrying Africans stand on top of the crumbling walls, but as soon as they see the helicopter they scatter into the surrounding forest. The helicopter settles lower: inside the walls, the earth is covered by a solid layer of white-robed bodies. None moves.

The helicopter flits past, flies over a large cemetery. In one corner, ancient gravestones; in the center, a large tree; in another corner a group of about 150 Arab prisoners, standing huddled together in a mill-

ing circle banded in by a tight cordon of armed rebel guards. The helicopter circles over once more, then swings back toward the coconut palms.

Ahead are two rectangular pits surrounded by freshly dug earth. As the helicopter swoops down, men standing around the pits scatter into the trees. Both pits are about 10 or 15 feet deep; the bottoms of both are covered with bodies. The larger pit seems to contain hundreds of bodies thrown in one atop another.

The helicopter swings back to the cemetery. Now the guards don't seem to be present, and the Arab prisoners are no longer standing: they are lying flat, close together, sometimes across each other, in the shade of the large tree. As the helicopter circles slowly overhead, one seems to move his arm slightly. Is it a signal, or a wounded survivor of an execution? The pilot refuses to land to find out: if the guards are lying hidden in the group, it would be suicide. The copter makes one more circle. This time no one moves.

The copter swings away from the cemetery, whips over the forest, and comes out over a broad coral beach. Hundreds of Arabs are running out of the forest toward the sea. Some balance bundles on their heads; others carry small children or wicker baskets stuffed with possessions; most are empty-handed. They stream out of the forest and down to the shore. There they have overloaded a few rowboats and sailboats; already the water laps in over their gunwales. There are no more boats, but still the Arabs wade out into the sea. They wade out until the water is chest high, and then just stand there.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

AFRICA ADDIO:

The helicopter returns to the beach. The Arabs are still there—from a distance they look like a field of

white flowers dotting the black coral. But today they are all dead; the beach is littered with cadavers.

A few rifle-carrying African looters, surprised by the helicopter, drop what they have stolen from the cadavers and flee back into the forest. No one else moves. Some of the cadavers lie halfway up the beach in puddles of sea water reddening with blood. Others lie face-down on the coral. Many are being washed out to sea by the incoming tide.

As the helicopter hovers low, the blast of its blades kicks loose one of the cadavers' robes and blows it up into the air—a white spirit freed for a moment above a motionless panorama of death.

DAR ES SALAAM. The correspondents begin to theorize. According to them, this is what happened: The coup, planned for a long time, was sponsored in every way by Russian and Chinese Communists. Supposedly, British intelligence knew that on Independence Day, 22 young Zanzibaris returned from training for guerrilla warfare in Cuba, and that a shipment of rebel arms arrived in Zanzibar the week before the revolution. The columnists theorize that Okello's freedom fighters were merely meant to obscure this hard core of Cuban-trained Communist guerrillas, to cover the true political powers with an appearance of African nationalism: all real power is in the hands of Babu and Hanga. Babu chose Okello because he was naive and untrained in political strategy and thus, when the time came, would be easy to remove from power. Even Karume, the correspondents say, is just a figurehead to lend an African image. They recall the ancient proverb about the strategic location of Zanzibar—"When the flute plays on Zanzibar they must dance west of the great lakes"—and predict dire consequences if Zanzibar becomes a Communist stronghold.

Today a violent mutiny breaks out among troops of the Tanganyika army in Dar es Salaam, and seems to be turning into the same kind of anti-Arab genocidal slaughter that flamed across Zanzibar.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

ZANZIBAR. Hanga and Babu both vigorously deny that Communist China, the Soviet Union, or Cuba were in any way involved in Zanzibar's revolution.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

Israel recognizes the new government. Britain and the United States, despite the fact that the revolution is undeniably established and secure, despite many pleas for recognition from Karume, still withhold their recognition.

WASHINGTON, D.C. The State Department announces that it has information proving that revolutionary activity began in 1961 when a Zanzibari political office was opened in Havana by an important aid of Okello, and that hundreds of other Africans are now being trained in Cuba. State Department officials report that Cuba sent arms, tanks, supplies, and uniforms to Algeria in October 1963, and that the same vessel that delivered these arms, the *Khaldoun*, arrived in Dar es Salaam on January 2, 1964, with another cargo of arms, supplies, and uniforms. The Cubans were in Tanganyika, separated from Zanzibar by a stretch of water only 22 miles wide, only 10 days before the revolution—if the State Department is right.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

DAR ES SALAAM. President Nyerere of Tanganyika, even while struggling to retain control over his own country, denies that Zanzibar rebels are in any way connected with the mutiny in Tanganyika and recognizes Zanzibar's revolutionary government.

WASHINGTON, D.C. The State Department reverses itself again, says that pro-Reds probably weren't the most important force in the revolution. Experts now see a three-way power struggle among Karume, who leads the people and has immense popularity; Hanga and Babu, who lead a well-trained and highly placed group of radical leftists; and Okello, who leads the freedom fighters, but has built up no political following. The State Department then

declares that Okello himself was in Cuba for two years of training.

ZANZIBAR. The government has succeeded in restoring normal routine. Telephone and cable connections with the mainland are re-established and African Airways resumes regular flights to Zanzibar airport. But a French diplomat is barred from entering the country, and the new government turns away American journalists attempting to return to Zanzibar, telling them that neither they nor any Western diplomats will be welcome in Zanzibar for three months. Polish, Cuban, Soviet, and Chinese officials seem to be all over town.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26

MOSCOW. The U.S.S.R. accuses Britain of preparing armed aggression against Zanzibar and threatens dangerous consequences if Britain carries through her plans. Though Britain had stationed a destroyer carrying a detachment of marines off the Zanzibar coast during the revolution, British officials scoff at the Russian accusation.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29

ZANZIBAR. John Okello flies to Pemba with 20 men to subdue the large Arab population there. This causes Washington's African experts to decide that Okello is the key to the power struggle in Zanzibar.

Today Karume, announcing that Zanzibar will be a one-party state, bans all parties except the ASP. And today Zanzibar is a very different island than it was one month ago, with many fewer residents. Some witnesses claim that of the 9,000 pure Arabs on the island, 4,500 have been killed. In some rural Arab towns that once teemed with life, no people—alive or dead—can be found. One world health organization has reported that some areas of the island are covered with a solid blanket of decomposing bodies.

DAR ES SALAAM. The last two weeks of January 1964 have been violent and bloody not only in Zanzibar, but also in Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, where military

mutinies occurred almost simultaneously. Those in the know speculate that highly-placed conspirators in the governments of all of these countries were planning uprisings to be linked with Zanzibar's revolution. None of them, however, imagined that the revolution on Zanzibar would be completed with such rapidity and ease. When this did happen, the conspirators were faced with a difficult choice. They could call off their own revolts when they were almost ready, or go through with them even though they were premature: they chose the latter course and failed.

There is, of course, nothing but circumstantial evidence behind this speculation. But Okello did visit Dar es Salaam two nights before it was thrown into bloody chaos by a military mutiny, Babu and Hanga were in Nairobi and Kampala just before the mutinies in Kenya and Uganda (Okello's native country)—both of which recognized Zanzibar's new government the first day of the revolution's outbreak—and important Ministers in the Kenya Cabinet did establish close telephone contact with Zanzibar during the two days immediately preceding the revolution there.

FEBRUARY 4

ZANZIBAR. An official spokesman for the Revolutionary Council reveals that the deposed ZNP government had been deliberately staffing the police force with a predominance of Arabs, that it had already begun building up a store of arms to deal with the African populace, and that it had been negotiating with Arab countries for more military aid.

FEBRUARY 16

ZANZIBAR. Forty-five thousand Zanzibaris in a line four miles long—the largest crowd ever to participate in a political demonstration in Zanzibar—march through the streets of Zanzibar Town to demonstrate their loyalty to the new government. They wave placards hailing the Revolutionary Council and condemning America and Britain as imperialists.

FEBRUARY 24

More than six weeks after the revolutionary government established complete control over Zanzibar, more than a month after Russia and Communist China, two weeks after 45,000 Zanzibaris demonstrated their support of the government and their disgust with America and Britain, and only after disregarding numerous pleas by Karume, Britain, and the U.S.A. finally recognize the People's Republic of Zanzibar.

FEBRUARY 28

ZANZIBAR. With 2,000 or 3,000 Arabs, including many members of the previous government, safely imprisoned in barbed-wire detention camps, the revolutionary government turns its attention to foreign affairs. Babu announces that Communist China has agreed to give Zanzibar \$55,000 in aid and has promised shipments of tractors, water pumps, and other needed equipment. "Some people have said that Zanzibar will be the Cuba of Africa. It will not only be the Cuba of Africa, it will be the paradise of Africa," he proclaims.

MARCH 2

The Revolutionary Council still worries about a counter-coup. Karume issues a decree making it legal for government soldiers to arrest, search, question, and detain anyone believed suspect—without recourse to the normal judicial procedures.

For mysterious reasons, Okello, accompanied by a Cuban journalist, flies to Kenya and loses himself in the poverty-stricken, restless African quarter of Nairobi. The Kenya Government, fearful that Okello is stirring up another revolution, seeks him out, then kicks him out.

MARCH 8

At a huge political rally President Karume announces that all land in the new republic has been nationalized for the benefit of the people. This measure will affect primarily the wealthy Arab plantation owners (most of whom are dead) whom Karume labels "capitalist exploiters." More important, however, is that the government now controls

the clove and coconut industries, which account for 99 per cent of Zanzibar's exports. Karume promises that the newly nationalized lands will soon be reallocated and that he will end all unemployment by May. He announces that all buildings in the Arab-dominated Stone Town section, including all "racial clubs," have been nationalized. While the clubs were functioning a journalist once asked a member if Africans would ever be invited to join. Horrified at the very thought, the member paused, then laughed and said, "How could we ever know that they would pay their bills?"

MARCH 11

DAR ES SALAAM. The Field Marshal admits that he can't go home. At a press conference, John Okello explains that after leaving Nairobi on March 2, he traveled to Uganda and then back to Dar es Salaam. (Reporters who discovered Okello in Dar es Salaam that day followed him about town. When he picked up 10,000 glossy prints of a photograph of himself, they approached him, but he said he was not John Okello: he was Gideon Baker, who had never even visited Zanzibar.) Yesterday, Okello says, he boarded East African Airways flight 304 to Zanzibar. "It is I, the Field Marshal," he radioed ahead. "Have my army and press waiting."

But when Okello landed at Zanzibar airport there was no army waiting, nor was there any press. Babu had disbanded the freedom fighters and replaced them with a band of 200 disciplined guerrillas totally loyal to himself. Okello tried to distribute his photographs, but was hustled into the airport terminal, where he was detained for two hours. Then Karume arrived, told Okello that an emergency had arisen, that he, Okello, and Nyerere must confer immediately in Dar es Salaam. When they arrived in Dar es Salaam, Okello was abruptly shunted aside. After the meeting with Nyerere, Karume informed Okello that he had been exiled from Zanzibar and left.

So today Okello sits glumly before his press conference and admits that he can't go home. He is no longer the Field Marshal. When a reporter asks him why, he says,

"Differences." When asked what, he merely shrugs and says, "God knows." Okello says that he has only the clothes on his back and 25 shillings in his pocket, and that he must return to Uganda to work as a house painter. But it is rumored that when he flew from Zanzibar to Tanganyika last week he carried \$85,000 worth of bank notes in his suitcase.

MARCH 12

Okello boards a plane to Nairobi. He is weeping steadily. "I will be dead in nine months. God has told me. Someone, a Somali, I think, will shoot me in Nairobi. However hard I try to escape, my death will be there." Despite these dire forebodings and his protestations of poverty, Okello does all right when he arrives in Nairobi. He buys a shiny new Peugeot sedan and drives off for Uganda, unharmed, flashing his candy-striped cane and a big, black pistol.

MARCH 30

ZANZIBAR. All suspects believed unsympathetic to the Revolutionary Council have been rounded up and forced into detention camps—a total of more than 2,000 men, women, and children. Most of them have no shelter. The British Red Cross feeds them and tends their wounds. On the prison island in Zanzibar harbor 1,000 more prisoners are suffering from a severe water shortage. Many of these prisoners are merely small Arab landowners whom African land grabbers thrust out of their homes at gunpoint after Karume decreed the nationalization of all land.

Though the populace of the republic has returned to peaceful order, the new government now commits daily acts of bizarre brutality. The Revolutionary Council has retained the right to try, sentence, imprison, or punish anyone it sees fit, without court order. Citizens arrested for minor infractions suffer major punishments. Public floggings are frequent and popular—65 lashes across each buttock is a common sentence. Large crowds gather to watch these floggings. After each exhibition they depart with renewed respect for the Revolutionary Council and a clear idea of what happens to anyone who opposes it. But

the brutality is not all calculated. The Revolutionary Council includes a clique of barbaric, sadistic toughs. One styles his hair in a hideous, pig-tailed pompadour in imitation of the Mau Mau, and seems to derive pleasure from personally administering the floggings. Another reportedly burst into a Moslem mosque and senselessly opened up on the congregation with a Sten gun: when his ammunition ran out he picked up a heavy stick and beat several of the wounded to death. On Pemba, in the town of Matambi, District Commissioner Hassan, irritated because too many townspeople failed to attend a public meeting he had organized, herded all the absentees into the town square and had them beaten with heavy, rhinoceros-hide whips. Last week a group of revolutionary soldiers aboard a dhow sailing from Pemba to Zanzibar amused themselves at the expense of their fellow passengers: they stripped the women of their jewelry and the men of their cash, then stripped both of their clothes and administered scores of brutal floggings.

APRIL 1

ZANZIBAR. At least eight shipments of Communist-supplied arms are reported to have arrived in Zanzibar so far. The government has ordered all British civil-service employees, except dentists, doctors, and irreplaceable technicians, to leave Zanzibar by the end of this month. Arabs have been leaving Zanzibar, too, in overloaded, antiquated dhows, sailing north on the monsoon to Oman, retracing the journey Seyyid Said's colonists made just a century ago. It is rumored that the new government will expel 2,000 of the Arabs now held in concentration camps.

APRIL 22

ZANZIBAR. President Nyerere of Tanganyika flies to Zanzibar. Karume, Hanga, and the entire Cabinet, with the exception of Babu, who is out of the country on a foreign-trade mission, meet with Nyerere. Then he and Karume confer privately for about a half hour. They also had talked together previously this week in Dar es Salaam. It is believed that Nyerere, frightened at the build-up of Communist influence on Zanzibar, took the opportunity of

Babu's absence to threaten to withdraw the Tanganyikan troops who will represent the only impartial force for order on the island. Karume, battling with Babu for control of the government, realized that if these troops left the only armed force on Zanzibar would be Babu's guerrillas. When he pleaded with Nyerere not to withdraw his troops, Nyerere suggested that Zanzibar and Tanganyika form a union. Karume, knowing that Babu was sapping his strength and that the Tanganyika Government was opposed to Babu's radicalism, agreed.

APRIL 25

The Zanzibar Government announces that the articles of a union between Zanzibar and Tanganyika were signed on April 22, but still await ratification by the Tanganyika and Zanzibar Parliaments. When Babu, caught off guard in Indonesia, heard of the union, he could only comment that this was a step toward a pan-African union, which must be the goal of every African, and that he was delighted.

APRIL 26

The People's Republic of Zanzibar ceases to exist, barely three and a half months after its birth. Both the Tanganyika and Zanzibar Parliaments have ratified the union. Nyerere is to be President. Karume becomes first Vice President. The Cabinet in Dar es Salaam assumes control of defense, emergency powers, internal security, foreign trade, and foreign policy for Zanzibar. The revolution is ended.

EPILOGUE

During the revolution the American press and State Department released a series of statements and interpretations about Zanzibar that were utterly false. It was said that the revolution had been carefully planned under Communist control, that Okello was a dupe and Karume a figurehead. The facts do not bear this out. But neither the government nor the press has bothered to correct itself.

Zanzibar may now be a Communist stronghold. If so, this is largely the fault of the British and American State

Departments. Karume requested British recognition immediately after he took over the presidency. It did not come; neither did American recognition. Karume asked again several times, after the revolution had been undeniably established and after the majority of the population had clearly evidenced the revolutionary government's popularity. Still it didn't come, and America continued to follow Britain's lead. Russia and Communist China recognized the regime on January 18; Britain and the U.S.A. waited until February 24. This lack of support from the very nations that Karume needed to assert a moderate influence certainly weakened his position and bolstered Babu's, and certainly made it easier for the Communists to take over. Probably it was partly responsible for the extension of the genocidal disorders. Had Britain and the U.S.A. recognized the new regime and lent troops or other assistance, the Africans could easily have been contained.

But, especially in the United States, the immediate response was straight out of the heyday of Joe McCarthy—a Commie hunt. Babu was a Communist, Okello was a Communist, the guns were Communist, the beards and the moustaches were Communist, the revolution was Communist-planned and Communist-supported. Journalists fed the government what they knew it wanted to hear, and the government fed the public what it had trained the public to believe. But, especially in Africa, revolutions need have nothing to do with Communism and can be utterly just.

Okello's was. When the ZNP took over and Britain withdrew, the Arabs set out to do exactly what they had been planning for years. They established strict censorship of the press and passed an utterly unconstitutional law "to provide for the registration and control of societies." The Arab Minister of Internal Affairs, Ali Muhsin, one of the founders of the original ZNP, was given arbitrary power to "declare unlawful any society that in his opinion is being used for any purpose prejudicial to or incompatible with the maintenance of peace, order, and good government"—an absolutely free, dictatorial hand. Members of the opposition ASP were forbidden to travel to the mainland or to Europe, their homes were broken into for arbitrary searches, and they were frequently arrested. The civil

service and the district administration were staffed with hard-core ZNP supporters, thus giving the Arabs direct legal and police control of the rural population.

It was in Zanzibar Town that ZNP faced its greatest threat, and it was in dealing with this threat that it made its crucial error. Stone Town, where the government offices are located, is surrounded by the densest concentration of ASP supporters on the island—Ngambo. With its back to the harbor and surrounded by Ngambo, the government knew that it had to be able to rely utterly on the loyalty of the Zanzibar Town police. When ZNP took over, the lower levels of this force were staffed by a predominance of mainland Africans brought over by the British from Nyasaland, Tanganyika, and Kenya. Fearing that these mainlanders would be sympathetic to the ASP cause, the government fired them *in toto* and refilled the ranks with carefully chosen Arabs. At the same time it began building up a large store of weapons brought in from other Arab countries. These measures were meant to secure the position of the ZNP; instead, they led to its immediate downfall.

Whether or not Okello trained in Cuba—it seems that he didn't, for there is no reason why he should have denied it—the revolution was not long in the planning. It occurred suddenly, because for a brief moment after the reorganization of the police force, the time was right. The new police department, after its reorganization, was demoralized and untrained, while at the same time Ngambo harbored the fired mainlanders—a large number of embittered and antagonistic ex-policemen who knew the arrangements and procedures of the police force.

This seemed like the last chance the Africans would have. The repressive, militant actions of the ZNP government fulfilled Africans' worst fears—that the Arabs were bolstering their position to reestablish the ancient Arab oligarchy, the tyrannical rule of an alien minority. The government had discarded even the façade of democracy, and the Africans' only recourse was to revolution.

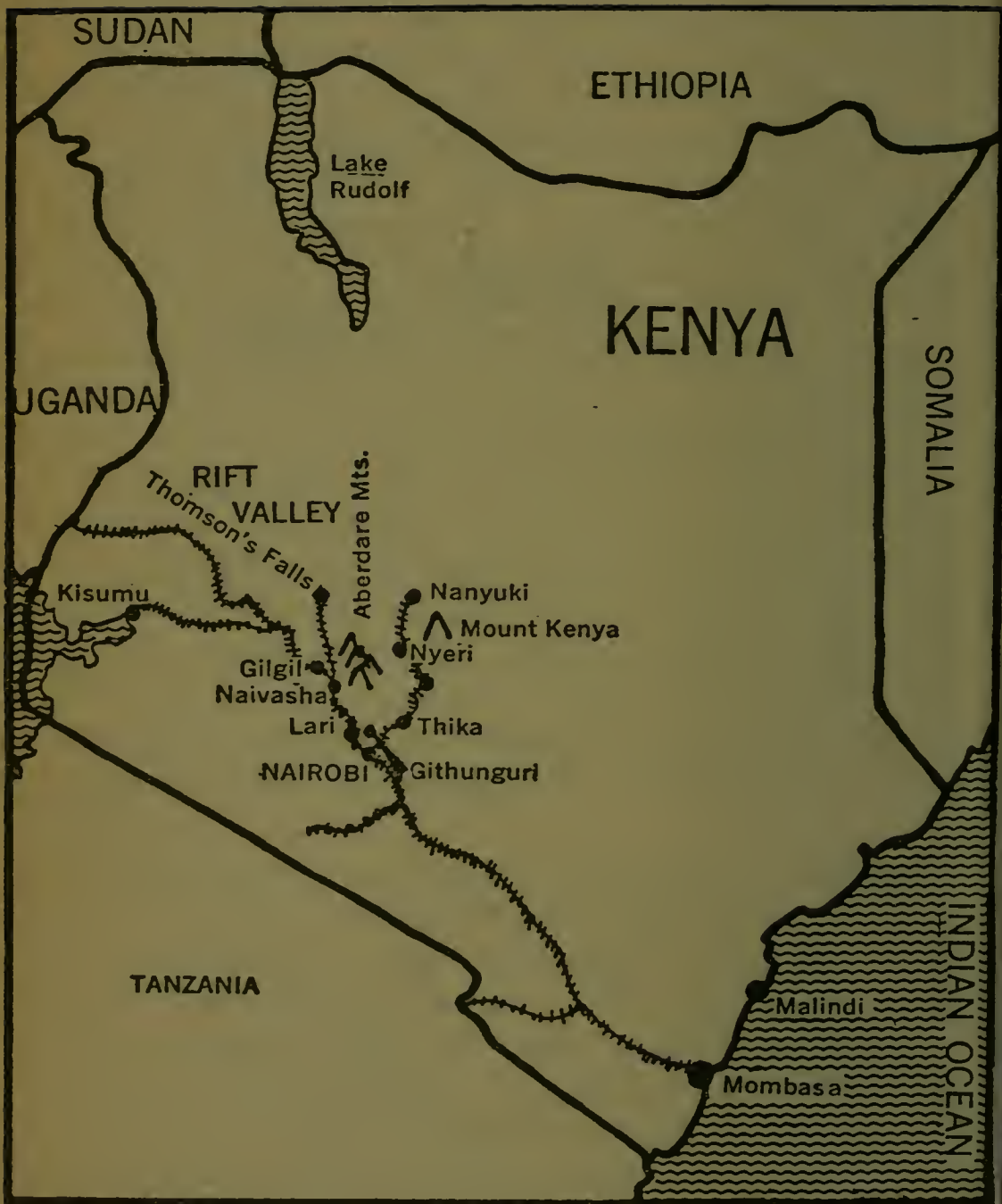
Okello deserves more credit than he has gotten. He was not a dupe of Babu, who at 3 A.M. January 12 was care-

lessly carousing in a Dar es Salaam nightclub and who certainly was just as unaware of Okello's plans as was Karume, who when the revolution broke out tried to flee in a canoe. Okello was an African nationalist who in his initial coup performed a brave feat for a just cause. If he had not acted exactly as he did when he did, Zanzibar might still be in the hands of the Arabs; that his revolution was just cannot be denied. Nor can it be denied that the atrocities of the genocidal outbreak that followed are to be condemned. But in comparison to the suffering borne by generations of Zanzibar Africans in slavery and under the tyranny of the Arabs and in the light of the Arabs' plans for the future, the deaths and displacements of 1964 seem almost justified.

For their cruelty and selfish tyranny the Arabs must be condemned; but perhaps even guiltier are the British. They knew, from their own surveys, that the conditions of the Africans on Zanzibar were intolerable. The Africans brought these facts to the attention of the British when they pleaded in 1952 that Britain not move Zanzibar to independence before the Africans' position was bettered. The British knew in 1957 that the Africans did not want those first elections so soon, and they knew in 1961 and 1963 that the elections were not working right, that the majority was not controlling its government, as it must in a stable democracy.

But international sentiment was strongly, if superficially, against colonialism, and the Communist bloc constantly attacked the British as colonialists and imperialists: it was hurting the British image. Pressure from the steadily growing power of labor groups at "home" was gradually bringing about an end to British colonialism. And Zanzibar, once the hub of Indian Ocean trade and power, was no longer militarily or commercially important. Its once-prosperous clove industry was losing money; its economy created a \$4 million deficit annually. Britain, faced with the dangerous problems that it had created on Zanzibar, had to choose between staying on an unimportant island that was losing money, and getting out. Britain got out. In so doing, the British condemned their ex-allies, the Arabs, and Zanzibar, to their tragic fate.

Kenya



AFRICA ADDIO:

Nyeri, Kenya, January 16, 1963. A group of Africans squat on the ground, looking out through the strands of a barbed wire fence. They are dressed in torn, dirty clothing; their faces are sullen and bitter. A name is called. One African raises yellowed eyes and looks into the camera. His name is called again; slowly, he rises.

In the Resident Magistrate's Court—a crude schoolroom of unpainted cinderblock—a few black spectators are scattered over wooden benches. At the front of the room a judge in simple robes sits behind a plain table. To his left the state prosecutor, in the uniform of the British Armed Forces, sits behind a table cluttered with evidence—homemade rifles, knives, machetes, pistols. Across from him, above the prisoners' dock, hangs a picture of Queen Elizabeth.

The African prisoner walks to the witness stand, his face showing only dulled hate, and the prosecutor rises to address the court:

"When the accused was arrested in his *shamba*, these arms were found, arms made by him and by his accomplices and used to carry out the crimes of which he has made full confession in the course of examination. With this gun, exhibit number four, and in the company of six accomplices, Rashidi Singida, on the night of April 6, 1961, went to the farm of British citizen John Fletcher at Aberdare Point, where the accused strangled the Askari guard, Josefi Nataeli. The accused's second victim was Miss Lizabeth Regan, the sister-in-law of the proprietor of the farm, killed by a gunshot fired by Singida through her bedroom window . . ."

(As the prosecutor continues, the film cuts to an abandoned farmhouse. Once, obviously, it was an elegant home; now the lawn is overgrown waist-high with brambles and reeds, and ivy has run wild over the exterior, hiding the shingles under a thick cover of vines and leaves, pulling the drainpipes down from the eaves. Several of the outside wooden stairs leading up to the second story have rotted through.)

“ . . . Mr. Fletcher hurried to the outside stairs, where he was met by various gunshots that broke his legs. He then dragged himself back into the house and attempted to protect his wife, Mrs. Jane, and their two daughters, Lois and Mary, 15 and 18 years old, who had sought refuge under the table in the center of the room. The bodies of the three women were found without limbs or heads, while the body of Mr. Fletcher, ex-naval officer discharged in '51, bore 72 machete slashes . . . ”

(Inside the abandoned farmhouse sunlight shines with flat brightness across a large, almost bare room. It contains only one table, tilting downward over a splintered leg, a broken chair, a smashed vase, and empty book shelves. On one shelf is a ship in a bottle and a photograph of a British naval officer. Through the ceiling, water drips monotonously onto the deep-red wooden floor.)

“ . . . I call Your Honor's attention to the fact that the accused does not need an interpreter, as he speaks English. Accused Rashidi Singida do you confirm the verbal confession to which you have already subscribed during examination?”

“Yes.”

The judge gazes at the prisoner with a tired wonderment, then nods wearily, as if incredulous at what he has heard yet certain it is true, as if the prisoner were a chronic delinquent, incurable, beyond understanding. With resignation bordering on unconcern, he speaks to the prisoner:

“I sentence you to forced labor for life.”

The prisoner stares at the floor, turns, then, held by an Askari guard, walks out of the courtroom. The

judge props his elbows on his table; rests his chin in his hands; absentmindedly watches the prisoner leave; then yawns.

“Terrorism? I don’t know of any terrorism. There is a small subversive element, to be sure, and there has been a certain amount of trouble, but it has been confined to a small area.” Thus spake Kenya’s chief native commissioner on September 15, 1952. Five weeks later his government jerked one battalion of Lancashire Fusiliers out of the Suez Canal and rushed it, along with six battalions of the King’s African Rifles, directly to Nairobi. There an official state of emergency had been declared. Clearly the commissioner had been joking.

In 1952 most people knew Kenya only as the land of the best big-game hunting in the world—Kenya was where Hemingway, Ruark, and the Hollywood movie stars deplaned to outfit for their \$25,000 safaris. But in 1952 the world learned about another kind of Kenya hunt—for Mau Mau. This hunt cost about \$200 million and required the services of 70,000 hunters, including a large contingent from the British Army and Air Force. Eight years later when the hunt finally ended, nobody brought home any trophies. But the hunters left behind the bodies of about 13,000 human beings, and the hatred of almost all the Africans in Kenya.

Kenya is a fairly large country, somewhat bigger than France, a little smaller than Texas. Of its 225,000 square miles, three fifths are utter desert. Only one-third is considered arable. The best of this arable land lies in Kenya’s southwestern corner, on a plateau along what is known as the Great Rift. There, 5,500 feet above sea level, the sun is bright and hot, the air cool and clear, and the ground well-watered and extremely fertile. In 1952 this prized land, 16,000 square miles of it, was known as the “White Highlands,” because it was owned exclusively by whites.

Whites first came to Kenya at the end of the nineteenth century, after hearing reports from an astonished explorer who had penetrated deep into its interior and returned to

rave about a country that "as far as the eye could see was one vast garden." The British East Africa Company immediately moved in to see about trading prospects, but couldn't profitably support the long, dangerous supply line back to the coast. Thus, in 1895, the British Government took over, and Kenya became the East Africa protectorate.

But the British weren't protecting Kenya; they were conquering it. From 1896 to 1905 they pursued a full-scale offensive against the Nandi tribe, which they conquered only by luring its courageous, cunning chief to a "peace negotiation," where they treacherously murdered him. Leaderless, the Nandi were forced onto a reserve. Another expensive expedition conquered the Somali in Jubaland, but along the coast, the Wagariami and Mazaria tribes did not submit until 1914. The Kikuyu put up their own bitter struggle on the fertile Highlands, and before they were defeated their deadly poisoned darts and arrows had accounted for hundreds of lives. They had destroyed and looted several caravans and military parties, and twice overrun and burned Fort Dagoretti.

The British, of course, let none of this stop them from "protecting" Kenya. As soon as they moved in they set about building a railroad from Mombasa to Lake Victoria. Despite strange diseases that weakened the 35,000 Indian laborers the British had imported, despite attacks by Africans and such assorted hazards as man-eating lions, unruly elephants, and Anglophobic rhinos, the railroad was completed in 1901. It was a remarkable achievement; but there remained one minor problem. The railroad was, if not utterly worthless, entirely unprofitable: there was no one in Kenya who could pay to use it.

Still, the British came up with an answer: bring in white settlers. They advertised the beauty and fertility of the Highlands, offered the land for a song and promised the railroads to ship goods to the sea for export. Thousands took up the offer—experienced farmers from South Africa, amateurs from England who wanted the freedom of an open economy and a new country, black-sheep sons of the English aristocracy, wild men seeking adventure. It was a motley crowd, but they all had one thing in common—courage. No one knew what would grow or what stock

could survive. Except for the railroad, there was nothing but the land, the jungle, the animals, and the Africans.

The foremost of the settlers, Hugh Cholmondeley, the third Lord Delamere, grabbed up 100,000 acres. He invested more than \$200 thousand, mortgaged his family's rich estate in England, lost hundreds of head of sheep and cattle expensively imported from abroad, watched unknown diseases blight his crops, and stood by helplessly as huge herds of elephant and zebra thundered across his laboriously planted fields. But Delamere, like the rest of the settlers, persevered. He hired research botanists, set up his own local laboratory, conquered the wheat rust, developed hardy breeds of cattle and sheep, and finally, indisputably, was in business.

The settlers lived like the pioneers of America's wild West. They ran ricksha races down the main street of Nairobi, shooting out the street lights as they whipped by. They brawled in hotel bars and shot each other down in saloons. Delamere loved to race his prize mules against railroad trains. This was an exuberant, raucous, hardy, boastful, and freedom-loving breed. And hard-working. They turned the Highlands into one of the world's most prosperous farm belts, and they turned Nairobi into one of the world's most wide-open, licentious, fun-loving cities. In Africa today, white men still are asked, "Are you married, or are you from Kenya?"

AFRICA ADDIO:

On a broad, green lawn, carefully mowed and trimmed, decorated by lush flower gardens and elegant shade trees, several dozen whites prepare for the weekly Highlands fox hunt. Dressed in sparkling white riding pants and brilliant red hunting jackets, complete with tails, restlessly slapping their quirts against their tall riding boots, the hunters wait while black grooms lead shiny jumping horses out of their stables and dozens of hounds from their kennels. While they wait, the whites accept a last round of cocktails from black servants. Then, one by one, they

mount their horses, each stepping into a pair of callused, black hands that lift them up onto their imported English saddles. For a moment the group waits while one blonde applies last-minute touches to her lipstick. Then, haughtily, she puts her riding boot into a black groom's hand-step, swings one leg over the groom's head, and settles herself in the saddle. Gaily, to the trumpeting of the hunting horns, the superior race rides away.

Since there are no foxes in Kenya, the whites make do with an inferior substitute—a black houseboy dragging dead fox meat (specially flown in from England) at the end of a string. Barefooted, sweating, the houseboy runs ahead of the pack, over the plains, through woods, along the edge of a lake, and past a native village, where the Africans watch him carefully but impassively, their faces showing no emotion whatsoever. Finally, quite unlike a decent fox, the panting houseboy scrambles up a tree.

Kenya's white settlers were just like all other nineteenth-century British imperialists. They preached the empire's official myth, that they carried the white man's burden to "civilize" the natives; but their practice was based on another myth—the myth of white supremacy. The settlers never admitted the contradiction between their preaching and their practice. When the Indians (who had accepted the government's offer to remain in Kenya after the railroad was finished) tried to buy land on the Highlands, they were turned down. The reason? Not racism. On the contrary: it was concern for the Africans who lived on the edge of the Highlands. The settlers claimed that the Indians' standard of living was too low and that this would not be a good, "civilizing" influence on the Africans.

But the only "civilizing" the settlers themselves gave the Africans had to be gleaned from very difficult lessons. The Africans had to learn from such things as the meager salaries they sometimes received (but often didn't) for the hard labor they were forced to perform on the plantations; or when they tried to speak English to a settler (surely a

good way to civilize oneself), the swift kick they received for "getting uppity"; or when they were late for a chore, the good, "civilizing" beating they got; or when a servant forgot to doff his hat to a passing white, the educational smack that landed on his head.

In Kenya, racial segregation became an inescapable fact. Countryside and city were divided by law into special sections—black, Indian, white. Africans could not eat at the whites' restaurants, stay at the whites' hotels, or worship at the whites' churches. Rural Africans were moved onto reserves outside of which they could not own land, and in the cities Africans lived in slums.

As early as 1902 it was suggested that these policies might bear bitter fruits. A captain in the King's African Rifles who knew Sir Charles Eliot, commissioner of the protectorate, described Eliot's thinking in this way: "He envisaged a thriving colony of thousands of Europeans. . . . He intends to confine the natives to reserves and use them as cheap labor on farms. I suggested that the country belonged to the Africans, that their interests must prevail over the interests of strangers. He would not have it. He kept on using the word 'paramount' with reference to the claims of the Europeans. I said that someday the Africans would be educated and armed, that that would lead to a clash. Eliot thought that that day was so far distant as not to matter . . . but I am convinced that in the end the Africans will win and that Eliot's policy can lead only to trouble and disappointment."

Though a famous scholar and brilliant historian, Eliot could not see into the future as well as the soldier. Nor did he understand the present: "We are not destroying any old or interesting system," he said, "but simply introducing order into blank, brutal barbarism." Captain Meinertzhagen understood far better: "Kikuyu are the most intelligent of the African tribes I have met. Therefore they will be the most progressive . . . and more susceptible to subversive activities. They will be the first to demand freedom . . . and in the end, cause a lot of trouble." Meinertzhagen wrote that in 1902. Fifty years later he was proved frightfully correct.

Through his living-room window Roger Ruck could see the snowcap on Mount Kenya glowing softly white behind the black silhouette of his barn. The sky was filled with stars, and the moon was full. It was one of the most beautiful of the beautiful upcountry nights. Next to him, inside his small farmhouse, Ruck's wife waited while he finished dinner. The day's harvest had gone well, the farm continued to prosper, and upstairs his six-year-old son, Michael, slept peacefully. Ruck was enjoying the fruits of his labor.

The servants had gone back to their huts behind the barn, and the Rucks were alone. At about 9 P.M. they heard steps on the veranda, followed by a gentle knock on the front door. Mbogo, their groom, wanted to talk to *bwana* Ruck: he had found a stranger wandering on the farm and had brought him back to the house. Another servant was holding him over behind the lorry. Would *bwana* come to see?

Ruck went to the door. In the moonlight the lorry was outlined clearly, and Ruck could see the silhouettes of feet behind it. He stepped down from the veranda and walked across the lawn with Mbogo. When Ruck swung around the rear fender of the lorry the shiny, two-foot blade of a *panga*, the African bush machete, slashed past his eyes. It cut open the side of his face and left his right cheek hanging down below his jawbone. Blood bubbled into his mouth. As he screamed, another *panga* swung horizontally and caught him in his side just above the hip bone, slicing into his stomach. Two more *pangas* slashed down into his head. He turned to run back to the house, but a vicious blow from behind sliced most of the flesh off his right thigh and almost cut through to the bone.

Inside, Mrs. Ruck heard his scream, grabbed a shotgun, and rushed out. But before she could raise the gun her left arm was cut off. Another *panga* caught her in her back, almost severing her spine, and she collapsed. Ruck staggered toward her, but as he reached her he was overwhelmed by a storm of blows on his head, and he fell at her side. The *pangas* continued slashing until the corpses were unrecognizable.

The murderers burst into the farmhouse. Mbogo began

hacking at the piano with his *panga*, and his four cohorts set about destroying the rest of the house. The noise awakened Ruck's son, who began crying. Mbogo gave a brief order, and one of the Africans ran up the stairs. Michael was lying on his bed. One swipe of a *panga* severed his head from his body. A few more blows cut off his arms and legs and slashed open the guts. But the hacking continued until the body was more than mutilated. It was no longer a body. It was no longer a human. It was no longer a white man.

That was Saturday, January 24, 1953. As Captain Meinertzhagen had predicted, the Kikuyu were beginning to cause trouble. Horrors like the Ruck massacre became commonplace. Mass murders of equally horrible detail swept across the colony. Whole villages were exterminated in instants. But the murderers were not merely Kikuyu. They were Kikuyu introverted, exaggerated, distorted. They were Mau Mau.

The first Mau Mau oathings took place in 1947, but the real beginnings of the Mau Mau came just after World War I, when the Kikuyu suddenly realized the extent of their suppression; when they became aware of the hopelessness of their future if they did not try to change it; when they tried to change it legally, and the British turned them down.

The burning core of Kikuyu discontent was a dispute over land. The "vast gardens" that the explorer had reported had been the Kikuyu's gardens. They had bought the land, cultivated it, and built carefully planned, fortified villages. It was a remarkable achievement by a remarkable tribe. But at the end of the nineteenth century a smallpox epidemic swept through the Kikuyu villages; their stock was decimated by an outbreak of rinderpest; there was an intense drought; and a famine of terrible proportions followed. Most Kikuyu who survived moved back into the forest for food and protection.

In Africa it takes only a couple of years for untended land to return to its natural conditions, so when the first white settlers moved into the Highlands they found only scrub and forest. Even when they found Kikuyu living on the land, the settlers assumed that the Kikuyu, like most Bantu tribes, had no concept of land ownership. Without

bothering to ask, the settlers paid small "compensation for disturbance" sums, kicked the few remaining Kikuyu off the Highlands, and took over.

But the Kikuyu did practice private ownership of the land. Indeed, they revered their land. Their religion involved worship of the spirits of the dead, and since the dead were buried on family land, land was sacred. For this reason the sale of land among the Kikuyu involved an extremely complicated process. First, it was necessary to try to sell to a member of one's own clan. If this was impossible and someone not a blood relative wished to buy, then the unrelated buyer had to be adopted—literally—into the seller's clan, and vice versa. The buyer insisted upon this because he did not want to offend the spirits, and the seller wished to be sure that the spirits would be cared for. Once the adoption was completed, an equally intricate process surrounded the actual transferral of property. This climaxed in a solemn religious ceremony involving a precise delineation of boundaries. Only then could the land change hands.

When the Kikuyu brought the Highlands from the Wanderobo—the deal was concluded in the sixteenth century—this intricate process was carefully followed through. Kikuyu adopted Wanderobo, and vice versa. Thus, despite the fact that the Kikuyu had left the Highlands after the great disasters, they considered that the land was still theirs—just as any Westerner would consider that he still owned a house he had not lived in for 10 years but had not sold. The settlers did not know this, nor did they care. They took the land without even bothering to make a survey, and that was that.

Nor did the Kikuyu understand the British way of thinking. Even those who accepted money when they left could not have known that the land was to be permanently alienated from them. If they had, they would have insisted on adopting the British, so that the spirits would be happy. But when the Kikuyu finally realized what had happened, it was much too late.

By the end of World War I, conditions on the Kikuyu reserve had become almost intolerable. The tribe had filled out its ranks and overcrowding had become a pressing prob-

lem—by 1948 1 million Kikuyu were living on reserves originally intended for only 300,000 people. Even in 1920 land in the reserves had been split up until plots were too small to support the people who lived on them. Poverty was becoming increasingly widespread and intense.

For the Kikuyu there were no alternatives more attractive than the reserves. In the cities conditions were equally dismal. The whites held all the highest posts, and Indians dominated the clerical and skilled-labor fields. The only work open to Africans involved menial jobs or unskilled labor, and for these pay was very poor. As a result African quarters of the cities turned into slums. In the rural areas some Kikuyu moved out onto the whites' plantations as squatters. But there wages were even lower than in the cities, the Kikuyu were required to fulfill any demand the whites made on them, and as tenants, they lived in constant fear of instant, unexplained eviction. In 1920 these conditions were worsened by an economic recession. The settlers demanded that costs be cut; the government agreed; wages dropped even lower. Kikuyu misery increased to such a point that many emigrated to Tanganyika.

At the end of World War I a new generation of Kikuyu came of age. These young men had been infants when the whites arrived. Living on the edge of white plantations, they grew up to understand the advantages of the white civilization and to want those advantages for themselves. They wanted the clean, permanent houses of the whites and the same automobiles and clothes. But in the reserves there was no room to build and no money to buy with. So all the young Kikuyu could do was watch the whites' prosperity boom while their tribe fell deeper into poverty, and deeper into the whites' control.

The young Kikuyu learned that education was the key to advancement; but even this was denied them. In 1919 the Convention of Associations—the "Settlers' Parliament"—issued the following statement: "The white man must be paramount . . . We must make the native a useful and contented citizen . . . This he will not do if left to his own resources. We must give the native reasonable education, especially technical, industrial, and agricultural." Where would the natives get this "reasonable education"? "The

workshops on the farms should be the schools for education." Why on the plantations? "With respect to native labor there are two points to consider: first, that native labor is required for the proper development of the country; and second, that we must educate the native to come out of the reserve and work." As far as the settlers were concerned, education for the blacks meant merely the training of lower-class workers. And the government seemed to agree with the settlers. By 1913 it had not built one school for the Kikuyu (but in 1913 the Kikuyu paid out \$450,000 in taxes). The only schools available to Kikuyu were the mission schools, where they could learn only the fundamentals of reading and writing, Christianity, and a lower-class trade—bricklaying, carpentry, or farming. This was not chance, it was policy. It did not better the Kikuyu; it merely frustrated them.

These realizations and frustrations struck harder at the younger Kikuyu than at their elders. The elders, despite the shattering of their prosperity, were still the best-established members of the tribe, while the young, who had yet to establish themselves, could not find land, money, or security. Their ambitions, which the whites had inspired, were utterly frustrated. And this frustration was particularly dangerous because as the young Kikuyu were growing up, their tribe was disintegrating.

At the height of its prosperity the Kikuyu tribe was a closely knit, deeply religious, unusually well-run unit. The family was extended but extraordinarily close: "I and my grandfather are one; I and my brother are one; I and my wife are one," a Kikuyu parable says. Through a very efficient system of age groups, every Kikuyu youth was kept under the constant supervision and tutelage of his elders, his peers, and his family. Thus the young Kikuyu grew up with a firm sense of his identity and role in society and a definite knowledge of what he should do and how he should do it. There was virtually no prostitution, immorality, or crime.

Ironically, it was the coming of the missionaries that changed this. The missionaries subjected young Kikuyu to constant harangues against the sinfulness of their traditional ways, against polygamy, tribal wars, female circumcision,

tribal oaths, pagan gods, and even the very economic structure of Kikuyu society. This weakened the tribe's ancient laws and customs, and it weakened the tribe's control over the young.

Though the missionaries offered education to the Kikuyu youth, this education could not supplant the moral influences of the old age-group and family, for the schools were overcrowded and teaching impersonal. But those ancient moral influences, along with the age groups and the family units, were disintegrating: the young no longer practiced the arts of war together, no longer herded stock together, no longer were under the supervision of a unified peer group. Some youths went to school; some worked on the whites' plantations; others, following the lead of the Kikuyu who emigrated to find more room, left the reserves for the cities. The peer groups fragmented, and Kikuyu families, once so close, fell apart.

The missionaries attacked polygamy, but as it ceased those women who would have become respectable second or third wives couldn't find husbands. Instead they too left the reserves to find work. But attractive jobs were scarce, and in increasing numbers, these women turned to prostitution. On the reserves the adolescent Kikuyu, still practicing the ancient form of "bundling" that allowed limited sexual play while forbidding full intercourse, now no longer felt the strong restraint of the old laws and customs. Adolescent play became premarital intercourse, and the reserves filled with unwed mothers.

As the old, firm morality of the tribe crumbled, the young Kikuyu felt the allure of crime grow stronger and stronger. Previously, the Kikuyu had been sustenance farmers and hunters, but now they were no longer able to support themselves—indeed, the settlers and the missionaries encouraged them *not* to support themselves—by farming and hunting. They had been thrust into a money-using society; but for Kikuyu, money was hard to come by. Previously, the young Kikuyu male had proved himself in war and hunting. Now he could do so no longer. Crime solved both these problems: it proved daring and manliness, and it provided loot and possessions.

Kikuyu youths who matured at the end of World War I

were, perhaps, like soldiers who had suddenly been thrust back into civilian freedom after years in the army, for in the space of one generation's maturation the old Kikuyu social order had crumbled and changed from traditionalism to individualism. Previously, tradition and discipline had made all decisions for them; now they had to decide things for themselves. But on what basis? An ancient Basuto proverb says: "If a man does away with his traditional ways and throws out his good customs, he had better have something of value to replace them." But the Kikuyu had nothing of value—until they found a cause, a very compelling cause: the salvation of their future.

Initially, the Kikuyu tried to save themselves through legal political action. In 1921 Harry Thuku founded the Young Kikuyu Association (YKA). YKA asked for land reforms, reforms within the reserves, and improvements in the labor situation. The Kikuyu gave YKA strong support; but the government squelched it immediately: in March 1922 Thuku was arrested and, without trial, thrown into the Nairobi jail. When a protest demonstration was held outside the jail, police simply fired into the crowd. Twenty-five Africans fell dead, the rest fled. YKA was dead, too.

But in 1925 a new issue gave rise to an even more powerful surge of Kikuyu discontent. The Church of Scotland Missions, which ran most of the Kikuyu schools and churches, announced that all Kikuyus would have to give up the practice of female circumcision. Medically, the church had a good point; but it was demanding a sensational renunciation of a crucial Kikuyu rite—the coming-of-age ceremony, one of the few ceremonies that continued to be strongly meaningful to the Kikuyu. Thuku's followers formed another group, the Kikuyu Central Association (KCA) and raised a bitter cry: "First they take our lands, and now they want our most sacred customs!" KCA found passionate support not only for this emotion-charged issue but for practical political demands—the creation of a paramount Kikuyu chief, the publication of Kenya's laws in Kikuyu, a permit allowing Kikuyu to grow coffee on the reserves, which had been forbidden, and the addition of Africans to the legislature (there were no Africans in the government until 1944). But the government declared that

the KCA was only "an indeterminate collection of malcontents . . . with no constructive program of reform," and refused to negotiate.

Here, at the very beginning of the modern era, was the crucial mistake. The Kikuyu tried legitimate political action, tried to participate in the government of their own country in order to defend their rights, but the government would not permit it. Instead of negotiating, the British entered upon a policy of suppression, and the Kikuyu turned to their only alternative—subversion.

At first this subversion seemed more like succession. Almost *en masse*, Kikuyu withdrew from the Church of Scotland's missions. Those who remained Christians set up their own churches and schools—the Kikuyu African Orthodox Church, the Kikuyu Independent Pentecostal Church, and the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association—in which Kikuyu were no longer taught to submit to and love their superior white brethren. They were no longer preached at to give up their ancient tribal pride and the art of war. They no longer heard the propaganda that had been meant to turn them into a docile, reliable, labor-supplying lower class. In the new schools a new spirit arose, a spirit increasingly anti-white and anti-European, increasingly nationalistic. Many Kikuyu rejected Christianity altogether and reverted to the fragmented religion of their ancestors. Some claimed that anything of white origin was evil. One fanatical group, the Watu wa Mungu (People of God), preached that recent droughts had been caused by the white man's airplanes. Traditional rites, customs, and ancient ceremonies were re-established. But when large ceremonial dances—sponsored in part by the KCA but primarily a manifestation of this new spirit—became frequent, the government decided that the dances were indecent and seditious, and banned them (1929). It was another suppressive measure, another mistake.

But this was the policy to which the Kenya Government adhered until it was too late. Throughout the 1930s, while the KCA continued to organize, the government continued trying to suppress it. Public meetings were forbidden, and KCA activities became almost totally clandestine. The tribal introversion of the Kikuyu increased, along with

their antagonism for anything European. This antagonism became so strong that the Kikuyu even hampered their own progress in order to thwart government schemes for agricultural improvement. Frustrated, the Kikuyu were becoming desperate and irrational.

Their frustration reached its climax at the end of World War II. During the war, the British had built airfields and training grounds in Kenya and, to feed their troops, they had bought all the crops the settlers could produce. For the whites, Kenya had boomed. And this boom did not end with the war. Kenya continued to grow richer and richer. Nairobi built an international airport, Mombasa a bustling seaport. Capital flowed into the country in amazing quantities. Banking, oil, insurance, automotive, airline, and other commercial companies set up large offices. Nairobi swelled with skyscrapers, broad avenues, graceful suburbs and wealthy villas.

For the whites, this was delightful; but to the Africans it was only an exaggeration of all the injustices of the past. For them the war had been only an increase of hardship. The government had withdrawn all money from the reserves, and poverty had become more bitter and intense than ever. Then, after the war, they watched the whites' country boom, but they saw themselves excluded. Africans could participate in Kenya's boom only as servants, and even then they were mercilessly exploited. After the war, for instance, the Africans' cost-of-living index rose 14 points in one year, while the Europeans' rose only 11; the next year, in only three months, the Africans' cost of living rose an incredible 52 points. This inflation caused a terrible increase in the Kikuyu's suffering, and in their resentment.

Such feelings were aggravated by the return of thousands of African soldiers. During the war these soldiers had discovered a world where the black man was not simply a servant, where they worked with whites who treated them as equals, where they performed jobs of importance. But they were forced to return to menial work, to slave wages, to increased poverty, to legal segregation, to the old settler attitudes—to being called "boy" or "monkey" or "ape," to being flogged for no understandable cause,

to a country where a white man was fined more for unlicensed possession of a pistol than for beating a black to death with it. Bitter, aggrieved, and bored, most of these ex-soldiers moved to the cities, especially Nairobi, where they found excitement, even if they found no jobs and no money. As a result, beneath the gleaming new buildings, behind the banks and insurance companies, around the wealthy, graceful suburbs, Nairobi developed a huge, black, ugly slum that filled with criminals, toughs, and thugs. But here all the injustices of Kikuyu history began to mold what many had warned was inevitable; here the consequences of a half century of mistreatment and oppression finally reached the boiling point. "With growing amazement," the Nairobi district commissioner noticed "the increase in anti-European sentiment among . . . the African population in Nairobi." The criminals had joined the suppressed KCA.

In 1946, with the soldiers, one crucially important person returned to Kenya—the born leader, the charismatic orator, the dedicated nationalist: Jomo Kenyatta. Kenyatta had been out of Kenya for more than 15 years. He had been in England, studying, agitating for African rights, creating the Pan-African Federation. He had traveled and studied in Russia. He had talked with Nkrumah and other leaders. He knew that the tide of African nationalism and independence was rising, and that the tide of colonialism was receding.

Though obviously the leader of the underground KCA, Kenyatta associated himself with the Kenya African Union, a milder, predominantly Kikuyu organization which the government had not yet suppressed. His passionate speeches on African rights and his obvious respect for Kikuyu tradition quickly brought him a massive personal following. When he spoke, crowds of 30,000 listened. "I like the English," he once said, "in England." But he did not like them in Kenya, and in fiery speeches he proclaimed that they would have to leave.

Soon Kenyatta had become so powerful that the white settlers demanded his deportation; but the government, aware of his popularity with liberals in England, let him stay. In 1947 Kenyatta was elected president of KAU,

and soon thereafter he assumed the post of principal at the Independent Kikuyu Teachers' Training College at Githunguri, near the Highlands. Githunguri immediately became a political as well as an educational center.

This, then, was the situation in 1947, when the first reports of Mau Mau activity filtered out. There were two centers of black political activity—the slums of Nairobi, and Githunguri. There were two types of adherents—the criminal toughs of Nairobi, and the previously peaceful Kikuyu on the reserves. Unfortunately, the toughs were to gain control.

As leader of KAU, Kenyatta submitted legitimate demands for constitutional reform. He pointed out that it was ridiculous for only four Africans in the legislature to represent a majority of 5,500,000 people, while 11 Europeans represented a minority of 40,000. He pointed to other specific African grievances and requested reasonable reforms. Besides the grievances' justness, there was ample reason for the government to take notice. Kenyatta had said many times that the Africans were being driven to revolution by the government's suppressive policies, and events suggested again and again that he was right. In September 1947, strikes at Mombasa and at the Uplands Bacon Factory made clear the Africans' sharp sense of injustice—but both strikes were brutally suppressed, by firing straight into the ranks of the strikers. Later in the same month the same methods were necessary to break up another demonstration, and more Africans were killed.

A few individuals understood the warning signs. The same man who had said in 1902 that the colonialists' policies would bear bitter fruit, Meinertzhagen, now a colonel, tried again. He hand-delivered to Government House a letter describing a conversation he had had with a Kikuyu chief: "The chief fears an outbreak of violence by the Kikuyu, the core of unrest being based on land hunger, and the belief that Europeans have taken Kikuyu land without adequate compensation, and that interference had been imposed on tribal customs by European religious bodies and administrative laws. He fears an outbreak of violence against Europeans involving murders on a large scale under the direction of a secret society now in ex-

istence called 'Maw Maw' [*sic*] whose influence in the tribe is growing . . . I may add that I believe this chief and do not consider his warning exaggerated." But Meinertzhagen never had any luck: the whites still would not listen. Instead, the settlers declared that anyone whose actions or talk smacked of African nationalism should be considered seditious and dealt with accordingly. If this were not handled by the government, the settlers said, they would "take matters into their own hands."

It still was not too late to deny the settlers and accede to some of Kenyatta's reasonable demands for reform. Had the government done this, 13,000 lives would have been saved, and many more whites might be in Kenya today. But as usual, it was the settlers' demands which were met, not the Africans'. So it was the Kikuyu who "took matters into their own hands."

Mau Mau—the name itself is meaningless. What were they? The Mau Mau were the outgrowth of the suppressed KCA, the product of the Kikuyu's bitter, suppressed frustrations. But most important, the Mau Mau were the product of the disintegration of the Kikuyu society. Thanks to the missionaries' and the government's measures, by the end of World War II this disintegration was a thoroughly accomplished fact. Three generations of Kikuyu had grown up without the restraints of a society, without a society to enter. Like all rebels without causes, they lived in a social vacuum. Mau Mau filled that vacuum.

Mau Mau founded its appeal on a combination of ancient Kikuyu characteristics and recent political developments. Kikuyu always had been extremely secretive; had always stuck close together; had maintained a profound belief in supernatural powers; and had always been extremely susceptible to secret societies and ceremonies and to the spells of powerful oaths. Mau Mau made use of all these tendencies. It was a secret society the members of which were bound together by oaths that when taken involved extensive magical incantation and that threatened, if broken, to bring supernatural destruction to the traitor.

Mau Mau capitalized on the anti-Christian, anti-European, atavistic tendencies that had been growing more

and more powerful since 1925, when the Church of Scotland Missions tried to suppress the circumcision rites, and when the government suppressed the KCA. In itself, Mau Mau was a reversion to the old pagan practices that the Christians had banned, and Mau Mau oaths and songs were parodies and mockeries of the English and of Christianity. Hymns praising Jomo Kenyatta were sung to the tune of *Jesus Will Come*; one was sung to the tune of *God Save the Queen*. But the Mau Mau's flashiest drawing cards were their goals. Mau Mau promised freedom, independence, a redistribution of the land (its official name was the Land Freedom Army), and punishment of the whites. Its hymns were mostly to self-government, although they often included threats of horrible atrocities to be brought down upon the Europeans.

The first reports of the Mau Mau secret society appeared just as the government was rejecting Kenyatta's attempts to effect constitutional reforms, and by 1948 reports of primitive oathings had become commonplace. For the first time, the whites began to worry. The Fort Hall District Commissioner reported that "There is a rumor circulating that all the wrongs of the Kikuyu will be simultaneously righted by the murder of all Europeans." When he arranged to find out what was afoot, he reported that he had "never experienced such difficulty in obtaining information of a political nature . . . there appears to be a definite move afoot to prevent the leakage of information to officers of the government." Whites noticed that many Kikuyu children had become strangely sullen and insolent.

Secrecy was crucial to the first stages of Mau Mau development. At first it was thought that the Mau Mau oath itself would be sufficient to keep the secret, for the oath involved a solemn pledge of secrecy. Of course, many who were approached did not want to take the oath; but in most cases such individuals were simply forced to comply. For instance: one Kikuyu woman was taken at night from her hut to an oathing place. When she refused to participate in the ceremony, she was told that if she didn't comply she would be beaten and murdered, and that those present would then drink her blood. The Mau Mau waved *pangas* in front of her face. When she still refused, they

tied a rope around her neck and slowly raised her off the ground; as she hung there she was beaten brutally. When she lost consciousness, she was lowered to the ground, a jug of blood was poured down her throat, and the oath completed. This method usually worked, for oaths had terrible power over Kikuyu, even when forced on them. An indication of this power was given when 15 Mau Mau, cornered by the police, jumped to their deaths over a 70-foot cliff rather than be captured.

But by far the greatest number of oathings required no brutality. One Kikuyu who took the normal oath has described it in detail:

On the evening of Dec. 20, 1953 a friend . . . invited me for a walk. We suddenly came upon some men and women sitting in the maize . . . I saw an arch between six and seven feet high made of two banana stems joined at the top . . . I was told to move over to a place where three other people were standing. We were then ordered to remove our shoes and watches. [My friend] told the people that I . . . seemed to have a sincere wish to help the Oath of Unity, *ndemwa ithatu* . . . We passed through the arch seven times in single file and then stood silently in line facing the administrator, Biniathi . . . [who] held the lungs of a goat in his right hand and another piece of goat's meat in his left. We bowed toward the ground as he circled our heads seven times with the meat . . . He then gave each of us in turn the lungs and told us to bite them. Next he told us to repeat the following sentences:

I speak the truth and vow before God
And before this movement,
The movement of Unity,
The Unity which is put to the test,
The Unity that is mocked with the name
Mau Mau,

That I shall go forward to fight for the
land,
The lands of the Kirinyaga that we cultivated,
The lands which were taken by the
Europeans.
And if I fail to do this
May this oath kill me,
May this seven kill me,
May this meat kill me.

Biniathi anointed each of us on the forehead with blood [from the goat] saying that he did this to remind us that we were now fighting for our land and to warn us never to think of selling our country . . . [He] made three tiny scratches on our left wrists . . . Next he gave us in turn the meat to bite and said, "The act of eating this meat with the blood of each one of you on it shows that you are now united one to the other and with us." . . . I felt exalted with a new spirit of power and strength. All my previous life seemed empty and meaningless . . . I had been born again.*

But even this mild oath was offensive to some Kikuyu. Old-style Kikuyu considered Mau Mau oaths to be distortions and perversions of traditional ceremonies, while devout Christians found the oaths repulsive, and did not feel bound by them. For these reasons the first oaths did not insure secrecy, and many Kikuyu reported what had happened to the police. When enough reports had filtered through, the government, astonished by the size and nature of the Mau Mau movement, officially proscribed the Mau Mau (1950), and declared the oath illegal on pain of heavy punishment. By the end of the year over 150 had been arrested for taking oaths.

The Mau Mau responded with stricter measures.

* From *Mau Mau Detainee* by Josiah Mwangi Kariuki. © 1963 Oxford University Press.

Kikuyu who were suspected informers were severely beaten or murdered. After one Kikuyu gave evidence for the prosecution in a trial of oath takers, he was found floating in the Ruiru River. His mouth was crammed with leaves and twigs. He had been horribly slashed and mutilated with *pangas*, and then suffocated. The Mau Mau set up district organizations with courts empowered to sentence death, and written rules were drawn up. Death was required for anyone who witnessed an oathing but did not participate, and for messengers who failed to reach destinations. For anyone who disobeyed orders or helped the whites it was decreed that "We must castrate him and take out his eyes and then hold him for seven days, and then we will cut his head off, and see if the whites can bring him back to life."

Between 1950 and 1952 Mau Mau oathings increased sharply: truck convoys brought hundreds to mass ceremonies in the forest. At the same time the oaths grew stronger, more perverse, more binding. One of the strongest oaths has been described by a captured Mau Mau:

I took the fourth oath with six other men. It was last September, I think. I found a circle of potatoes, bananas, sugar cane and sorghum leaves. A girl was there beside the oath administrator. A ram was killed and his testicles cut off. A ewe was killed and its vagina cut out and inserted into the vagina of the Kikuyu girl, who was having her "monthlies." There were ten girls in camp, and all were used when they had their "monthlies" if the fourth oath was to be given.

Then the ewe's vagina was removed from the girl and each of the oath takers licked the vagina seven times. Then vagina together with penis and testicles were passed around all the circle seven times, each oath taker eating a portion until all the organs had been consumed. When the penis, testicles, and vagina had been eaten, the blood of the ram and ewe was mixed

with earth, potatoes, a small amount of *wimbi*, and Kikuyu beans. This mixture was eaten seven times. While we did this we swore the following:

I must kill even my brother if ordered or
may this oath kill me.

I must hate my father and mother, or
may this oath kill me.

I must steal firearms or anything else if
so ordered, or . . .

I must not fall out with any Mau Mau,
or . . .

I must kill Europeans and Kikuyu if so
ordered, or . . .

I swear not to tell anyone about this oath.

When we had finished saying the oath, all meat of the ram and ewe was eaten. Then every man who had taken the oath lay with the girl.*

The increased perversity of the ceremonies bound those who had been oathed more firmly to the society, excited long-festered bitterness and hatred toward whites, and incited the initiates to acts of greater and greater violence. After taking such an oath, many Mau Mau did kill members of their own clans, even of their own families.

While the organization was strengthened through oathings, the Mau Mau armed themselves. Pistols and rifles disappeared from settler farms, restaurants, and cars. Despite the government's establishment of fines for whites of almost \$300 and/or three months' imprisonment for whites who lost weapons, these incidents occurred with great regularity: between 1948 and 1952, 504 civilian firearms disappeared. But the most important source of supply was the ammunition depot at Gilgil, where over 60 million rounds of ammunition were stored. Before the emergency, Africans were allowed to graze sheep or cut firewood in

* From *Mau Mau Manhunt* by William A. Baldwin. © 1957 W. W. Baldwin, E. P. Dutton & Co.

the scrub-brush wasteland that surrounded the dump, which was guarded by only 18 African soldiers—armed only with pick handles. By 1952, over 280,000 rounds of ammunition had disappeared.

Compared to 60 million rounds and the great stores of weapons possessed by the British, the tiny Mau Mau arsenal seems far from adequate. But a number of factors caused the Mau Mau to jump the gun. The oaths themselves excited them and incited to violence, and there had been a large influx of Nairobi criminals, most notably those who called themselves the Forty Group. Though all Mau Mau were passionately loyal to their leaders, there was in 1952 nothing resembling a disciplined military organization strong enough to control either the excited Mau Mau passions or the criminals. Thus, Mau Mau activities broke out too soon. Ultimately, it was this prematurity, not intelligence or caution, which saved the settlers.

Terrorism first broke out in Central Province early in 1952. The Mau Mau slashed the guts and throats of white farmers' cattle with *pangas*, or cut their hind legs through at the knees, leaving them helpless, standing or crawling on stumps of flesh and exposed bone. Once mutilated like this, a steer was worthless and had to be shot. At the same time settlers' crops were burned. When Queen Elizabeth left after a visit in February, five fires were burning within her sight as her plane waited on the Nanyki airstrip. In mid-March, 58 "unexplained" fires broke out.

In September the Mau Mau campaign intensified. On the night of September 25 three gangs of about 15 Mau Mau each swept across one part of the Highlands, burning buildings on five farms and maiming cattle. A total of 120 steers and 240 sheep worth close to \$9,000 had their throats cut, their legs chopped off, or were disemboweled. In the last 10 days of September at least 14 Kikuyu were murdered for informing to the police, and in early October loyalist Chief Waruhiu was assassinated. The message was unmistakable, and the Kikuyu understood it best of all. To save their lives, they flocked into the forest to be oathed: ceremonies involving as many as 800 initiates were reported.

Finally the British also understood. Acting Governor Mitchell, who on August 19 had said, "I categorically deny that there is a state of emergency," was recalled to London; before he had even packed his bags, his replacement, Sir Evelyn Baring, arrived to take over the job. Baring made a quick swing around the colony to see for himself, then, on October 20, 1952, signed the proclamation of a state of emergency. Before this was publicly announced, before dawn the next day, Jomo Kenyatta and 82 other "suspects" were jerked out of bed and hauled off to jail. In the next 10 days 200 more Kikuyu leaders were arrested.

Kenyatta was subjected to an elaborate trial at which a mass of evidence supposedly proving him to be the Mau Mau's leader was thrown at the judge and the public. Kenyatta protested unfalteringly that KAU was not the same as Mau Mau and that he was innocent, but he was sentenced to seven years in jail. Seven years later, in 1959, it was proved that the prosecution had bribed key witnesses to perjure themselves in order to incriminate Kenyatta and that the trial had clearly been a fraud; but still the British kept Kenyatta under confinement. Actually, he served a term that lasted 11 years—until Kenya achieved its independence.

It is probable that most Mau Mau atrocities were not committed with the consent of Kenyatta's true followers, the dedicated political agitators who had worked for KAU and then helped start the Land Freedom Army. The oaths that these men had given were meant only to unify the Kikuyu and were far from invitations to violence. But the Forty Group and the Nairobi toughs used the Mau Mau not merely as a political instrument but as an expression of their personal frustrations and their criminal viciousness, and this corrupted the movement. In any case, such fine distinctions became irrelevant once the British entered the battle. Then the war exploded into an exchange of incredible brutalities committed by both sides.

Baring's first action was to force Kikuyu squatters off settlers' farms and back to the reserves. It made no difference to the British that these Kikuyu had no connection with the Mau Mau, or that they would have no shelter or means of support once in the reserves. They were not al-

lowed to take their livestock with them, nor harvest their crops. They were simply thrown into trucks and carted away. In one operation at Thomson's Falls, 3,500 Kikuyu were needlessly and cruelly displaced.

Such actions not only increased support for Mau Mau, they served primarily not as a suppression, but as a release for all the bitter hatred stored inside the Kikuyu. This hatred exploded at the beginning of the second week of the emergency. On the evening of Nov. 3, 1952, a small band of Mau Mau burst into the house of Eric Bowyer, a reclusive farmer who lived alone with his two houseboys. The Mau Mau decapitated the houseboys before they could even scream and then hacked Bowyer to death in his bathtub. Three weeks later Commander E. Meiklejohn, a retired naval officer, and his wife, a retired doctor, were reading in their country home after finishing supper. Mrs. Meiklejohn looked up from her book to see her houseboy leading five Mau Mau into the room. Before she could draw her pistol from her pocketbook one Mau Mau put her wrist out of action with a quick slash of his panga. In another moment her husband was dead, horribly slashed. She herself was slashed over her entire body, one of her ears was cut off, and her face was brutally mutilated. The Mau Mau left her for dead, but she regained consciousness and drove, painfully, to her family doctor. She had been so badly mutilated that he did not recognize her.

By the end of 1952 six Europeans had died this way. But it was the Kikuyu who suffered the most, as always. Between the declaration of emergency and the end of 1952, 135 Kikuyu and 37 other Africans were murdered—by Mau Mau.

The declaration of emergency acted as a release not only for the Mau Mau but also for the whites. Acts of torture and sadism during the British repressive campaign were so frequent that they could never be counted. The government clamped a tight lid of secrecy over any operation that smacked of cruelty, but a few stories leaked out. One teen-aged son of a settler bound suspects together by tying leather thongs around their necks, then shoved burning cigarettes into their ears. This settler's brother flogged another Kikuyu until he was unable to cry out, poured hot

paraffin over his body, which was covered with open wounds, and set him afire. Another settler, backed by a few loyalist Africans, raided a Kikuyu village, bound and flogged several men, and raped their women. There was no specific justification for this raid. It was simply a "reprisal." A British Army captain (who had just ordered an ear sliced off a Kikuyu prisoner) had a hole cut with a bayonet in another prisoner's ear, threaded a wire through the hole, and led the man off by pulling on the wire. Male prisoners were castrated, women were tortured by having beer bottles shoved up their vaginas. It was standard practice to shoot on sight, to kill without asking questions, and Africans were shot on the flimsiest pretexts. Although it was officially illegal, Africans were flogged unmercifully—several were flogged to death. This last, of course, was no great change from pre-emergency practices.

Such brutality was answered in kind by the Mau Mau. On January 1, 1953, two Europeans were hacked to death over their dinner. The next night only a combination of alertness, sharp shooting and several watchdogs saved the lives of two white women. Two days later a loyalist chief was murdered in his hospital bed. On January 25, the Ruck family was massacred. But even these murders had not revealed the lengths to which blood lust, bitterness and desperation could drive the Mau Mau.

Twenty-five miles northwest of Nairobi there is a wide, rolling plateau called the Lari Plain. It is about seven miles long and three miles wide, a barren expanse of ridges, dips, few trees and little greenery. Along this plain, in 1953, more than 100 homes, five or six to a group, were strung out. Their owners were not white; they were Kikuyu. But they were afraid: they had heard rumors that the Mau Mau felt that too many in Lari had remained faithful to the government.

At 10 P.M. on March 26 the Lari Plain exploded. One thousand Mau Mau, broken up into carefully placed groups, had hidden in nearby underbrush. Each group of Mau Mau had been split into three parts. On a given

signal, the first groups leapt out of hiding, rushed to the huts, and quickly wired their doors closed. The second tossed petrol and flaming torches atop the dry thatch roofs of the huts. The third group stood by with *pangas*, waiting for anyone who managed to escape the inferno.

Stories of what happened at Lari that night are important: they reveal the degree of Mau Mau madness. One woman was held from behind while her child's throat was slowly sawed through. Another saw two Mau Mau murder her son and then drink the blood that spouted from his throat. Chief Luka was forced to watch his eight wives being mutilated, then he suffered the same fate: his body was chopped in half, and his blood drunk. Women who were pregnant had their bellies split open before they were killed. This seemed customary. It seemed customary to drink the victims' blood. It seemed customary to mutilate as much as possible before killing.

Officially, 97 died in Lari. Certainly the toll was higher; but the charred bones that lay scattered over the plain the next morning were never analyzed to see how many human beings they could make. Two hundred homes were burned. One thousand cattle were killed or maimed. And on the same night Mau Mau attacked the police station at Nai-vasha, capturing 49 rifles and automatic weapons and 3,500 rounds of ammunition.

March 26 was the high point of Mau Mau success and terror; but it also marked the beginning of their defeat. Suddenly the government realized what it was up against, while at the same time a considerable number of Kikuyu who previously had been sympathetic to the Mau Mau were thrown by their disgust and outrage back to the government side.

Since the declaration of emergency the government had been operating with six battalions of King's African Rifles and one battalion of Lancashire Fusiliers. Now it called in the 39th and 49th brigades, the Kenya Regiment, two other East African units, an armored car squadron, two flights of RAF Harvards in which each plane was capable of carrying eight bombs and a machine gun, and a squadron of Lincoln heavy bombers. Before the Lari massacre the Kikuyu Home Guard, which accounted for most of the

Mau Mau killed, had numbered only 10,000. Afterward, enlistments brought the Home Guard up to 25,000. The settlers themselves, beset by labor shortages, could add only 450. But the police force was increased to 21,000. Thus, after Lari, the government mustered a force of close to 70,000 troops.

Against this massive, modern army the Mau Mau Land and Freedom Armies totaled only about 12,000 men armed with a meager assortment of stolen rifles and pistols; some homemade guns slapped together out of bicycle frames, water piping, door bolts and rubber; and, primarily, *pangas*. But despite Lari, the Mau Mau still held their trump card—the willing, if “passive,” support of 90 per cent of the Kikuyu tribe. To a great degree, the fact that the Kikuyu continued to support the Mau Mau despite their own sufferings at the Mau Mau’s hands was directly the result of British policies and actions during the emergency. British brutality was an important factor; but more important was the Kenya government’s treatment of the Kikuyu on the whites’ farms and in the reserves. The policy of moving Kikuyu squatters off white land into the reserves made the Mau Mau many new friends. Still more were made when on January 8, 1953, because several Kikuyu who were terrified of Mau Mau reprisals refused to give information concerning the abduction of two tribal elders, the whole Gatunda Kikuyu settlement was punished: the British confiscated 300 head of rare cattle and 800 desperately needed sheep. In January and February, 1953, over 3,000 more cattle were confiscated as “punishment” of various Kikuyu settlements. It made no difference that those punished were incredibly poor and needed the cattle desperately; nor did it make any difference that they were innocent. The British seldom distinguished between Mau Mau and innocent Kikuyu. They simply confiscated the cattle, and pocketed the proceeds. But in the end these operations, despite the proceeds, proved a net loss. The reserves, filled with resentment and overcrowded with the displaced squatters who were constantly hauled in, became rich recruiting grounds for the Mau Mau.

The support that the Mau Mau thus found among the “civilian” Kikuyu population was immensely valuable to

them. Kikuyu women sold their bodies to government soldiers for payment of a few rounds of ammunition. Other Kikuyu who the government believed to be loyal comprised a vast spy ring that placed its agents in regimental command posts, police headquarters, even in the governor's office. And other so-called "passive" supporters collected food, ammunition and spies' reports and snuck them out of the reserves and cities and back into Mau Mau hideouts.

The area directly affected by the Mau Mau was Central Province, which included the Kikuyu reserve, the Rift Valley and the Highlands—only one-sixteenth of the country. In an ordinary war, the overwhelming British numbers and power would simply have surrounded the Mau Mau, and crushed them. But Central Province is dominated by the heavily forested Aberdare Mountains and by Mount Kenya, and the Mau Mau army was a guerrilla army, well-hidden high on the mountain slopes and deep in the forests.

In these forests, at their worst impenetrable walls of bamboo, the Mau Mau were almost invulnerable. Especially in the early years of the emergency, the British troops found themselves helpless and ineffective in such terrain. At one point they mounted "Operation Hammer," a huge offensive sending the equivalent of a full division of infantry into the Aberdares. But in two frustrating, expensive weeks, during which the British infantry swept through the mountains as a brush sweeps over a table, they captured or killed only 161 Mau Mau—a cost of over \$30,000 for every Mau Mau casualty. Later, the British tried sending in their bombers; but the Mau Mau merely lit fake campfires, slipped back into the protecting bamboo, and laughed happily as the British bombs exploded harmlessly.

Frustrated on the attack, the British changed their tactics, and concentrated on cutting Mau Mau supply lines. They declared a one-mile-wide strip between the Kikuyu reserve and the forest to be a "prohibited area." Anyone caught in the strip was shot on sight. Even within the reserve strict curfews and special "halt" orders were set up. Anyone breaking these rules was also shot.

At the same time the British began cutting broad trails through the forests to allow their troops to penetrate more

easily. By the end of 1953 the British had killed 3,064 "Mau Mau" (anyone they killed was identified as a Mau Mau); 1,000 more had been captured; several thousand had been wounded; 156,459 Kikuyu had been arrested; and 64,000 had been tried and jailed. In comparison, the Mau Mau had bagged only 21 Europeans, and 613 disloyal Kikuyu. But they were still very much in the fight.

It was "Operation Anvil" that finally broke the Mau Mau. On April 24, 1954, the British army moved a force of 25,000 men down to Nairobi and threw a tight circle of troops around the entire city. Then the police cordoned off and searched individual sections of the African slum: in this way the entire slum was carefully screened. At the end of 48 hours 11,600 Africans had been questioned. More than 8,300 were carted off to detention camps and another 1,250 were returned to the reserve. By May 8, 16,538 had been detained and 2,416 had been forced back into the reserve.

Operation Anvil destroyed the Mau Mau high command and headquarters, which had been situated in the slum, and disrupted the all-important supply lines back to the forest. The operation also captured a large number of Mau Mau, many of whom, through torture and threats, were "persuaded" to aid the British not only by informing, but by fighting against their comrades.

But the Mau Mau did not give up. Cattle raids continued, with great loss to the settlers. In late 1954 an outbreak of arson in Nairobi brought an upsurge of terror into the white community. More white civilians were murdered. In mid-October, 1954, Gray Arundel Leakey and his wife, parents of a famous scholar very sympathetic to the Kikuyu, were attacked while at supper. Mrs. Leakey was strangled and her husband abducted. On November 21 his grave was discovered. He had been used as a human sacrifice and buried alive.

But the British had broken the back of the Mau Mau organization. Between May 1954 and May 1955 government forces killed or captured 5,500 Mau Mau, reducing their fighting force to slightly more than 5,000. For these few diehards, supplies were almost nonexistent. The British had dug a huge, 50-mile-long ditch around the reserve.

Eighteen feet wide, 10 feet deep, booby-trapped with sharp stakes and barbed wire, patrolled constantly day and night, the ditch finally snapped the supply lines back to the forest. And the British had finally devised an effective maneuver to flush the Mau Mau out of their jungle hideouts—the “population sweep.” Large groups of Kikuyu, primarily women armed only with *pangas*—the groups sometimes numbered as high as 70,000—swept through the forest in long, encircling lines. Anyone flushed out was brutally hacked to death by dozens of vengeful females. By the end of 1955 these vicious operations had cut the remaining Mau Mau to 2000.

All that remained were mopping up operations. By the end of 1956, 10,527 Mau Mau were dead, 2,633 had been captured, 1,071 had been hanged, and 39,000 members of the “passive wing” were in detention camps. Government forces had lost only 63 white and 534 African soldiers. Only 32 European civilians had died, compared with 1,926 dead African civilians. At the high point of the rebellion, 77,000 prisoners were held in detention camps. But by the end of 1958, “rehabilitation programs”—hard work on public projects—had filtered 75,000 back to freedom.

Even after the main Mau Mau force had been suppressed, many remained in the forests. The last Mau Mau did not give up even when the British officially ended the state of emergency in 1960. They did not even give up when Kenya was declared independent. Instead they waited until Jomo Kenyatta, finally freed from detention in 1963, declared a general amnesty and declared all Mau Mau to be national heroes: it was the only way he could rid himself of their continuing nuisance. Then 1,400 “heroes”—mostly the old Nairobi thugs—flocked in to claim their rewards.

Undoubtedly, the Mau Mau lost the war. But just as certainly, they won their country. For even in 1956, after the main force of the guerrillas had been destroyed, the British realized that they could never clean the country out well enough to assure the safety of the white popula-

tion unless they maintained Kenya in a permanent state of war—and this they could not afford. At the outbreak of the rebellion the Kenya colonial government had had a surplus of several million dollars. Almost immediately, after the declaration of emergency, it went broke, and the British home government was forced to contribute half of the costs of the operation—estimated at over \$200,000,000 for the military actions alone.

But not only financial considerations forced the British to changes their policies. In the decade after World War II international opinion had become increasingly anti-colonial. Libya had been granted independence in 1951. Eritrea in 1952, Morocco and Tunisia in 1956, and Ghana in 1957. Kenya's turn had to come soon.

As soon as the main Mau Mau force had been suppressed, the British began to rectify the injustices of Kenya's political situation. Previously, on Kenya's Legislative Council, only four Africans, eight per cent of the legislature, represented 97 per cent of the population, while 11 Europeans, over 20 per cent of the legislature, represented a European minority of less than one per cent of the population. In 1957 new elections were held, raising the total of African members to 14, which equalled the number of European members.

This, of course, was still grossly unfair, and the Africans continued to press for a new constitution. In 1960 a conference of African and European legislators was held in London under the direction of the British Colonial Secretary. As a result, the legislature was rearranged to include 33 unreserved, freely elected seats, with only 10 seats reserved for Europeans. Africans were given four seats on the Council of Ministers, Europeans three. The unreserved seats in the legislature, of course, were certain to go to Africans in any election. For the first time, Africans had a majority in Kenya's government. It had taken the British three years to right a wrong they had maintained for more than half a century.

The white settlers, of course, were violently opposed to such developments. After the crushing of the Mau Mau they had expected a return to their previous dominance. Instead, they heard the government issue proclamations

promising an end to all legalized segregation and the opening of the Highlands to all races; they saw their power in the legislature officially destroyed; and in 1959, for the first time, they heard a white man sentenced to death for the murder of an African. The settlers raised a furious cry against such changes. In 1960, after the constitutional conference, they sent their own delegation to London for one last, desperate try. They pleaded for continued forms of segregation and for a promise that the White Highlands would be declared a separate political unit. When this failed, they tried to reestablish power in the legislature by seeking unity with other minority groups—such as the Goans and the Seychellese. But neither of these groups had forgotten the contempt with which the settlers had previously treated them, and this effort failed too.

As a result the settlers withdrew their confidence and support from Kenya. They sent all of their liquid capital out of the colony: between March and November of 1960 almost \$30,000,000 was sent out. The value of stocks in large Kenya concerns dropped steadily, and by the end of 1960 a severe economic slump had overcome the economy. Whites “mined” their farms—grew “quickie” crops designed for immediate profits at the expense of the long-range welfare of the soil. Many sold out or left the country. In August, 1961, it was announced that in the previous three months 1,582 people had emigrated.

In 1961 Paul Ngei, an ex-Mau Mau, helped the fleeing whites on their way by proclaiming, “Africans were made beggars in their own country while Europeans farmed comfortably on the Highlands. These Europeans must have their farms taken from them! This is *our* country!” This was an understandable attitude for the Africans to have had; but soon they began to change their tune. By 1963, with independence definitely set for the end of that year and with the legislature firmly in their hands, they began to realize the possible disastrous results of the white exodus. The outflow of white money and capital, which had after all been almost the sole support of the economy, threatened to ruin the country before it was created. African leaders began to appeal to the whites to stay. Tom Mboya (Secretary of Labor) spoke to hundreds of whites

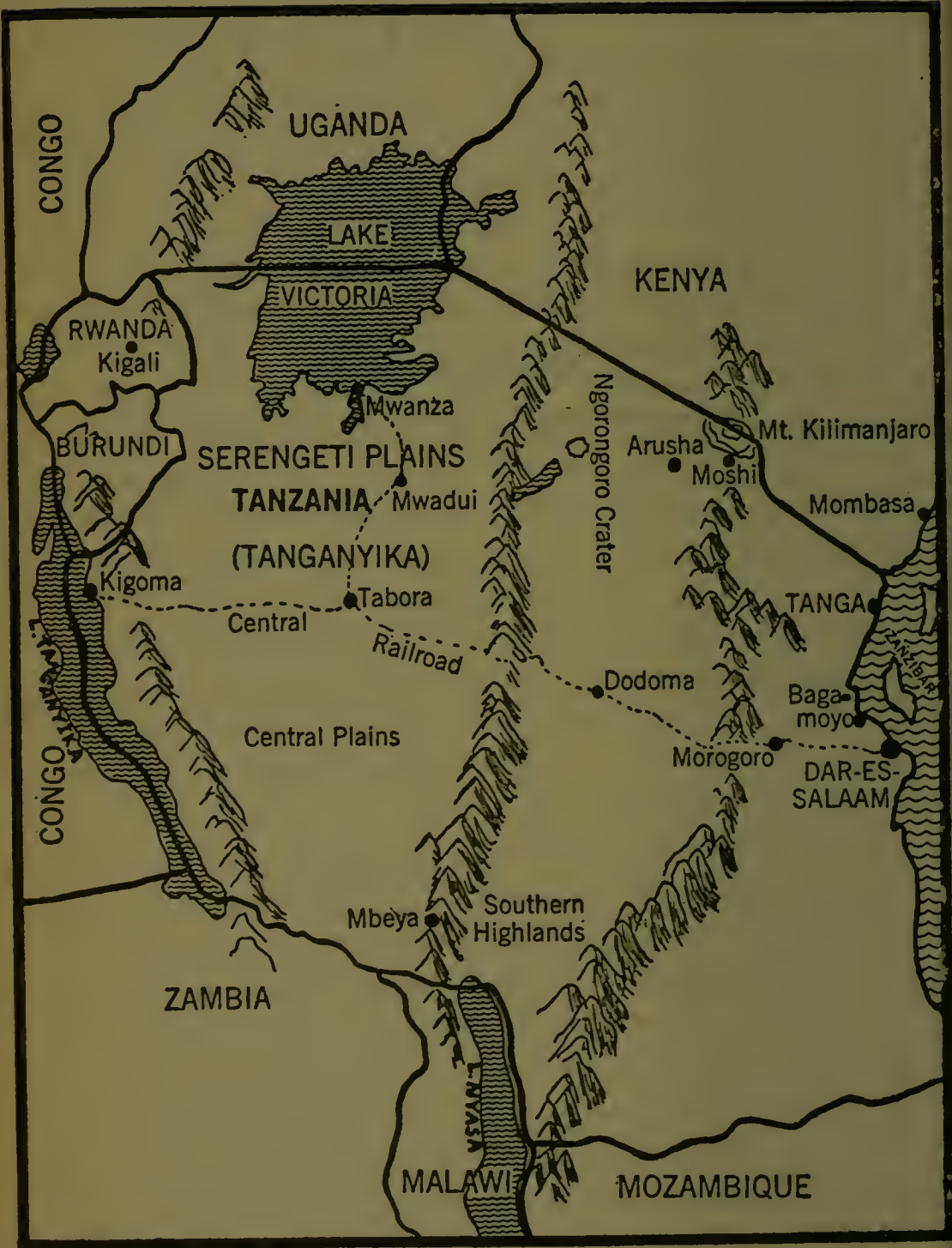
at a political gathering, asking them to "forgive and forget." "Kenya needs black, brown, white, and yellow people who will live and work together," he said. And even Kenyatta seconded him, though ironically: "Even South Africans would be welcome to stay and farm."

But the new government had other, equally pressing problems. In 1955, when the British allowed the Africans to begin organizing politically, they had permitted only district organizations. This had had the unfortunate effect of encouraging political development along tribal lines. During the next decade this tendency grew more and more pronounced, and frequently resulted not only in political stalemate but in violence and death. Political gatherings often turned into riots. Every pre-election campaign was tense with reports of intertribal battles. All tribes feared the Kikuyu, not only the most advanced tribe but the most numerous; and such fears were increased by reports of renewed Mau Mau oathings in Central Province. Masai and Somalis threatened to secede from the new nation, and were restrained only through force.

These tribal tensions were somewhat lulled by the establishment of a modified form of constitutional regionalism and the creation of a one-party system. When Kenya was declared independent on December 12, 1963, these concessions to regionalism, KANU party's domination of the electorate, and the immense popularity of Kenyatta (who became President as soon as he was freed) had created what seemed to be sufficient unity to overcome the problem. But the strains of tribalism have remained. In May, 1966, the Vice President of the country, Oginga Odinga, leader of the powerful Luo tribe, broke off from KANU party to form his own new party, and was reported to have offered a group of ex-Mau Maus half a million dollars to begin a new civil war against Kenyatta's government—along the same lines of the old fight against the British.

It is the hangover of tribalism, the same problem that killed tens of thousands of Watutsi and that threw the Congo into bloody turmoil. Whether it will erupt in Kenya and replace the evils of white racism with the evils of black tribalism, is yet to be seen.

The Wildlife



AFRICA ADDIO:

The camera is in a helicopter flying low over jungle. The jungle thins out and ends, but the copter flies on. Below, a herd of buffalo, frightened by the copter, flees through swampy bush; but the pilot is not interested in buffalo. He flies on until he reaches a huge, open, dry plain, where he spots an elephant. One quick pass makes sure that it's a bull, good-sized, bearing heavy tusks. The copter swings off a few hundred yards, settles gently down, and lets out a white hunter. Then the copter swings back to the elephant and forces it toward the hunter. When the elephant has been driven close enough, the pilot swings away again—as if leery of the hunter's aim—and the hunter blasts away. His first shot only knocks the elephant down. It takes another shot, from point-blank range, to finish him off. But then, after the traditional victory photo—from which the helicopter is discreetly omitted—the hunt is all over. It's all been remarkably efficient: it's taken only about 15 minutes.

Once upon a time you could respect the African big-game hunter. Once upon a time he went about his pleasures in a serious way. As they say, he gave the animals a chance. He was not exclusively interested in a trophy or a photograph of himself standing next to the dead carcass. The old-time safari was, as much as possible, truly an expedition into the wild primeval. It pushed deep into the forest and met it on its own terms. Tracking of the game was a relatively fair and difficult operation, performed with cere-

mony and skill. Such a safari could cover as much as 3,000 miles a month and might last as long as three months. It was a laborious and challenging proposition; but the hunters truly explored Africa, lived the dream, truly stalked the lion to his lair. Of course, it was an expensive operation. Outfitting involved guns that could cost thousands of dollars apiece, ammo, camping equipment, special clothes, bearers, transportation, and of course, a great white hunter to lead the way. The total often ran to above \$10,000 a month per head. But the first hunters thought it worthwhile.

Such sentiments, however, soon corrupted. While there are very few Hemingways around, there are too many fools and buffoons, who know nothing of what they are doing. But the most corrupting influence has not been foolishness or incompetence; it has been modernity. In the last few decades, most hunters have had neither the time nor the patience nor the skill to carefully, patiently stalk their game. They are willing to invest their money, but they want results, fast and definite. This the guides soon learned; and they soon learned how to oblige. For example: today prides of lions are trained to be ready for a kill, to be trained, living sacrifices. It's relatively easy to do. On his off days in the bush a guide merely stalks a pride of lions, finds their habitual site, throws them a chunk of meat, and at the same moment, blows on an ultrasonic Galton whistle (which animals hear perfectly, but human ears can't detect). Soon the lions learn that the whistle means food, and soon they are ready to trot out to the sacrifice whenever they hear the ultrasonic whistle.

With this ace up his sleeve, a guide is in a position to oblige the modern hunter whenever his patience runs out. He simply pretends to be following a trail or spoor, whispers fearfully that he believes that there might be some terribly ferocious beasts around, signals to his best boy to blow the whistle (behind the client's back), and out trots the prey, innocently expecting a meal. The hunter, caught up in the incredible danger and excitement of the moment, never notices anything amiss. Delighted, he hefts his new-bought cannon to his shoulder, and blasts the pride to pieces.

Of course, some of these great modern hunters, too impatient to bother learning the skills and lore of hunting, caring too little and knowing even less, have occasionally suffered. It has happened, for instance, that some rich innocent has excited a lion into a charge, then blasted away at the center of the great, hairy head—only to learn, too late, that more than half of that impressive tawny muff is only hair, while the head itself is very, very small. It's the hard way to learn that lesson. Others have used soft-nosed bullets when hard-nosed bullets were necessary; this, too, has unfortunate results. And others, carried away with the excitement of their first kill, have been known to try to club a wounded lion to death with a rifle—a method that seldom works out too well for the hunter.

But the ultimate step in the corruption of the African safari has been developed in the last few years. Now the impatient hunter does not even have to schedule an entire day for his safari. Now it takes only 15 minutes. And the hunter need not buy vast amounts of equipment. He merely rents it. Now there is no stalking, no long, uncomfortable trek in a bouncing Land Rover, no tiring hike through the bush after an elusive quarry. Now the hunter merely flies into Nairobi, trots into the terminal, changes his clothes for something more appropriate (for the victory photos), trots back out of the terminal to a waiting helicopter, and off he goes, fearlessly flying straight into—oh well, over—the heart of the forest. When the pilot spots, say, an elephant, he chases it around with the helicopter until the elephant is sufficiently weary to be easy and safe prey, then drops the great white hunter off in a picturesque spot, lifts back into the air, and herds the stumbling elephant toward its doom. The dauntless hunter, if he hasn't dozed off, hoists his borrowed hardware to his shoulder, and blasts the elephant (and often himself) flat. Before either has picked himself up, the guide finishes the elephant off. Then a few minutes are spent taking boastful photographs, the hero is dragged back into the helicopter, and in a few hours he can be back in his office, bragging about his heroics.

Needless to say, these "quickie" safaris (paid for on the installment plan) are having a serious decimative effect on the game of Africa. They affect even animals who are

never shot at, When one member of a pride of lions—a carefully structured, emotionally interdependent family—is killed, the whole group often fragments into independent neurotics who spend their time climbing trees, staring blankly into space, or brooding. And they do not breed.

Even worse is the effect that modern equipment can have when put to the purpose of poaching. Today, in Africa, poaching is big business.

AFRICA ADDIO:

A broad plain on which a large herd of zebra grazes. Suddenly two Land Rovers, hooked together with a heavy rope about 100 yards long, zip into view. Going at full tilt, the rope stretched tight between them, they drive straight for the herd. The zebras run; but, quick as they are, they cannot outrace the Rovers. One by one they tire, fall behind, and are overtaken by the snapping, whistling rope. Whipping up from behind, it cuts their legs out from under them. The Rovers rush on, chasing the herd until it is decimated. Soon the plain is littered with zebra, their legs broken, struggling to get up. CUT.

A new set of poachers, this time trying to capture baby elephants alive, comes into view. They too are driving Land Rovers. Spotting a mother elephant and her baby, they drive toward the mother. To protect her baby, she charges the truck; quickly it swerves away. The mother pauses. The truck returns. The mother charges again, again, again. Soon she has been driven into a frenzy of rage and drawn away from her baby, who is easily captured alive and hauled off to be shipped to some distant city. Delivered alive, it is worth about \$3,000. Only one in 10 lives; but still, it is so easy to catch them this way that the operation is highly profitable.

Nowadays the mechanized poacher can get anywhere he wants in Africa. Where walking is too slow, the jeep is

used. Where the jeep can't go, a helicopter will. Compared to the rewards, the costs are negligible. They drive or fly in, haul out their huge modern weapons—sometimes hand grenades, bazookas, and machine guns—and blast away. In a few moments a fortune has been made. Figure it out. The poacher today in Africa makes about \$.50 a pound for elephant tusks. If he pulls down a big bull, the tusks may weigh 300 pounds (the world's record is 500 pounds, but that is a thing of the past), and that means \$150 on just one animal. Even given the diminishment in the average size of the elephants today—this is one of the results of poaching—an ordinary pair of tusks still weighs 140 pounds. That's an average of \$70 per kill—and the poachers kill with incredible ferocity. In 1957, in a 20- by 25-mile area along the Gorlana and Tana rivers in Kenya, a government patrol discovered 1280 elephant carcasses. That's about \$90,000 worth of ivory. In 1963 in the same area, the *Africa Addio* film crew discovered and photographed 750 more elephant carcasses—all stripped of their ivory.

Authorities estimate that in Kenya alone 5,000 elephants are poached every year. For *Africa Addio*, Jacopetti filmed more than 160,000 pounds of sequestered ivory ready for auction. This was only one-fifth of the yearly police catch—which is only a fraction of the yearly turnover. Most of the ivory gets by the police, and leaves the country when the monsoons blow to the east. Then hundreds of smuggler's *dhow*s slip out of little bays and inlets along East Africa's coast, and head for India.

Not only the elephants suffer—almost any species has something of value. Zebra skins bring more than \$200 in the U.S.A. In 1962, when Jacqueline Kennedy and Queen Elizabeth started a fad for leopard-skin coats, the demand became so great that one poacher admitted netting \$50,000 in just one year from poached leopard skins. Wildebeeste tails, used as fancy fly whisks in various parts of the world, bring the poacher about \$5 apiece. Heads of lions, buffalo, and other big game that are sold as trophies bring good prices. Rhino horn, in the Far East and Africa thought to be a powerful aphrodisiac, brings about \$1.50 a pound to the poacher. Even the rhino's penis is

valuable—after being dried, stretched, and oiled, it is made into the feared *sjambok*, a vicious whip that some colonists still use.

And there is a huge traffic in Africa in poached meat. Elephants, zebra, rhino, and other animals are slaughtered, butchered, and shipped out across the continent in a large-scale, well-organized racket that extends from the poachers in the forest, through transportation and middlemen, down to bicycle boys who regularly deliver portions of meat to steady customers. Meat poachers hit the game preserves especially hard; there the game is easiest to get. In Murchison Falls National Park in Uganda the wardens discovered that they were fighting a losing battle against cleverly organized meat-poaching gangs up to 70 strong.

Seeing the easy profit to be made from a skill of which they have been masters for centuries, and delighting in breaking any laws that they associate with the white man, Africans have moved into the poaching business on a grand scale. For example, the Acholi, a tribe living on the border of the Sudan and Uganda, are master poachers.

AFRICA ADDIO:

The camera follows the Acholi on a poaching raid. Hundreds of Acholi have encircled a wildebeeste. In moments he has been crippled by at least 50 spears. The Acholi dart in for the kill, jabbing more and more spears into their prey until he finally crumples and dies. CUT.

Another line of Acholi has broken out of the bush onto the plain. Ahead of them are leopards, buffalo, cheetahs, elephants. Everything is killed, from the tiniest deer to the elephant. CUT.

The Acholi surround an elephant. Stuck full of spears, he stands in agony while tens more rain down on him. CUT.

Now they have a hippo trapped in a bog. Unmoving, the hippo roars out one last bellow of defiance—but before he has closed his mouth a half-dozen spears have been thrust into it. When the hippo

finally collapses, he is so full of spears that he looks like a pincushion.

Once they have slaughtered all the flushed-out game, the Acholi strip off the skins, tails, tusks, and horns, the heads and manes of lions and other animals whose heads are valuable as trophies, hide them in secret places in the forest, and then filter away. Very seldom are they caught. When they are, the waste somehow seems even worse.

AFRICA ADDIO:

A game warden's helicopter spots a group of poachers, but before the copter can land most of the poachers have escaped into the forest. A few are captured and tied up. Then the half-dozen men in the warden's patrol drag hundreds of zebra carcasses, freshly killed, into a giant heap. They douse it with gasoline and set it aflame. At least the poachers cannot profit from their handiwork if they return; and at least the rotting corpses will not be left to spread disease. But all that remains of an entire herd of valuable zebra is a heavy column of greasy smoke.

African poachers don't rely only on the methods of mass massacre. They have many far cleverer tactics. Sometimes they dig huge pits deep in the forests. When an elephant stumbles into one of these, it starves to death. Or they attach coils of strong barbed wire to heavy logs, which they leave along elephant tracks. When an elephant steps into the coils, the barbed wire tangles around its legs, digs deeply into its hide and, as it drags the log around with it, eventually cuts and bleeds it to death. Then the poacher strips the carcass of the ivory and the tiny tuft of hair at the tip of the tail—tourists like the bracelets the natives make of these—and leaves the rest to rot. The easiest and most common method of killing and trapping wild game is the use of an even cleverer wire snare. Care-

fully choosing a location through which they know herds of animals will pass, Africans erect miles of thornbush fencing in which they leave gaps mined with these snares. The animals have no choice but to pass through the gaps, where the snares, tied to heavy logs, catch them around the neck and slowly choke them to death. As they die, hyenas and vultures pick at their guts and eyes. Sometimes these snares are set out with the imagination and organization of an army mining a no-man's land. But any ordinary African family can lay them with hardly any trouble. And just 10 of them in a six-month period can yield up to 300 animals.

Then there is poison. With spears, arrows, and darts that have been tipped with poison, an African can make himself a fine living. Enough poison for a year's butchery generally costs only about \$1.50. The government has so far refused to bar the sale of these poisons because the natives claim they need it for self-protection. And then there are homemade or ancient guns—old, antiquated muzzle-loaders considered ineffectual against human beings but allowed as “protection” against wild animals. These guns are usually loaded with rocks, old bolts, chunks of metal and glass, and are so ineffective that the trash they spew out generally lodges just under an animal's skin. Still, over a period of years, many animals are slowly worn down, gradually, time after time, shot to pieces. But the cleverest and most gruesome poacher's tactic is the rubbing-tree ruse. Just as the children's books say, every elephant has a favorite rubbing tree, to which it returns again and again to scratch its massive hide. When an African poacher finds such a tree, he saws halfway through it, plants a sharpened stake behind it, then cheerfully trots back home. When the elephant returns, it leans up against the tree and begins to rub. Of course, the tree breaks. Its balance lost, the elephant topples over and is impaled on the waiting sharpened stake. Later, at his leisure, the poacher returns for the ivory.

In a five-day sweep one small team of government game wardens recently discovered nine poachers' camps, 1,036 steel-wire cables, 22 bows and 25 quivers of poisoned ar-

rows, 20 miles of thorn-bush fencing, hundreds of hides and skins, more than one-half ton of meat, and hundreds of game pits in which wildebeeste, zebra, elan, and several rare roan antelopes were either dead or dying.

The extent of the damage is incredible. Donald Ker, head of Nairobi's foremost safari company, estimates that in Kenya and Tanganyika alone more than 300 wild animals are killed every day. Governments have tried various ways of cutting back on the massacres, but none has worked. The Governments of Kenya and Tanganyika, hoping to put the middlemen and exporters out of business, offered to buy "found" ivory, no questions asked. At one time the Tanganyika Government was paying a rate for "found" ivory that was higher than the black-market rate. So the poachers gleefully slaughtered still more animals, cut off the tusks, and brought them in for their reward. When the government price was cut, the flow of "found" ivory diminished—but not the poaching.

Even when a poacher is caught—a difficult feat in the first place—it is hard to convict him. Any ambulance chaser can usually find some legal technicality that has been overlooked, and the poacher generally gets off scot-free. When this happens, the poacher cheerfully wanders back to his happy hunting grounds, convinced more firmly than ever that all European laws are mad. Even if the poacher is convicted, the sentence is generally so light—either an easily paid fine or a short, restful term of imprisonment—that it has no deterrent effect whatsoever. One captured Uganda poacher reported candidly: "I remember, when I was a child, if we caught a thief we cut off his right hand. Then there were very few thieves. Now the country is full of thieves. If captured, their punishment is such that it pays them to go on thieving—like I do. The law is ridiculous."

Jacopetti relates a story demonstrating the respect with which the African animal used to be held:

In Queen Elizabeth Park, as in every other African national park, the principle was in force that the visitor literally could not even move a

stone. It was obligatory, among other things, to keep the car windows closed in the park, even if it was 100 degrees in the shade. Nevertheless a regular visitor to Queen Elizabeth had a close friendship with an elephant. He went to visit it almost every day and brought it delicacies. The animal was spoiled, and associated the idea of an automobile, from which the arm stretched out the food, with the food itself. So the elephant began to molest any vehicle that came close to it. When it didn't see any food forthcoming, it would reach out its trunk and shake the car, maybe hoping that some nuts would fall out. Well, this animal was brought before a judge because it had damaged a dozen cars. Get this: it was a real trial with a judge, a public minister, a defending lawyer, and witnesses. All the newspapers in West Africa followed that trial with detailed reportage. Public opinion was aroused as it was in Italy for the Bitters crime, for example. And when the elephant was absolved, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

AFRICA ADDIO:

Frolicking in a large, placid lake, hippos rise to the surface, roll, yawn cavernously, lazily. Near them a family of elephants cool themselves in the water. Deer and buffalo meander down to the lake's edge to drink. It is a scene of absolute tranquillity and security.

Suddenly it explodes. Using high-powered rifles, two hunters standing in a Land Rover are shooting carelessly, haphazardly, at anything they see. They blast away into the buffalo herd, and the animals fall like tenpins. One shot drops the biggest elephant bull. His family gathers around, prodding him, trying to make him rise. That makes them easier targets. Down they go. Now it is the hippos' turn. Instantly the lake

churns with their death throes. Instantly, the water has turned red with blood.

As suddenly as they started, the hunters stop shooting. Now teams of Africans move in with trucks and tractors. Hooking heavy lines over the front fangs of the dead hippos' mouths, they drag their huge carcasses out of the lake with tractors. Butchers swarm around the gigantic carcasses, hacking at them with machetes. Inside one bloated belly they discover an unborn baby hippo. No time for pity. It is tossed aside. In the midday African heat, the operation must be completed quickly. The butchers hack away with axes and scythes, throwing great chunks of meat onto the trucks. Around the carcasses the ground turns into a mire of blood.

It is finished in minutes. The meat, the ivory, the tusks and the skins have all been tossed into the backs of trucks, and the Africans drive them away. Then the vultures drop down for a free meal. They come down by the hundreds. They swarm over a carcass, covering it with a flapping, screaming blanket of wings and tearing beaks. Suddenly it explodes in a gory geyser of blood and feathers. To cut down on the vulture population, the game wardens have mined the carcasses. But nothing discourages the gluttonous vultures. One after another new swarms arrive and are blasted to pieces. It is a fitting end to the day's work.

But even after all the carcasses have been detonated, there are plenty more vultures, and by the next day the slaughtered animals' bones have been picked bare. It is a junkyard of skeletons—huge elephant jawbones, rib cages, spines, skulls. Thousands and thousands of bones are scattered motionless, bizarrely, starkly white in the hot African sun.

Today, in various parks and preserves, these hunts, known as the "Friday harvests," occur with absolute regularity—one every week. They are shocking to see, horrifying in their carnage. But there is no waste allowed. Almost

every ounce of the meat slaughtered in the Friday harvests is sold for food in African markets; the ivory and horn is sold by the government; and the hides are used to make tables, shoes, gloves, and other useful articles. And the harvests are absolutely necessary. The parks are limited areas, which often were staked out on land nobody wanted for other purposes because it was semi-arid, providing only poor foliage. If the animals in the parks were not controlled, this foliage would soon be devoured and the animals would starve. Also, some species—like elephants and hippos—reproduce far more rapidly than others, and if they weren't controlled they would quickly take over the parks, while slower-reproducing species would starve. When the animals roamed freely over the entire continent, the balance of nature remedied these problems; but now, with the animals confined in limited areas, artificial cropping is essential.

The balance of nature is a simple but delicate arrangement of four elements—water, soil, vegetation, and wild life. In the old Africa the natives did not tamper with this balance. Unlike modern man, they were a part of nature. What they grew on their farms and killed when hunting was only what they needed for sustenance. But when the whites came to Africa they introduced the cash economy, and grew huge crops not for their own sustenance but to sell to distant cities or to other parts of the world. They forced the natives to accept a cash economy, forced them off the fertile plains and back into hilly, forested areas that the natives then had to clear and burn to make room for new farms. This ruined the forests, destroyed precious watersheds, and deprived the wild game of its natural habitat and forage. The whites themselves cleared off vast tracts, destroying more forest and watershed land. Neither blacks nor whites practiced crop rotation or soil conservation. To earn as much as possible, they simply took all they could get from the land, then left it barren. Barren, it eroded.

Erosion, once seriously established, is not something easily remedied. On the earth's surface there is an average of only one foot of topsoil. Once a watershed has been destroyed, winds and rains can sweep the land bare of its

topsoil in a few months—or in a day. But it takes from 300 to 1,000 years for natural processes to replace just one inch of this precious topsoil. Today huge areas of Africa are eroded and left with almost no topsoil. Without topsoil, nothing grows. The animals die. The land is transformed to waste. Jan Smuts said many years ago that in South Africa erosion is a bigger problem than anything political. The same is true in Tanganyika, Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi, Kenya, and other countries. It is a terribly serious problem.

In Africa, whites and blacks developed huge herds of domestic grazing animals, which in almost every area were allowed to overgraze the land. The effects were devastating. Grass was destroyed, the land trampled flat. Erosion set in, and huge portions of Africa were transformed into dust bowls. But the ways of wild game are much different from the ways of man's domestic herds. Where several different species of wild animals live in the same neighborhood, each has a slightly different, complementary diet: giraffes eat leaves from trees, elephants eat leaves of bushes, zebras graze from the ground. Zoologists have run controlled tests that prove that wild ungulates (hoofed, herbivorous animals) produce from 2 to 15 times the yield of domestic cattle *with no overgrazing*, are more flexible in their diets and water needs, suffer less from disease, and grow and reproduce much more quickly. Thus it has been suggested that it would be wiser to raise wild, not domestic, animals for meat.

But neither whites nor blacks have seriously tried following this suggestion. They persist in maintaining huge domesticated herds, and domestic cattle continue to block waterholes and churn them into mud bogs and destroy grassland. Virtually all of East Africa's rangeland has been overgrazed in this way, and in Central Africa at least 1,500,000 acres of land have been destroyed. Recently, during a drought in the Ngorongoro Crater (Tanganyika), once a refuge for some of Africa's vastest herds of wild game, the Masai moved in, drove out the wild game, and allowed only their domestic cattle to use the waterholes. Now the crater is turning into a dust bowl, and all that remains of the once-great herds of wild game can almost be counted on a tourist's fingers.

The mere presence of modern man—railroads, automobiles, airplanes, helicopters, oil-seeking expeditions that penetrate into the heart of the forests—is enough to disturb many species so seriously that they cannot breed. Large cities, suburbs, factories, extensive road systems, fences, and broad open expanses that animals learned to fear to pass have disrupted the animals' migration habits. Large numbers have been cut off from necessary forage land, and the land they have been restricted to is being overused. Both the land and the animals suffer greatly.

One of the white man's most idiotic actions was his attempt at tsetse-fly control. In many areas, believing wild animals to be the primary carriers of the tsetse fly, white colonists systematically destroyed game and vegetation. Entire areas were absolutely leveled—the flora burned and bulldozed down, the game killed or driven off. In Uganda in 1953, for instance, the British initiated a spectacular program of tsetse-fly control—in 10 years they exterminated more than 60,000 head of game. And the tsetse fly was not cut back at all. In Rhodesia more than 300,000 head of game have been exterminated and huge tracts of land bulldozed flat or burned black. And the tsetse fly still hums there, too. But what once were immense forests and grazing areas are now billiard-table flat and turning into dust wastes.

In Africa this hardly seemed to bother colonialist governments. Such vast blunders were simply passed off as minor miscalculations. No one cared. Had they cared, they might have followed the lead of Kenya, which has almost eradicated the tsetse fly without killing one wild animal through the use of insecticides.

The outlook for the animal population of Africa is not all grim. Poachers still maraud, a hard core of vicious illegal hunters still continue their depredations, and in certain sections farmers and ranchers are still destroying their land. But most African governments now realize the importance of their game as a source of food and as an important tourist attraction, and understand the terrible consequences of certain farming techniques. Now, especially in South Africa, Tanganyika, and Kenya, the govern-

ments are working hard to cut back on poaching, illegal hunting, and land waste.

And even the hunters seem to be changing their attitudes. Today more and more safaris are shooting the animals with cameras, not guns. This method is still exciting and adventurous; indeed, if pushed to an extreme, as some enthusiasts do, it is more dangerous than the old, gun-toting slaughters. But cameras do not destroy the game, and the trophies they bring are far more beautiful and interesting than any stuffed head.

But today the game in Africa amounts to less than one-twentieth of the herds that existed 30 years ago. One afternoon in 1903 in Nyeri Township, Kenya (an area about the size of Manhattan Island), a captain of the King's African Rifles watched while more than 700 elephants wandered lazily past his barracks. When the captain tried to count the numbers of a passing herd of gazelle he gave up at 752. He didn't even begin counting the rhino, giraffe, wildebeeste, zebra, and other species that meandered carelessly over the land—it was obviously impossible. Fifty years later, on the Athi and Kapiti plains (an area considerably larger than Nyeri Township and once the home of some of Africa's largest herds) the game was counted once again. The modern team had a tremendous advantage over the game-counting captain; they flew above the plains in helicopters and used mechanical counters. But as it turned out they didn't need them. They counted precisely 60 gazelle, 100 giraffe, and only 10 rhino.

Once Africa's impenetrable forests teemed with game, and its broad plains were covered as far as the eye could see with endless herds of elephant, zebra, rhinos, antelope, giraffe. But today many of these species are on the verge of extinction. In 1960 Kenya authorities announced that they estimated that there were fewer than 100 cheetahs left in the country; that the roan antelope and the rhino, once so plentiful, had become for all intents and purposes extinct; and that the lion, that most respected and sought-after of animals, may have been pursued beyond the point of recovery. Once the stampedes and migrations of wild herds colored Africa's sky red with dust that hung in the air for weeks; today the few survivors of the ravages of

modern civilization—and modern crime—are confined in relatively small, scattered game parks and reserves that are maintained at considerable expense. And even in the reserves the animals are still pursued.

The old Africa, the last stronghold of untamed nature, the untouched home of man's origins, the Africa of the deep silence shredded by the lion's chilling roar—that Africa is dead. Fifty years ago it existed, but today it is only fodder for story book and hunters' dreams. It is better to forget it. Today it is better to remember the warning of a white hunter still operating in Kenya: "Go now to Africa. Your trophies and your pictures may be all of Africa's great game that your sons will ever see."

Angola



At six o'clock that morning I woke up with the noise and when I came to the window of my room I saw the house of the manager of the Fazenda being attacked by hundreds of blacks, maybe 400 of them. Most of these blacks I had never seen around M'Bridge. Almost at the same time the terrorists began to attack the other houses and installations. I grabbed my hunting rifle and started to shoot at them from my window, but I was running short of ammunition and my African houseboy, Joao, made a dash for the house next door to collect more ammunition. He never made it. A band of terrorists caught him, killed him with *catana* [machete] blows and then cut off his head and sexual organs. Then the crazy savages lifted those things in the air, like trophies, and they began jumping about in a dance, yelling and whistling and laughing.

They were bringing out the other captured men onto the ground in front of the installations, and they started slaughtering them in the most horrible ways. The screaming victims were still alive when the beasts cut their eyes out of their sockets, cut their hands off, castrated them, and cut their bellies open and pulled their insides out. I was trembling with horror and fear. . . .

Oh, God, what they did to my old friend, Jose, truly the kindest man who ever lived. The terrorists skinned him alive! The piercing screams of my old friend . . . I can still hear them in my ears!

Then, the turn came for women and children. The beasts made no color discrimination. They slaughtered white, mulatto, and Negro alike. They would throw the smaller children high up into the air, then let them drop on the soil to break their bones, and then the bastards would play a brutal game of football with the bodies of those dying children, while the mothers screamed like crazy in the hands of the beasts. I didn't believe that anything so evil could exist in the world!

Afterward, they started on the women. The married women and young girls alike. They were disrobed and raped savagely by scores of the beasts. I refuse to describe some of the horribly obscene things they did to those poor women before they finally killed them . . . the savages cut the breasts off practically each one of them and pushed sticks of wood through their lower parts as they died. Almost like cannibals, they abused the body of a pretty white girl of eighteen and then they tied her to a tree, crucified her, cut off her breasts and put one in each of her outstretched hands. . . .

I was about to use my last cartridge on myself when the terrorists jumped on me and captured me alive. By this time they were fed up with blood, I guess, because they were going to give me a longer torture. They put pepper in my eyes, tied my hands and feet, and dragged me on the ground in a kind of race.

I guess I have to believe in miracles because I was still alive when that Air Force plane came flying low over the Fazenda and started machine-gunning the terrorists. They ran like rabbits back into the forest.

—Statement, Portuguese Settler, March 15, 1961. From *The Fabric of Terror* by Bernardo Teixeira. Copyright 1965 by The Devin-Adair Company, New York.

Angola is just one big happy family, a multiracial community where blacks and whites have equality of opportunity and live together amicably; the horror described by the unfortunate settler from M'Bridge was the work of a few hooligans hired by the international Communist conspiracy; it must be so, for in Angola everyone but the Communists is happy with things the way they are—or so you would think if you believed the reams of propaganda that pour from Portuguese presses.

The Portuguese spend a lot of money on this propaganda—and understandably. In Portugal, colonialism is big business. More than that, colonialism is its life blood: if Portugal were to lose its colonies it would be plunged into poverty as intense and hopeless as many of the new African countries. For today little Portugal runs the world's largest remaining colonial empire.

In this empire Angola is the most important part. It is one of the richest parts of Africa. Belgians say it is richer than Katanga. No one knows what fortunes in gold, copper, diamonds, manganese, and oil lie untapped beneath its soil. The Portuguese haven't really begun to find out; they know that, even without tapping new resources, Angola is rich: the few mines it has bothered to open produce over \$20 million worth of diamonds annually; oil, discovered only 10 years ago, is already an important export; more coffee is grown here than in any other African country—more than \$60 million worth is exported annually; and when sizable export crops of sisal, maize, sugar, and cotton are added in, the sum is an impressively favorable balance of trade. In 1962, despite the fact that there was a revolution in process, Angola's exports were worth \$22 million more than its imports.

Angola's 500,000 square miles make it 14 times as large as Portugal itself, equal to one-half the area of Europe, larger than Spain, France, Germany, and Portugal combined. Its largest seaports—Luanda, Lobito, and Mocamedes—rank with Africa's finest harbors. The waters off its Mediterranean-like coastal lowlands teem with fish. Behind the Niompoka Mountains, which separate the coast from the interior, the 7,000-foot-high central plateau is

delightfully cool, well-irrigated by many rivers, and extremely fertile. But all that makes it just slightly more desirable than the rich plains to the north and south.

The Portuguese have been in Angola for almost 500 years, longer than any other Europeans below the Sahara, longer, the Portuguese say, than any significant tribe now in the colony. While Africans fought among themselves, emigrated, and were replaced by other tribes, the Portuguese settlers stayed fast. They will tell you that this makes the colony's 600,000 whites more truly Angolan than any of the 4,800,000 Africans there.

The Portuguese did get to Africa early. The first Portuguese to see Angola, Captain Diogo Cao, sailed up the Congo River in 1483. But a century passed before Luanda, Angola's capital and the oldest European settlement south of the Sahara, was founded (1576) on a little island off the mainland. And it wasn't until the middle of the seventeenth century that Luanda really started doing business—as the center of the horrific slave trade to the Americas. From Luanda, more than 30,000 slaves were exported annually, and it became known as the “West-African Zanzibar”—justly so. The inhuman cruelties of Luanda's slave trade, and its profits, could be compared only to the horrors of Zanzibar under Seyyid Said. But slaving was the only business the early Portuguese really developed in Angola, and thus, 400 years after Cao landed, the Portuguese still had not truly colonized Angola. Except for a few outposts along the coast, the rest of the country remained totally out of their control, and there was little the settlers could do about it. As late as 1910 a British encyclopedia reported that “under Portuguese management the wealth of Angola is undeveloped and decaying. The finances, in spite of very heavy taxes, are most unprosperous.”

The rest of the once-powerful Portuguese empire, which had extended from Asia and Africa to South America, had been destroyed. Its slave trade had been abolished, and the Portuguese had nothing left of their glorious past in the rest of the world but fragments and memories.

But at the end of the nineteenth century the great European powers began a hungry scramble to grab up Africa's

potential wealth, and suddenly it seemed that Belgium, England, and France would divide Portugal's African colonies among them. Rhodes chopped a corridor (the Rhodesias) between Angola and Mozambique, and the Belgians cut right through Angola to build themselves a port on the Atlantic at the mouth of the Congo River. It was this scramble and the fear of being ousted from Angola that finally roused the Portuguese from their stupor. To maintain their "rights," they began to establish actual control over the territories they claimed.

This proved a difficult job. In 1902 the entire Bailundu tribe rebelled against vicious Portuguese forced-labor raids. It took thousands of troops two costly years to finally subdue them, but then the Cuanhama rebelled. They harassed their neighbors, stole cattle, and refused to submit to the Portuguese. In 1904 they ferociously ambushed a Portuguese column marching into Cuanhama territory, and the Portuguese troops left 300 behind dead as they fled to the sea. Desperately, the empire scraped together its last resources and remnants of power. It massed an army of 1,400 Europeans, 1,000 natives, 10 cannon, 54 machine guns, 1,600 rifles, and 50 cars, and thrust deep into Cuanhama territory, straight at their chief's stronghold. On August 27, 1906, 20,000 Cuanhamas came out to meet the Portuguese; but spears and arrows were out of date. The Cuanhama were massacred. But then, to the north, the Dembo rebelled. They gave refuge to deserters, escaped laborers, and criminals, plundered villages, and held the captives for ransom. In 1908, when two Portuguese columns marched into Dembo territory, the Dembo ambushed the columns, killed more than 20 per cent of the soldiers, then filtered back into the hills and forests to wage a continuing guerrilla war. It was three years before the settlers dared to follow the troops.

However, by 1919, after many costly battles, the Portuguese had finally won Angola. The settlers look back on those campaigns as heroic struggles fought for the honor of the motherland: it is part of their deep nostalgia for a glorious past of empire and power. In 1932 they held a memorial ceremony at the site of the Cuanhama massacre,

the ceremony was revealingly described in a colonial newspaper:

A roll call of the dead was made, one by one. As each name was called, a marine guard answered, "*Presente.*" When the last name was read, the company of soldiers presented arms and sounded the clarion. The sun went down. No one talked. Soon after, from among the great mass of Africans present, four elderly men advanced. They had taken part in the massacre of 1904. When they arrived at the monument, they kneeled as a sign of respect and submission. This was the best way to close the sad memory of those who died heroically for the glory and splendor of Portugal.

Those four Africans may have kneeled, but if so, they kneeled purely in fear of the Portuguese. The Africans view the wars of conquest from a different perspective. In 1957, when a rumor circulated that guns had been found in a Bimbe village, Africans whispered to one another, "The Bimbe people will rise again. They were the last to surrender."

AFRICA ADDIO:

Ancient and useless, a stone fortress stands rotting in orange sunlight. Cannon of the fifteenth century still guard its ramparts, rusty reminders of the past. A platoon of white Portuguese soldiers marches smartly, solemnly across the upper gundeck, their shadows stark black against the sunlit stones. Still striding in unison, they march down a narrow, dank stairwell, out onto another balcony and the hot sun, and then into the cool sanctuary of a small chapel. As if the empire still existed, the chapel has been kept clean and functional. Purple and white cloth drapes the altar; candles illuminate the dim recesses. Just as in centuries past, a priest stands at the altar,

mumbling his sacraments. As the soldiers enter he stops, crosses himself, and turns to meet them. The soldiers kneel before him, then, each in his turn, receive the sacraments, the wafer and wine of ancient, Roman Catholic Europe, of the ancient Portuguese empire.

After the fall of its monarchy, Portugal was transformed into a republic; but in 1926 reactionary forces, afraid of socialistic measures that the Republic had deemed necessary to alleviate the frightful poverty of the Portuguese masses, staged a *coup d'état* and placed Dr. Antonio Salazar in power. Salazar quickly established himself as an iron-handed dictator intent on keeping the masses suppressed and docile, thus maintaining the power of the "eleven families," a group of Portuguese plutocrats who control literally all of Portugal's wealth. Salazar insured his power by setting up PIDE (Policia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado), a secret police force as ruthless as the Gestapo. The powers of PIDE are unlimited. Anyone suspected of opposition to the regime is subject to unannounced arrest, torture, imprisonment, or execution without trial.

Under Salazar, the politics of Portugal have remained stable—no one dares to oppose him. But the country has also remained unchangedly feudal. Salazar has said: "I do not believe in equality but in hierarchy. Men, in my opinion, would be equal before the law, but I believe it is dangerous to attribute to all the same political rights." Or the same economic rights. While the "eleven families" have grown richer and richer, the mass of the population is still incredibly poor. The average income in Portugal—\$5 a week—is the lowest in Europe, as is the literacy rate. The rate of tuberculosis, on the other hand, is Europe's highest.

The regime Salazar set up in Angola is basically the same as the one he created for the motherland. PIDE is well-established, and there is no legal opposition. A few families and corporations control all the wealth, while the bulk of the population, used as cheap labor for big business, lives in poverty. The average annual wage is about

\$65—a little more than \$1 a week. The infant mortality rate is 60 per cent. More than 99 per cent of the Africans are illiterate. Conditions are so bad that more than a million blacks have chosen to leave—many went to South Africa rather than stay in Angola.

Salazar divided his Africans into two groups—*indigenas* and *assimilados*. The *indigenas* make up 99 per cent of the African population: they are Angola's cheap labor supply. But "cheap" is not the right word. The Portuguese call it "contract labor." Others who have seen the system call it "forced labor." The word is "slavery." By law, any African who is not "gainfully employed" is subject to six- to eighteen-month periods of virtually unpaid labor whenever the government demands—and subsistence farming, the traditional method of self-support that most Africans still must use because there are few jobs open to them, is not considered "gainful" employment. In this system, males are forced to work in mines and on plantations, and women, children, old and/or disabled men are used on road construction. No one is exempt. Once chosen, no one can refuse. In Angola an employer merely submits a statement of his needs to the government, which, through recruiters and headmen, rounds up and supplies the workers. Recruiting labor is called "mining black diamonds"—it's that profitable. A recruiter gets \$35 per head. On the side, the Portuguese Government makes about \$10 million a year by recruiting and shipping forced laborers to South Africa.

Contract laborers are paid wages barely equal to the cost of living. Treatment is brutal and careless. Supervisors slash at them with heavy hippo-hide whips, so vicious that they bite deep into the flesh and leave permanent scars. On the road gangs women are not spared. Many, forced to work despite being pregnant, have aborted. On the plantations it is worse. Every year about 40 per cent of the male labor force dies or is incapacitated. In 1947 Henrique Galvao, head inspector of the Portuguese Overseas Ministry, submitted the following report:

In some ways contract labor is worse than simple slavery. Under slavery the native is bought

as an animal, and so his owner prefers him to remain fit. Yet here the native is not bought—he is hired from the state. So his employer cares little if he sickens or dies, once he is working, because when he dies his employer will merely ask for another. . . . Everything from the pushing of trucks to the draining of the marshes is done by the muscle-power of the natives. A great part of the population flees abroad, and the remainder sink into physical ruin.

A few months after Galvao filed this report PIDE was after him. He disappeared into one of Lisbon's dreary dungeons.

Indigenas have absolutely no rights. They cannot vote—though that is no great loss, since Portuguese elections are fixed. If accused of a crime, they are not permitted a defense lawyer. Punishment includes flogging, forced labor, or the *palmatorio*, a surprisingly effective little paddle the size of a Ping pong bat, the surface of which is punched with a dozen small pockets. When the *palmatorio* is smacked down hard, these pockets suck up the flesh and cause sudden, painful blisters. Half a dozen blows are enough to drive the strongest man to screaming agony.

Dr. Jose Nunes de Oliveira, Inspector General of the Overseas Administration, has tried to justify the treatment of the *indigenas*:

The law distinguishes citizens and natives, civilized and non-civilized, refusing the native who remains attached to ancestral traditions . . . the political rights characteristic of the institutions traditionally European. But in Portugal also the vote is refused to illiterates. The single fact of Europeans existing in similar political conditions is enough to prove that the distinction is absolutely alien to racial considerations. It is not usual, I believe, to give firearms to children for playthings.

Certainly the *indigenas* are given no playthings. They

are given nothing—no vote, no money, no land, no rights. But even forgetting this, Dr. Oliveira's argument has one important fault—racial considerations are crucial to the distinction he makes between civilized and uncivilized blacks, between *assimilado* and *indigena*. For the Portuguese have said that it is impossible to adhere to African traditions and still be civilized.

Some blacks accepted this, gave up their African heritage, and became black Europeans, *assimilados*: would-be Portuguese. *Assimilados*—before the revolution—had several advantages. They were, most important, exempt from contract labor. They could vote in the (fixed) elections. They were free to travel as they pleased, while *indigenas* needed special permits. They paid no head taxes, since they paid income taxes. At certain levels their salaries in government jobs were equal to Europeans'.

Unfortunately, it was almost impossible to become *assimilado*. The Portuguese had created an ingenious vicious circle. To be *assimilado* one had to speak fluent Portuguese; in order to learn Portuguese the African had to go to elementary school; but to be black and still be accepted at elementary school, one had to be *assimilado* to begin with. If an African somehow managed to fight his way out of this dilemma, there were still other difficulties. He had to have a reliable income. For a non-*assimilado*, constantly liable to forced-labor stints, this was a fairly thorny problem. His record of civil behavior and military service had to show utter obedience and loyalty; he needed two character testimonials from Europeans; and above all, he needed patience and money. He had to present currently valid certificates of birth, residence, health, loyalty, literacy, and civil and criminal bureau clearance. The cost of stamps, fees, and certificates—and bribes, of course—added up to at least \$50, which is just about equal to the average African annual wage. To make it worse, each certificate was valid for only three months, and several certificates usually expired before the last one arrived. When that happened, the whole process then began over again.

From the Portuguese point of view this system worked perfectly—until the revolution. In the centuries between 1483 and 1961 only 30,000—less than 1 per cent—of

Angola's Africans managed to become *assimilado*. But after the revolution, Salazar was forced to make one concession: he declared that the distinction between *indigenas* and *assimilados* was to be eradicated. Immediately, all blacks were citizens of Portugal. Salazar must have considered that a great honor to bestow; but it made little impression on the blacks. It was a concession on paper only. It had been meant only for international publicity; the blacks are still treated as they were before.

Angola, however, as the result of immense Portuguese propaganda, has managed to project an image of itself as an unsegregated state. And, superficially, Africans do not appear to suffer racial discrimination as it is manifest in colonies like Rhodesia or South Africa, or as it appeared in Kenya or the Congo. Blacks and whites ride buses on the same seats, shop together in the same markets, use the same stores and banks. Relatively wealthy blacks pay whites to drive taxis for them. A few *assimilados* have positions that make them superior to some whites. And the Portuguese are famously undiscriminating in bed—the most humane kinds of intermingling take place, in Angola, in bed.

There are none of the usual segregation laws; but this is because the economy makes such laws unnecessary. Ninety-nine per cent of the African population—the *indigenas*—certainly don't eat in white restaurants or drink at white bars; they can't afford it. Do *assimilados*? In theory, yes; in practice, no. Any "good" restaurant has a RIGHTS OF ADMISSION RESERVED sign in its window. So do high-class clubs, theaters, swimming pools, etc.

Even those blacks who do manage to become "gainfully employed" are ruthlessly exploited. A European cook makes \$116 a month; an African makes \$17.50. A European electrician makes \$107 a month; an African makes \$36.05. Africans cannot own land privately, for in 1918 the Portuguese passed a law incorporating all "unowned" lands into the state. Tribal lands, of course, were considered unowned. Africans are moved out whenever a white man wants in.

Despite their propaganda, the Portuguese policies in Angola have not set up an equalitarian, multiracial society,

and they were not meant to. They have produced a vast supply of essentially free labor and free land. They have produced money for Portuguese pockets, and money for the coffers of the government in Lisbon. This is what they were meant to do.

In the 1940's and 1950's, to a large degree because Salazar stayed out of World War II, Angola enjoyed a tremendous boom. New railways, port facilities, power stations, dams, irrigation and communications systems were constructed. More mines were opened. Agricultural production was increased. Factories were built. Oil was discovered. Money from the "eleven families" and from carefully selected foreign sources flowed into the colony. American investment, along with British, French, and German capital, was immense. Gulf and Standard Oil are there today, along with Chase Manhattan Bank, Longyear Company, and others; and such governmental sources as the Marshall Plan and the Mutual Aid Agency have poured huge development funds into Angola. American money controls half of the fabulously profitable DIAMANG diamond-mining concern. The U.S.A. is Angola's number-one customer.

These profits do not stay in Angola. They go straight back to the motherland. Salazar has never been interested in developing Angola for its own sake; he is interested only in buttressing the crippled Portuguese economy with colonial profits, which he ruthlessly drains off. In 1959 the Portuguese balance of payments produced a deficit of 4.5 million *escudos*; but after Angolan profits had been absorbed, Portugal ended up almost even.

But in other ways the relationship is mutually beneficial. When overcrowding became a critical problem for tiny Portugal, for instance, Salazar saw a way to help both Portugal and Angola at the same time. He set up special arrangements for emigration from Portugal to Angola, offering free transportation and a stake for any Portuguese who would go. In almost 500 years, between 1483 and 1950, only 80,000 had gone. But with this encouragement, in 11 years, between 1950 and 1961, 120,000 more flowed in. At its high point this flow produced 45,000 net settlers a year. The arriving Portuguese, of course, were

given whatever land they wanted. If Africans were already there, they were forced out. Or, if the project was a large plantation requiring labor, the Africans were forced to stay.

It was this sudden influx of whites that gave the last, crucial impetus to the African rebellion, for the Africans suffered every time a new white entered the colony: it meant a job lost, or land lost, or freedom lost. But even more important, the African leaders understood the real significance of the immigrations. They saw that it was a definite move to bolster the practical foundations of a white-supremacist regime. The new immigrants were the worst kind—poor whites unable to establish their superiority to the Africans on economic or cultural terms. Most of them were illiterate and could not run a profitable farm or business. For status, as poor whites often do, they turned to racism, and there is no more vicious racist than a poor white.

The first and only legal African “political” organization in Angola was government-sponsored and government-controlled. In 1923, for the third Pan-African Conference, held in Lisbon, the Portuguese set up *Liga Africana*, “a commission to avoid injustice and bring about the repeal of harsh laws without making any appeal to violence and without leaving constitutional limits.” At the conference, African delegates from other colonies presented demands for increased African voice in government, rights to own land and resources, trial by jury of Africans, education, and reorganization of industry and commerce for the benefit of the many instead of the enrichment of the few. Though such demands struck right at Angola, Liga’s carefully chosen delegates were not the sort to partake of such pretentiousness. Carefully forgetting the ideals of the conference, they went dutifully back to Angola and set up evening classes in sewing, maternity care, cooking and home economics.

But during the 1950’s a more meaningful African opposition began to take shape. The first openly announced group was UPA, Uniao das Populacoes de Angola (People’s Union of Angola), set up in 1954 by Holden Roberto, an Angolan African working in Leopoldville. On close terms with Congolese politicians, Roberto was able to

function openly—but in exile. Inside Angola it was more difficult—Africans were severely flogged merely on the suspicion of having discussed politics. Therefore opposition leaders had to work secretly—at “literary society” meetings, at Liga sewing sessions, even at funerals. Still, progress was made, and at least five new parties were established. Of these, the most important was MPLA, *Movimento Popolar de Libertacao de Angola*, founded in December, 1956 in Luanda. But then PIDE clamped down. In 1956 more than 1,000 Africans were arrested for “crimes against the state”—more than for all other crimes combined. In 1959 and 1960 hundreds more were arrested. PIDE staged a few trials, but most suspects were simply thrown directly into jail and were never heard of again. This made it clear that it would be impossible to organize inside Angola, so in 1960 MPLA set up its own headquarters in exile, first in Conakry, Guinea, then in Leopoldville.

From exile, UPA and MPLA publicized a description of Angolan conditions quite different from the Portuguese version. They told of the utter suppression of the blacks, of the denial of the fundamental rights of freedom of speech, press, religion, and political association. They claimed that the Africans had greater historical and practical rights to Angola than the Portuguese. They rejected the *assimilado* system because it assumed the worthlessness of African culture. And they showed that even if the Portuguese did want to “civilize” the Africans, they were obviously incapable of the task—Portugal is, after all, the poorest of European countries, barely more prosperous than certain independent African states.

UPA and MPLA called on Portugal to negotiate for reforms within Angola, but Salazar never even recognized their existence. Up to 1961 UPA and MPLA talked. They wrote articles. They protested in Paris, London, and New York. Holden Roberto spoke with Eleanor Roosevelt and was received at the U.N. But nothing happened. So in 1961 they changed their tactics.

Henrique Galvao, imprisoned for writing the 1947 report condemning forced labor in Angola, had subsequently escaped, and in the middle of January 1961 he

staged a dramatic seizure in mid-Atlantic of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*. When it was reported that Galvao was due to land in Luanda, 60 foreign reporters rushed to Angola. Galvao changed course and landed in Brazil; but the reporters in Luanda got an even better story. MPLA had decided to take advantage of the rare opportunity for publicity, and on February 3 staged a march on Luanda prison to demand the release of the hundreds of political prisoners held inside. Even MPLA got more than it expected.

Exactly what happened has never been made clear. PIDE clamped a tight lid of censorship down over the city. Journalists' reports were heavily cut; their actions were restricted. One who tried to witness the forbidden was shot. Official Portuguese reports claimed that a small gang of aimless thugs had attacked four policemen and hacked them to death with machetes, and that in the following confusion a few other people were injured. A minor clash, the Portuguese said, not to be bothered with.

When they got out, however, the journalists told a different story. They said that two large groups of demonstrators marched on the prison but were greeted by machine-gun fire from the prison turrets. Hundreds died instantly, and their bodies were carted out of town in truckloads, to be buried in the bush. Luanda had turned into a city of panic and fear. Blood stained doorsteps and streets. PIDE was everywhere, arresting hundreds. And the whites had gone berserk. Mobs of Portuguese roamed through Luanda randomly attacking Africans. One mob caught an African and tore him apart, limb by limb, while he was still alive. Another mob dragged a Negro to the top of a six-story building and threw him off the roof onto the street below. At the funeral of the dead policemen the mourners suddenly took brutal revenge on a passing group of innocent blacks. They shot or beat to death at least 10 of these passers-by, and for hours the body of one was left lying outside the cemetery gates, where passing whites kicked, slashed, and mauled it. Neither PIDE nor the regular police intervened. They watched approvingly. By the end of the week, about 3,000 blacks had paid for the deaths of six whites.

On February 20 Liberia demanded that the U.N. investi-

gate Portuguese brutality in Angola. When the debate began, Garin, the head of the Portuguese delegation, indignantly declared that the violence had been inspired by the international Communist conspiracy and carried out by hired thugs and hooligans. In any case, he said, it was Portuguese business alone, and investigations would be unnecessary because the minor disturbance had been squelched, and order restored. Garin was wrong on all counts. The Africans wanted revenge—not only for the Luanda massacre but for centuries of abuse. And when they struck, less than a month later, they hurled Angola into a maelstrom of violence and brutality more hideous than even Kenya suffered. It has not been at peace since.

It rains steadily in Angola from October to May; in March and April, when the rain is heaviest, rivers rise and bridges are washed away, roads dissolve, travel is often impossible. In the mornings, along with the constant rain, a heavy mist settles over the countryside.

On March 15, 1961, the mist was as heavy as usual, and the roads were as bad as could be expected. But two truckers had fought their way to Luvo, in the northeast corner of Angola right next to the Congo border, and they were determined to get to the nearby sawmill, pick up their load of wood, and make it back to Ambrizete before dusk. In order to accomplish this they had started very early. When they reached Luvo it was 6 A.M., and the sun was just beginning to rise; but as they approached the mill they heard shots. Frightened, they decided to hide their truck among the high stacks of wood behind the mill and climb a stack to look around before going farther. What they saw froze them to the top of the stack.

Two or three hundred Africans, drunk, shouting, and laughing, their faces smeared with paint, swarmed through Luvo, wildly waving axes, rifles, and machetes. They were dragging the entire white population of the village toward the sawmill. Most of the whites were dead, shot or slashed to death with machetes, but several were still alive. The truckers, hidden on the stack, could hear them moaning.

The Africans dragged 42 bodies to the mill. They

stripped the clothing off all of them, and then strapped the bodies, living and dead, to the feed belt that led to the circular saw used to slice tree trunks in half, lengthwise. The terrorists turned on the saw, and sawed the whites in half, lengthwise. There were a few terrible, final screams, and then the mutilated corpses—solitary arms and legs, parts of heads and torsos, wet entrails—were ejected from the chute at the end of the mill. The blacks formed a ring about the remains and broke into frenzied dances, screaming, shouting, waving their arms and swinging their weapons.

Gradually their frenzy abated, and slowly they filtered back into the forest; but the truckers remained atop their stack for several hours, hearing only the buzzing of the saw, as if it were a gigantic fly among the swarms that hovered over the shredded bodies. Finally they forced themselves to climb down and walk into the village. It was empty. All of the whites had been murdered. The truckers did not return to the saw to investigate the remains. They climbed into their truck and hurried through the mud back to the nearest large town, Carmona.

The truckers thought they had terrible, shocking news; but when they told their story to the authorities at Carmona, it was received only with weary nods and bitter resignation. Luvo was not unique. The same horror had struck almost simultaneously at 45 different points along a front almost 500 miles long. The entire northeastern section of Angola had in one stroke been subjected to one of the most fearsome, brutal slaughters that history has produced.

No one is certain precisely how—or if—the first massacres were organized. The Portuguese Government immediately issued terse, uninformative press releases that explained that there was minor trouble caused by the international Communist conspiracy and carried out by foreign terrorists who had slipped into Angola from across the Congo border. Spokesmen from MPLA said that the massacres were reprisals by the Africans for the bloody campaign of revenge that the Portuguese had carried out after the demonstrations at Luanda. Holden Roberto announced that the uprising had started when white planta-

tion managers fired on workers who had demanded better pay and more humane treatment, that the workers had risen up and overrun the plantation, killing the manager and other whites, and that the uprising had then spontaneously spread to other plantations. He said that African deserters from the army joined the rioters and thus turned it into a guerrilla war. Initially, he disclaimed any connection with the uprising, although he said that since it had started he would help it continue until Angola was free. But just two months later, as the rebellion reached its first peak of success, he contradicted himself and took all the credit. UPA had engineered the whole thing in advance, he said, and the rebels had been following his orders.

In any case, March 15 was a day of horror and death for more than 300 whites and uncounted blacks in the northeast corner of Angola. At 6 A.M. Luvo, the Primavera plantation at Sao Salvador, and the *fazenda* at M'Bridge were surprised and quickly overrun. Mavaio was hit at 7 A.M. Quixete and the outlying *fazenda* were overrun at 8 A.M. At 7 P.M. thousands of Africans mounted wave after wave of suicide charges against Carmona. In between 37 smaller outposts were wiped clean of whites.

Different bands attacked in different regions, but everywhere the pattern was the same: the rebels, primarily of the Bakongo tribe, came together from native settlements, towns, and plantations and massed in the forest. They picked up weapons—catanas, automatic weapons, ancient muzzle-loading rifles, homemade guns that either exploded in the face of the person who fired them or spewed out a blast of nuts, bolts, and scrap metal. They painted their faces—some painted crosses on their foreheads—doped themselves up on the hemp (marijuana) that grows wild in that region, and got drunk on cheap native alcohol. Witch doctors assured them that special spells had been cast to make them invisible or invulnerable, and that even if they died in battle they would be resurrected after three days. Then they whipped the rebels up into a quasi-religious, maniacal fury, and sent them charging against the whites screaming “UPA! *Mata!* UPA! *Mata!* (UPA! Kill! UPA! Kill!)

Everywhere the Portuguese were completely unprepared. Despite the troubles in Luanda and recent disturbances on several plantations, they had not imagined that “their” blacks could rebel. They were caught by surprise. They had no defenses, in many cases no guns. Whites and loyal Africans were slaughtered—men, women, children, all of them, as at Luvo—and mutilated in hideous ways. They were disemboweled with catanas or hacked apart Mau Mau style. Males were castrated, their eyes plucked out of their sockets, their hands and feet chopped off—while they were still alive. Women were raped, again and again, then tortured to death. Acid was poured into their vaginas, catanas were jammed up into their guts, or they were lowered slowly down onto sharpened stakes. Many were crucified alive and left to die. Parents were forced to watch the mutilation and execution of their children.

After the outbreak, the rebels’ ranks swelled and the rebellion spread. Three companies of African soldiers deserted from government columns to join the rebels; but most recruits came from the forests and from plantations—*indigenas*. The northeastern section of Angola—the “terrorist triangle” or “rotten triangle,” as it came to be called—was soon infested with guerrillas. They burned homes, factories, warehouses, and mills, set fire to crops, blew up bridges, set up roadblocks, and ambushed isolated settlements and fleeing refugees. The effects were devastating. One journalist who flew over the triangle reported: “The countryside is desolate. Villages and farms are gutted ruins. For hundreds of miles, as seen from the air, the only sign of life is here and there a rising smoke trail. If the struggle is continued, the consequences for the Angolans and the Portuguese will be terrifying.”

In May, Holden Roberto called a press conference. He admitted that UPA had planned the revolt and was now leading and supplying the rebels. He said that automatic rifles, burp guns, and other modern weapons were being distributed, and claimed that since March 15 more than 1,000 Portuguese had been killed, along with 12,000 loyalist blacks. But he also noted that about 25,000 Angolans were dead: the Portuguese had begun to strike back.

“In our region, where there has been no violence whatsoever, the Portuguese came and took all our educated people, especially the chiefs. Later they came back with trucks and dumped out the clothing of the men who had been killed—they were never heard from again—and it was then that we began taking rifles and machetes and resisting the Portuguese military power.”

—Andre Massaki, of the
village Maquela do Zombo

The first successful Portuguese defense occurred at Carmona, a modern town of about 5,000 people, 20 miles north of Quixete. At about 10 A.M. on March 15, before the truckers arrived, the district doctor's Land Rover had careened into Carmona's main street. Driving into Quixete earlier in the morning, the doctor had blundered right into the middle of a massacre. He had not stopped, but had swung his Land Rover around in a squealing U-turn and raced back the way he had come. When he reached Carmona he rushed straight to the administration building and told his story. It was the first the officials had heard of the outbreak; but they were certain that Carmona would be attacked, too. As the capital of the district it was strategically decisive. If Carmona fell, the district would fall. If it stood, the rebels would suffer a crucial setback.

A quick survey was made of the defenses. There were only 19 soldiers in Carmona, mostly the sentry detail for the Governor's palace. It would be necessary to mobilize the civilians. Church bells were rung to signal the alarm, and settlers poured out onto the streets and rushed into town from the outlying farms. The men collected all the weapons they could muster—a few automatic weapons, many hunting rifles, some antique guns, machetes, pistols. Some teen-agers tied swords and machetes to the ends of long rods, expecting to use them as spears and lances in the last moments of the battle. Women and children were left in the town gymnasium.

The men deployed. Some took up strategic positions in

the windows of buildings along the edges of town. Others formed platoons organized in jeeps, Land Rovers, and heavier cars to function as mobile units—impromptu tanks. The 19 troops set themselves up in the electric-power station at the north end of town. It was certain that the attack would come just after dusk, and if the lights could be kept on the defenders would not be at such a great disadvantage. Four loyal African soldiers slipped out into the bush to scout the surrounding hills.

Meanwhile the Carmona radio station began to broadcast propaganda. Many of the Africans had transistor radios, and it was hoped that a few lies would intimidate them: "Four planeloads of heavily armed paratroopers took off from Luanda airbase one-half hour ago and are expected momentarily. They will be dropped into the hills of the Carmona district and are expected to kill or capture anyone found there. Two brigades of infantry have already arrived in Carmona, in case the terrorists, who are known to have struck at various localities today, foolishly attempt to strike the district capital. There are machine guns atop almost all the buildings surrounding the capital, which has become almost as mighty a fortress as Luanda itself. . . ." Perhaps it had some effect. At least it made the settlers laugh.

The scouts returned. They reported that 30,000 Africans had gathered in the hills.

In the late afternoon the rebels turned on their own broadcast; but this was the truth—the drums. Hundreds of drums, thousands, surrounding the town. The din pounded down from all sides. As dusk approached, fires were lit. Carmona was encircled by a galaxy of earthbound stars. Then, at about 7 P.M., the chanting began. "*Mata, UPA! Mata, UPA! Mata, UPA!*" Combined with the drums, the chant was so hypnotic that several settlers began to repeat it themselves—until they were abruptly told to shut up. The chant rose, louder and louder. Then the elephant grass moved.

At the north end of town thousands of rebels rose out of the grass and swarmed toward the power station. Immediately the soldiers turned on the lights and opened up with burp guns, machine guns, hand grenades. In a few mo-

ments the station house was almost buried under hundreds of bodies, and the rebels retreated to regroup.

At the south end of town, when the rebels swarmed toward the open end of the main street, the settlers drove out to meet them, themselves as desperately frenzied as the natives, themselves shouting "*Mata, Mata, Mata!*" They drove straight into the rebels, spraying them with tommy-gun fire and blasts from powerful hunting rifles. When the pile of bodies bogged their "tanks" down, they leaped into the mass of blacks and fought hand to hand. In a few minutes the rebels withdrew. The settlers freed their vehicles and drove back into town.

There were three more attack waves sent against Carmona, but the better-organized, better-armed settlers, despite the heavy odds against them, held out. When dawn broke, the rebels fled back into the bush. They left behind thousands of dead. The settlers dug a wide trench outside town and pushed the black bodies into it. No one bothered to tally them up.

During the first days of the rebellion few towns had the success of Carmona: few were as large, few had the warning. Almost all the smaller villages were lost. Survivors were rare. Two settlers' families tried to escape the general massacre that swept over the Usua district by fleeing to the forest and then walking through the forest to a larger town. When the women and children tired, one settler decided to stay with them in a secluded glade while the other went on for help. It seemed safe enough, but the rebels found them. When the settler returned, he found only limbs and parts of bodies hanging from the trees. As did many others during the first days of the outbreak, the settler went berserk. He tried to kill every black he saw, even loyal black soldiers. It was necessary to tie him up in a straightjacket and fly him to a hospital in Luanda. There he committed suicide.

At another village an army patrol, while inspecting burned-out buildings and burying the dead, surprised and captured a dozen guerrillas, including a 12-year-old boy. The captain lined up the guerrillas and had them shot; but not one of the soldiers could bring himself to shoot the child, although he had obviously taken part in the massacre

(he was covered with blood). The captain was holding his pistol on the boy, undecided, when suddenly a high-powered rifle was fired nearby; the boy's head blew apart and he fell dead at the captain's feet. Whirling around, the captain saw a bedraggled, unshaven settler standing at the edge of town, holding a smoking rifle. The settler and the captain looked at each other for a moment, then the settler laughed, turned, and walked back into the bush.

Such bizarre stories became commonplace after the outbreak. They illustrate the extremes of emotion to which the survivors swung. Those who had seen their families mutilated and murdered and their homes and plantations burned were often driven insane. One can understand their maniacal rage; but in a broader view, the over-all response of the Portuguese was more like the response of the whites in Luanda after the deaths of a few policemen. After March 15 the entire white population of Angola went berserk, just as Luanda had on February 3. Indeed, the citizens of Luanda, although they had not had any contact with the rebels, again exploded into uncontrolled, vengeful rage. Africans were lynched, beaten, and shot without regard to their past behavior. Hundreds died. In the upcountry it was the same. The government handed out weapons for self-defense, but the enraged settlers used them for mass reprisals. They burst into peaceful African villages and slaughtered the inhabitants—all of them.

Whatever troops were available in the north participated in this madness. A car with a loudspeaker mysteriously arrived at the African village of Tumbi, announced that the king of the UPA was about to land in an airplane, and an airplane actually flew overhead. When crowds flocked into the streets to watch, Portuguese troops burst into the town and mowed down the population—more than 300 men, women, and children. At Tomboco the troops were somewhat more humane: they rounded up all the natives, but took the women and children aside, and let them watch as their men were machine-gunned.

At the same time troops and settlers united in a widespread campaign against churchmen, because it was rumored that missionaries and ministers had fomented the revolution by urging the blacks to seek reforms. The gov-

ernment itself subscribed to this theory and had hundreds of churchmen arrested and deported. In the upcountry such formalities were discarded. Ministers who had worked with Africans were simply shot or beaten, and their churches were burned.

This time PIDE and the police did not just watch; they took part. They instituted a series of vicious pogroms against the Africans, particularly those who were educated. PIDE agents drove into African quarters or villages, rounded up suspects, dragged them out into the streets, and shot them. *Assimilados* were the obvious victims, but anyone possessing books, or even pencil and paper, seemed dangerous enough to PIDE. Even the ability to ride a bicycle was considered too much, and many Africans on bicycles were shot out of hand.

Tens of thousands were arrested. In Lobito alone more than 2,000 were seized. What became of most of those 2,000 has never been revealed; but one journalist voiced fears that were only too justified: "There are no camps in the area. The local prison holds only 100, and the total disappearance of the arrested Africans has given rise to the most sinister fears." It was rumored that the 2,000 blacks were loaded into planes, flown out over the ocean, and then simply pushed out.

This campaign hardly touched the "rotten triangle," where natives were understandably suspect because the rebels were in control. PIDE's campaign was carried out almost entirely along the coast and in the central and southern districts—where there was little or no rebel activity. Since absolute censorship was imposed after the outbreak it will probably never be known exactly how many died in these pogroms; but the tenor of the moment and its inevitable consequences were adequately suggested by a sign hung outside a provincial police station: ACCUSATIONS ACCEPTED AT ANY HOUR.

The Portuguese were threatened by a massive African uprising that, for the moment, they knew they would be unable to contain. It was essentially the same situation they had been in centuries ago. So, to save themselves, they used century-old techniques: the government fostered dissension among the tribes, encouraging ancient rivalries and

playing up the rivalries between Catholics and Protestants. That this incited to more violence was unavoidable. It was crucial to keep the natives disunited until the government could build up its army.

At the outset of the emergency there was a sudden press for departure permits. This obviously could not be allowed. New regulations making it almost impossible to leave the colony were set up, and the government sponsored a widespread propaganda campaign. Posters reading **SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE: TO LEAVE NOW IS TREASON** were plastered across the country. The extent of the revolution was belittled, while the power of the Portuguese might was exaggerated.

But those who wanted to leave were relatively few. Most of the Portuguese settled quickly into an attitude of hardened, bitter determination: "This is it," said one settler, "For us this is a matter of life and death. If we lose our African possessions, we lose our nation. We have got to win." General Deslandes, leader of the Portuguese forces in Angola, made the whites' goals even clearer. "For the blacks," he said, "there will be only two roads: unconditional surrender, or extermination."

At first the Portuguese military was almost helpless. On March 15 there were only 3,000 troops, including regular police and African soldiers, in Angola, as compared to about 60,000 rebels—about one government soldier for every 2,000 rebels. But reinforcement was rapid. By the end of March the total had climbed to 5,000 white and 10,000 loyal black troops, and at the end of April there were 20,000 white troops. In Lisbon, Salazar recalled the Portuguese divisions serving with NATO and sent them and their modern weapons to Angola. The Angolan air force was built up to ten fighter-bombers (some jets), six reconnaissance aircraft, two troop transports, and two bombers.

The military's first goal was to seal off the "rotten triangle" and to dispatch troops to protect the larger cities. At the beginning it was primarily a defensive fight.

While the rains continued and until adequate reinforcements were brought in, the Portuguese were forced to sit it out, waiting, as one put it, "for our turn." But when that

arrived, he said, "No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken." This turned out to be one of the great, classic understatements of all time.

May opened, the rains dwindled, and the Portuguese moved out. They had mapped out a simple offensive—if you can call it that. They marched into the bush, surrounded native villages, and massacred all inhabitants. Several times the entire population of a village was lined up along the banks of a river and machine-gunned from behind. Thus the corpses fell into the water, where the crocodiles did away with the evidence. When the fog and clouds lifted, the air force flew in. It was even more effective at this kind of work. Using napalm and bombs supplied by the U.S.A. through NATO, they bombed and strafed village after village. Any African gathering was declared fair game. Once a "reconnaissance" plane machine-gunned a funeral procession.

Such tactics had devastating results. By the end of May almost 50,000 Africans had been exterminated. African villages were empty, burned-out ruins. The Portuguese had done to the blacks what the rebels had done to whites—but on a more up-to-date scale. Now the triangle was truly deserted: those blacks who hadn't been burned, bombed, machine-gunned, or bayoneted had fled to the Congo. As June opened almost 200,000 black refugees were camped just inside the Congo border. Some had walked for weeks to get there. Wounded had crawled. The camps were horrors of helpless wounded, starving women and children. The Portuguese blandly denied atrocity-reports; but the refugees were irrefutable proof. They hadn't fled from nothing.

The rebels, though they had suffered many casualties, were not intimidated by the Portuguese mass killings. If anything, their determination hardened. In an interview at the end of the first three months of fighting, Holden Roberto said: "The Portuguese have been in Angola for 500 years and have done nothing but kill us. If Salazar thinks he has crushed our army he is deceiving himself. He is faced with a war that can last 100 years, for our people have sworn they will be free. We will not rest until every Portuguese is either out of the country or under it."

In the flush of their initial successes the rebels tried several mass attacks, like the one at Carmona. Such assaults almost always failed, costing the rebels dearly; but they soon resorted to strict guerrilla tactics, especially as the dry season progressed. They concentrated on hampering Portuguese movements by destroying communications, blowing up bridges and blocking roads, forcing the troops to travel by air or by boat. They split into small bands, attacking only small villages and isolated farms. They refused to be trapped into large-scale combat, and worried the Portuguese with surprise attacks and ambushes. They launched a broad campaign to burn out the Portuguese coffee crop, which was grown primarily in the "rotten triangle."

Government forces were frustrated. They would march on a rebel stronghold, such as the reputed rebel government at Nambuanguongo, only to discover when they finally reached it that there was nothing there. Usually in a situation like this the Portuguese would claim a mighty victory; but only a quarter mile away the rebels, enjoying the joke, remained untouched.

AFRICA ADDIO:

The mist is very heavy. In the distance a shapeless glimmer draws closer, turns into a pair of headlights, then into a column of headlights, then into the shapes of a military convoy—jeeps, armored cars, troop carriers. The column halts and about 50 soldiers slip silently out of the trucks, form into two columns, and set off quietly down the road.

At a small field bordering a dense patch of jungle they take up positions in a long, single line, hiding in the tall grass. They have moved with unusual stealth; but the jungle knows they are there. From its dark, dense blackness comes only an answering silence. The animals have hidden, and the rebels, hearing the animals' silence, have hidden, too.

A squad of Portuguese soldiers slips up to the edge of the jungle. They set up a series of loud-speakers,

they climb to sniper positions high in the huge trees, and wait. There is no noise. The mist has risen, burned away by the rising sun, but the jungle remains silent. Then, on a signal from one of the snipers, a tape recorder is switched on, and, slowly, in a perfect imitation of nature, the loud-speakers fill the jungle with the sounds of its normal chatter—the screams of birds, monkeys' jabbering, the cries of cats.

The animals are deceived, drop out of their hiding places, add their own gabble. There seems to be nothing to fear. The snipers are well hidden in the trees, and the other soldiers are invisible outside in the tall grass. As the jungle reawakens, the rebels leave their hiding places.

Immediately the jungle explodes. From their high perches the snipers open up with automatic weapons. From the field, mortar crews lob volleys onto the rebels. The soldiers leap out of the tall grass and charge toward the trees. The sound of the tape recorder is lost in the din of modern war.

The rebels respond quickly. They, too, have mortars and automatic rifles, and as the Portuguese soldiers charge across the field mortar blasts explode among them and well-aimed rebel machine-gun fire drops several soldiers before they burst into the trees. Still, the Portuguese overrun the small rebel hideout—a few thatched huts and a wagon. Now the huts are burning, and the fire warps the air with its heat. Beside the burning huts and under the shattered wagon lie the corpses of the few rebels the Portuguese spotted before they could disappear deeper into the jungle. There are very few—only about a half dozen. But outside in the tall grass there are almost as many dead whites.

It was the countryside that was the government's primary enemy. In the thick bush, the six-foot-tall elephant grass and the dense forests, motorized government forces were unable to follow the guerrillas and were terribly vulnerable. The rebels would lure them into a trap, hit them

suddenly from the sides, then slip away before the government forces could regroup and counterattack. The Portuguese would repair a bridge, cross it, then hear it blown up behind them. They would lift one roadblock only to find another. When they turned around to return, they found the first one back in place, and then they would be ambushed. Portuguese columns began to look like creeping fortresses—jeeps and trucks were covered with sandbags and heavy metal bulletproofing. When they bivouacked for the night, the Portuguese pulled their vehicles into a tight circle, just as the pioneers of the American West had done, and piled their sandbags in the gaps. They usually weren't attacked then; but as often as not when they prepared to leave in the morning a rain of bullets hit them from all sides. And as soon as they began to fire back, the enemy disappeared. As the British had been in Kenya, as the Americans are now in Vietnam, the Portuguese were forced to rely on air power. But even this was of little use. By the time a plane could locate a predetermined target, the rebels could pack up their kits and trot off to a safe distance, from which they gaily watched the Portuguese waste bombs and money.

In the fall of 1961 the rains came again, and the Portuguese lost whatever advantage the dry season had given them. Roads again became impassable for the big troop trucks and the heavy armored cars. The Portuguese were able to maintain a daylight vigilance, but their air force was grounded and their mobility was almost nil. They were forced back on the defensive.

The rebels had patiently waited for the rains, and when they came, they were readier than ever. In the Congo they had set up military training camps complete with customs posts, communication networks, village councils, passports and flags. Now they were far better trained and equipped than the previous spring. Several dozen rebels had been to Tunisia to train in the advanced tactics of guerrilla warfare, had gotten front-line experience with the FLN against the French, and had returned to the UPA training camp to spread their learning. They also spread new weapons and supplies.

Soon a pattern was established. In the rainy season the

rebels, ever more proficient and better armed, took the offensive, destroying Portuguese property, ambushing columns, attacking villages. In the dry season the Portuguese power rumbled out of its garages and hangars and stalked the rebels—burning the bush and elephant grass to flush out guerrillas, bombing all concentrations of natives, suffering the sudden slashes of guerrilla surprise attacks.

Both sides improved their firepower. By the end of 1961 Portugal had sent 50,000 white troops into Angola, along with most of its NATO bombs, ammunition, and weapons. But the rebels received large shipments of arms from Algeria, Tunisia and Russia, including land mines, mortars, bazookas, automatic rifles, sub-machine guns, hand grenades. The original disorganized band that the government had quickly driven back into the mountains became a highly trained, experienced, and well-equipped force.

But Roberto soon learned that he could not defeat the Portuguese in any one season or in any one campaign. Instead he settled on a long-range plan designed to wear down the Portuguese forces, draining their reserves of supplies, men, and money, sapping their determination, making it clear, as the Mau Mau had, that the Africans would never again allow the settlers to peacefully enjoy the profits of the black man's country.

It had seemed that such tactics could work. During the spring and summer of 1961 capital had fled out of Angola. Values of shares in Angolan corporations dropped from 50 to 90 per cent. Gulf Oil Company, which had been prospecting in Angola, pulled out, as did the huge German Krupp Company. The coffee drop in the triangle was almost totally burned out, and what little was saved could not be harvested because of constant rebel attacks upon workers. A vast rural labor shortage developed as a result of the exodus to the Congo. At Mavoi, the copper mines had to be shut down because 74,000 laborers had fled. In Luanda, construction on unfinished buildings stopped, and one-quarter of the city's population lost its work. Money that had been earmarked for investment and development was needed to pay the cost of the war, which was terribly expensive. Between May and November, 1961, \$120 mil-

lion was spent on the war; at one point it was costing \$1,700,000 a week.

Yet the Portuguese felt that they had no choice but to stay: the motherland could not exist without its colonies. Besides, the Portuguese' deeply ingrained pride would not permit them to discard the glory of empire for the poverty of Portugal. "We will never quit Angola," one official stated. "It has been part of Portugal for 500 years. We will die before we are driven out." Salazar poured in troops and supplies, and persisted with his original scheme for white dominance. In October 1961 he announced a new plan to reoccupy the burned-out triangle: troops who had been sent to Angola would be "persuaded" to stay and settle there. When the "events" occurred, the white population had barely reached 200,000. But by 1966 it rose to 600,000. At the same time the government clamped down on the outflow of capital and buttressed Angola's staggering economy. Despite loss of crops, the shortage of rural labor, and harassment by the rebels, Angola in 1962 managed to export goods worth \$22 million more than it imported.

It was the rebels' resources that ran out first. Since 1954 Roberto had been traveling around the globe obtaining not only sympathy, but money and supplies. He had money from the CIA (which often supports a policy contrary to American Government policy), from the AFL-CIO, from the Soviet Union, Communist China, and Czechoslovakia. He had arms, shipments, and supplies from Algeria and Russia. The Congo Government, under Lumumba and Adoula, had been extremely sympathetic and had let him establish training camps and, in 1962, a government-in-exile in the Congo. He had the support of all the independent black African nations, many of which sent volunteers to fight with him. With all the support behind him, the rainy season of 1963-64 brought Roberto's rebels up to peak strength; but just as the rains were ending, on June 30, 1964, Moise Tshombe replaced C. Adoula as premier of the Congo. Tshombe publicly pledged to follow Adoula's policy of friendship and aid to the Angola rebels; but as the rebellious leader of Katanga province he had built up close ties with several white colonial powers, including Portugal, and he had not severed those ties. Soon after

Tshombe took office, Russia sent a huge shipment of arms to Roberto. Tshombe agreed to allow the arms to come into the Congo, but insisted that they be "processed" by his government. The Russians agreed, and the arms arrived; but Roberto never saw them. Tshombe, after all, needed equipment himself to put down the Congo's own rebellion.

The first reports of the rebels' collapse filtered out soon after Tshombe took over in the Congo. J. Savimbi, ex-foreign minister in Roberto's government-in-exile, charged that the movement had failed because Roberto had not pushed the war hard enough. In December *Pravda* claimed that Roberto had betrayed the movement and reported that he would no longer get Russian support. It was not until early in 1965 that Roberto finally responded to these charges; then he issued a curt statement revealing that Tshombe's government was holding up his supplies. But it was not only the delay in supplies that was holding back the liberation movement. The rebels had begun to fight among themselves.

When the boundaries of the French Congo, the Belgian Congo, and Angola were laid out, the Bakongo tribe, of which Roberto is a member, was split into three parts. Despite this split, the Bakongo have maintained a strong tribal loyalty. Indeed, they have established ABAKO, a political organization aimed at reuniting the Bakongo people in their own state. In 1950 the Portuguese authorities arrested and punished several Bakongo in the Sao Salvador region because of their activities in ABAKO. This irritated the tribe, which had always had special grievances since it was the most advanced, the richest, and at the same time the most loyal to its own tribal heritage. And in 1954, when Holden Roberto, then still living with his tribe, was rejected by the Portuguese after the Protesant Bakongo selected him as their king, the tribe was still more irritated. Roberto, disgusted, moved to Leopoldville, where he established UPA.

UPA, tribally based, is strongly black nationalist. Today it claims a membership of about 70,000 and a fighting force of about 25,000. Since 1961 UPA has led in the fighting in Angola, has taken credit for most of the victories, and admits to losses of more than 4,000. It is primarily a mili-

tary organization, although Roberto has expressed vaguely neutralist, socialist ideas. Roberto was noticeably pro-West, and spent much time in the United States, until he finally despaired of persuading the Americans to stop sending arms and ammunition to the Portuguese through NATO. Then, although previously he had refused in no uncertain terms, Roberto reluctantly accepted aid from the Red bloc.

MPLA is a very different organization. It is led by a group of highly educated, intellectual *assimilados*, notably President Neto and acting president Andrade, both of whom are well-known poets and writers. While Roberto learned his politics in the rough world of Leopoldville as a follower of Lumumba and Adoula, Neto and Andrade were studying in Paris and Moscow. Before UPA was formed, the leaders of MPLA were considered, in international circles, to be the leaders of the Angola liberation movement, and after setting up headquarters in Leopoldville MPLA has continued to be more active on the international level than UPA. MPLA has opened offices in Conakry (Guinea) and London.

MPLA claims 35,000 adherents, with a military branch of perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 troops and training camps in Morocco, Algeria, and the Congo. But MPLA is more active politically than militarily. MPLA leaders have formulated a carefully outlined political plan for Angola's future—land reforms, voting programs, central government, and regional government. It was MPLA that organized the African Red Cross units, which tended the hundreds of thousands of Angolan refugees who flooded into the Congo after the "events." Contrary to UPA's original position, MPLA has always been considered "left-leaning." Against UPA's black nationalism, MPLA is multiracial, and several whites participated in its organization. Its announced policies, although they concede that it is inevitable that political power will fall to the Africans, do not involve the extermination or the expulsion of the whites, while Roberto has said that he wants all whites "out of the country, or under it."

These differences caused increasing friction between UPA and MPLA. Basically, the split seems to run down

the line of military vs. politician, soldiers vs. intellectuals. UPA, in its early days, charged that MPLA was run by Communists and sneered that revolutions weren't won in the offices of poets. MPLA asserted that UPA was not well enough organized, that it had not planned for the future, that its disorganization had contributed to rebel losses, and that it had fostered tribalism in Angola.

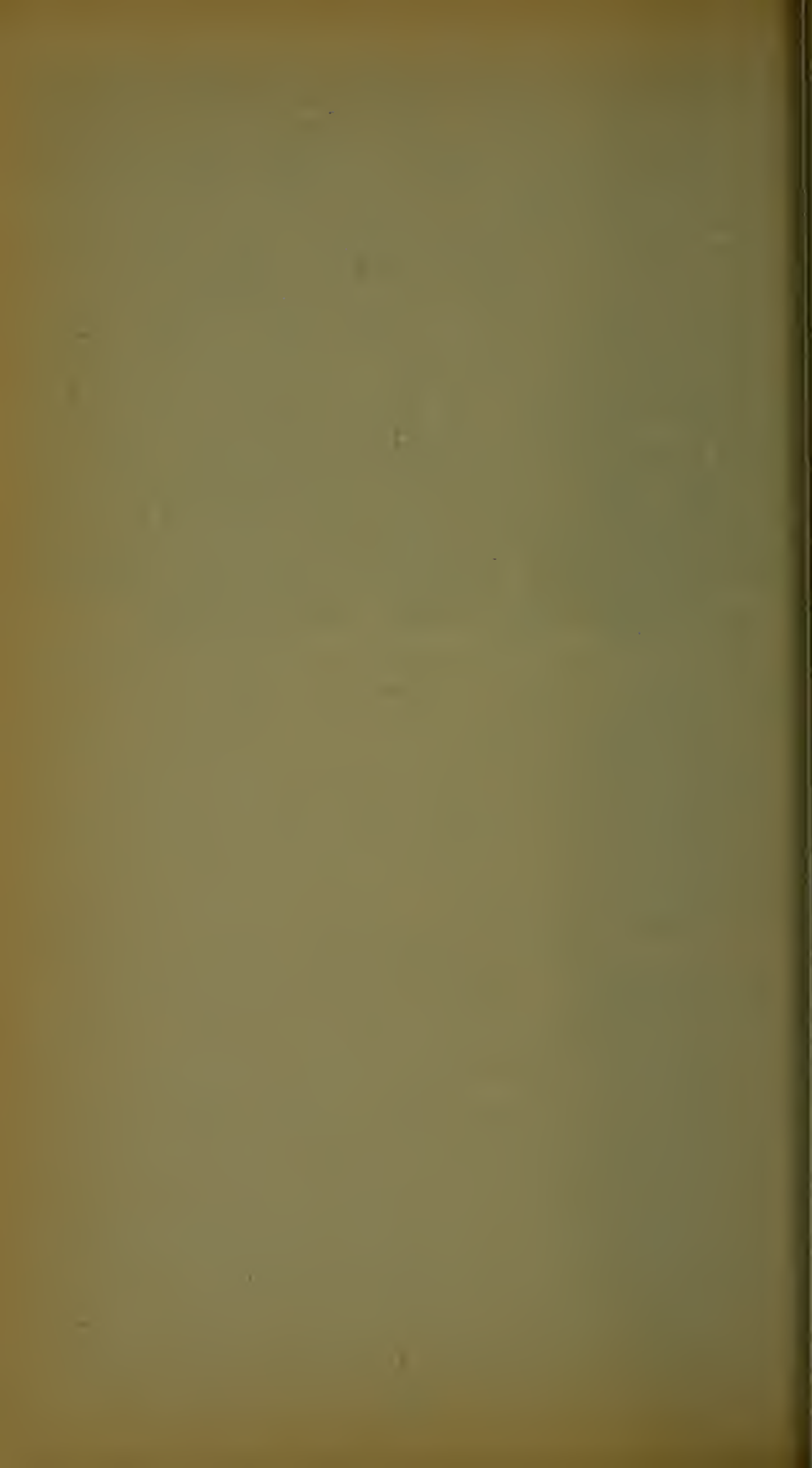
At the end of 1961 a patrol of about 20 MPLA rebels under Tomaz Ferreira, the leader of the MPLA military branch and its greatest hero, penetrated into the Nambuan-gongo region on a supply mission. Without warning they were surrounded and captured by UPA troops. Then, on orders from Roberto, they were executed. Apparently there have been several of these incidents: Marros Cassanga, Roberto's ex-Army chief, alleges that many MPLA soldiers have been killed by UPA troops. A second civil war has broken out in Angola before the first has been won.

Factionalism and the lack of supplies have seriously hampered the Angola liberation movement, but it remains to be seen whether the rebels will unite, or whether the Congo government will cut off supplies completely and even more seriously weaken the rebel movement. Currently the Congo is feuding with Portugal, and this may significantly aid the rebels. In any case, the rebels certainly will continue fighting. MPLA and UPA both have established "revolutionary governments" within Angola itself, and MPLA has been very active in spreading propaganda and organizing Africans in all districts of Angola.

The Portuguese, however, mock the "revolutionary governments," and they do seem to have established a much firmer control over the country than they had in 1963; but they are most obviously worried. They have plotted to bring pro-white Tshombe back to power in the Congo, and they have set up an alliance between the remaining white-run countries of southern Africa—Mozambique, Angola, Southern Rhodesia, and South Africa. Joint military exercises have been held, and in several instances South African forces have entered Angola to carry out secret missions against the rebels. The Portuguese certainly expect South African military and financial help if they ever need it.

The prospect of a united, entrenched white African bloc

refusing to give in to history even when confronted with the unmistakable facts of African nationalism, is frightening. But equally ominous are the prospects for the future if the rebels are able to reorganize, resupply themselves, and drive the Portuguese out. All the signs of trouble have already become prominent. Angola's African tribes have always been antagonistic toward each other, and the Portuguese, for their own purposes, have deliberately encouraged this. They have also encouraged the UPA-MPLA split in any way they can, just as they have played the Protestant Church off against the Catholics. At the same time the Portuguese have not only denied education to the great mass of the African population, but they have, since the "events," carried out an almost complete extermination of the few educated Africans there were. If Angola becomes independent within the next few years, the prospects of leaderless dissension, disunity and violence are appalling. It may become another Congo. It may be worse.



South Africa



At the southernmost tip of the African continent, separated from black Africa by the ramparts of the white bastion—Angola, Southern Rhodesia, and Mozambique—but with its back to the sea, is the weirdest country in the world, the Republic of South Africa. The whites of South Africa claim that foreigners cannot understand them or their country. One hears that phrase repeated over and over again when one first arrives in South Africa: “A foreigner can never understand us.” But the whites in South Africa have just as much difficulty understanding the outside world. One journalist recently asked several South Africans what they thought of the U.S.A. and was told: “We’re completely convinced that the West is declining. I went to the cinema in New York. All the people on the screen were completely naked. The defeat of Barry Goldwater confirmed our worst fears about America.” This was the opinion of J. Vorster, the brother of South Africa’s current Prime Minister. When the journalist asked the ex-mayor of Bloemfontein, P. J. Kruger, why he thought South Africa is criticized so much in the world today, Kruger said, “It must be spite.” But then he thought a moment longer, and decided that it was more likely because something was seriously wrong in the West: “How else could you be satisfied with a Buddhist as Secretary-General of the United Nations?”

Foreigners, however, especially Americans, can understand South Africa: they need only imagine it as a combination of California, the Third Reich, and Mississippi. Like California, South Africa is riddled with weirdo religious sects, such as the Castor Oil Dead Church or the King-George-Win-the-War Church. Schools of yoga, health fads, strange cults, spring up and die like exotic flowers in a madman’s hothouse. Do-it-yourself tombstone kits, after-

supper belch inducers, and quack medicines sell like hot-cakes. Just as at Malibu, the beaches swarm with blonde honeypots barely bound in bright bikinis and prettyboys exhibiting themselves on expensive surfboards. South Africans are thrifty and hard-working, but their country ranks sixth in the world for drinking. They are devout, God-fearing Calvinistic Bible-toters, but striptease shows do a booming business.

Just as in the Third Reich, South Africa's 40,000-member Anglo-Nordic Union proclaims openly that "utterances of all prominent Jews and Communists are being filed for future reference." Pro-Nazi organizations have abounded in South Africa since World War II, and their members still haven't tired of painting swastikas on synagogue doors. It happens every week. At the German Club, Nazi marching songs are shouted boastfully over luncheons of *blutwurst* and beer. And the Broederbond Society, which takes its inspiration from Hitler's National Socialist Party, dedicates itself to the triumph of white supremacy and the dominance of South Africa's Dutch-descended Afrikaners—12 per cent of the entire population. Broederbond initiates are led into pitch-black rooms, where, though they can see nothing, they "sense" fearsome magical proceedings and then take terrible oaths—just as in the good old days of the Mau Mau. Prime Minister Vorwoerd, before he was assassinated, was a member in good standing of the Broederbond Society, although that didn't satisfy South Africa's fascistic fanatics: the Purified Nationalist Party condemned Vorwoerd for being "pink." But everyone now is satisfied with South Africa's new Prime Minister, Balthazar Vorster. During World War II, Vorster was a general of the Ossewa Brandwag, which had organized 15,000 *stormjaers* (storm troopers) to fight on the Nazis' side, which planned and carried out sabotage against the anti-Nazi allies, and which smuggled military secrets to the Nazis during the war. This marvelous organization was stopped from rising against South Africa's then anti-Nazi government only when thousands of its members were thrown in jail—including Vorster.

Just as in Mississippi, the Ku Klux Klan has a thriving branch in South Africa. Its members delight in telephoning

white liberals—over and over, because today there aren't enough white liberals to go around—and asking, in the accents of the “kaffirs” (blacks): “Can I marry your daughter?” But that's just a joke. Everyone knows that in South Africa kaffirs can't marry whites. Why, just the other day (June 15, 1966), one lovestruck, 18-year-old black was punished with six lashes—as sentenced in a court of law—because he “did willfully write a love letter and pronounce his love” for his master's white daughter.

This insane mixup involves about 17 million people on a little piece of land just 472,359 miles square. That's only about 4 per cent of Africa's entire land mass and 5 per cent of its entire population. But this tiny proportion gets all of Africa hopping mad and intensely worries the rest of the world. Why? Not, rest peacefully assured, just because of its racial and political situation. Worse situations exist elsewhere in Africa. In Rwanda, when the Hutu massacred almost 100,000 Watutsi, no African government lifted a finger to stop the slaughter. But when South African police killed about 70 black demonstrators, the rest of Africa threatened to invade, the U.N. was thrown into a turmoil of fury, and the world press flocked to the scene.

Why? Because South Africa is a sheik's dream come true—it is unbelievably rich. Eighty-five per cent of Africa's gold, 50 per cent of the world's platinum, 50 per cent of Africa's total mineral output, and 36 per cent of Africa's total exports are produced in South Africa. Its national income is Africa's largest, and its budget is supposed to be bigger than the budget of the rest of Africa's independent nations put together. It produces more gold and diamonds than any other country in the world, is third in the production of mohair, fifth in merino wool, seventh in fish. By 1970, when the current contract runs out, South Africa will have netted \$980 million from the sale of uranium to the U.S.A. and Britain.

South Africa's superhighways are crowded with big (American) cars and roaring trailer trucks crammed with consumer goods. Johannesburg and Capetown are as modern, busy, and tall as Manhattan. At Durban they (the whites) wear bikinis to the beach but furs and diamonds to dinner, and Paris fashions sell out in fancy boutiques.

Johannesburg has a stock market as important as Wall Street's, and big-time ballet. Capetown claims the world's biggest wine cellar—22 million gallons. As the financial editor of a South African newspaper said, "South Africans are up to their ears in money."

But no one knows exactly how rich the really rich South Africans are. The country's 50 mines, which bring in more than \$1 billion every year, are run by only seven huge business houses. These pull in incredible sums. Harry Oppenheimer, who controls almost the entire diamond industry, is worth somewhere between \$300 million and \$1 billion. Harry Schesinger, godson of General Jan Smuts and owner of a huge grouping of insurance companies, movie houses, and citrus orchards, is worth at least \$150 million. Recently a taxi driver related an ordinary evening's work with a typical night-lifer: "I took him to one of the clubs, where he found a woman. Then he said he wanted a Durban woman, so I took him to Durban. Then he wanted to buy her a fur coat, so we went to Capetown."

Just the average white South African has more than plenty. Officially, the per-capita income of the whites is third in the world, just barely below the U.S.A. and Canada. But in terms of the actual standard of living and the buying power of money, the white South African is far better off than Canadians and easily the equal of Americans. In fact, compared to the life of middle-class Americans, the middle-class South African white is almost a leisured aristocrat. Hardly any whites in South Africa do manual labor. Not even the postman carries a heavy bag. The farmer does not till his own land, and South Africa's gleaming gold is never shoveled by a white hand. For all those jobs, there are blacks.

High up in the South African Government is a man called Piet Meiring, the head of the State Information Bureau, better known as the bureau of propaganda. Meiring's job is to convince the world, and South Africans, black and white, that everything is O.K. in Afrikanerdom. To this end Meiring's bureau maintains offices in all the important world capitals and business centers, and produces thousands of pamphlets, brochures, magazines, and even expensive TV films. If you look into Meiring's

pamphlets you will find out that the blacks of South Africa have the best housing in Africa, that the blacks' per-capita income is second in Africa only to Ghana's, that their salaries rank with the highest in Africa, that their rate of illiteracy (50%) is Africa's lowest, that the government has spent millions on black welfare, housing, health and medicine, and that the government spends \$28 million annually on black education, including five black universities.

But you won't find a comparison of the blacks' standard of living to that of the whites. You won't find out that one out of every two black children between the ages of one and four dies of malnutrition, that whites in South Africa own 87 per cent of all the land, that this land is where all the gold, diamonds, uranium, minerals, industry, and water are, while the blacks are allowed to "own" land in only 13 per cent of the country even though blacks make up almost 80 per cent of the population and even though their 13 per cent of the land is mostly arid, barren, poor, undeveloped, and overcrowded. You won't find out that almost 70,000 Africans are now held in jail or that 1,000 are arrested daily, that the money the government spends on African education is only one-tenth of what is spent on the education of whites, that 30 per cent of all Africans never get to school at all, that only one out of every 28 who does get to school gets as far as secondary school, or that only one out of every 728 of these gets to college. And you won't find out how this compares to the one out of every 14 whites who gets to one of the white colleges, of which there are twice as many as for blacks.

The pamphlets will tell you that wages in South Africa are so much higher than in neighboring African nations (notably Portugal's Angola and Mozambique) that hundreds of thousands of foreign blacks flock into the country every year to work in the mines; but they won't explain the whole, true story—that these immigrants are so delighted to get into South Africa only because they then escape forced labor in Mozambique and Angola, that because of this the immigrants are willing to perform the worst sorts of labor for wages that in terms of buying power are lower than those paid in the 1890's, that an

average of 5,000 of these die in the mines every year. You won't find out that for the 300,000 blacks working at the lowest levels of South Africa's mining industry, doing the pick-and-shovel work, wages amount to less than 50 cents for an eight-hour underground shift—about six cents per hour, or only \$150 per year. Or that conditions are so bad and the pay so low that most South African blacks refuse to work in the mines, forcing the mining companies (despite the supposed rush of immigrants into the country) to buy their labor from the Portuguese—at a little less than \$5 a head—and cart them into Johannesburg in cargo planes. Actually, these blacks usually sign up for 18-month labor contracts, during which they live separated from their families in company-owned barracks, under absolute company control. As soon as the contract expires they are rushed back to their native countries.

Wages for other South African black workers are not much higher. The average domestic household worker, for instance, receives about \$28 a month for five and a half days, 7:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. a week. That's about 14 cents an hour for a 50-hour week, amounting to just about \$336 per year. These workers also are separated from their families. In April 1965 two letters appeared simultaneously in the *Johannesburg Star*. One asked if it would be legal for the husband of the writer's maid to stay with the maid in her employer's house overnight, because there was no transportation for the maid back and forth to her husband's home. The answer was no. The other asked whether a black maid could keep her infant with her on the job until the child was weaned. The answer was no.

Herodotus relates that at about 600 B.C. Necho of Egypt sent a patrol of explorers around the coast of Africa. According to Herodotus, they made it, struggling down the East Coast, up the West, and back through the Mediterranean. But it was 2,000 years before another white man got to South Africa. In 1486 Bartholomeu Diaz of Portugal sailed into Algoa Bay, now Port Elizabeth, and in 1496 Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape on his way to India. Portugal never settled the Cape, and in 1652 the Dutch East Africa Company, formed to trade

with India and the Orient, set up a refreshment station at the Cape of Good Hope to revictual its ships with vegetables and other fresh supplies.

The settlers at the station in Capetown found the country lovely and the farming good, and their numbers swelled. Germans and French Huguenots shipped down, and as the settlers grew surer of themselves and company restrictions grew more irksome, the farmers began to push out into the countryside beyond Capetown. The farmers, who became known as trekboers (traveling farmers), lived a hard life in a hard land—the life of horses, saddles, rifles, wild game, hot sun, rocks and thorns, ox carts, loneliness, water shortages. By 1770 half of the 10,000 whites in the Cape area were trekboers—tenacious, tough, courageous, inflexible, independent, and antagonistic to any form of governmental restriction.

The first Africans to come into contact with the Dutch at the Cape were Hottentots and Bushmen. Generally, the Hottentots merged peaceably into the scheme of the new colony (as slaves or servants), but the Bushmen, though a small and very primitive people, fought fiercely against it, and with their deadly poisoned arrows they were dangerous fighters. They raided the white settlements and stole cattle. When the whites retaliated, the Bushmen drew back into the mountain caves that still bear their paintings. When the whites pursued them even there, the Bushmen retreated to the Kalahari Desert, where they still live today, protected by the government just as animals are protected in Kruger Park.

But the trekboers found South Africa's Bantu tribes, which had occupied Natal and the Transvaal as early as 1500, to be even more troublesome. While the trekboers were moving northeast from Capetown, the Bantu began moving southwest down toward the Cape. The foremost of the migrating Bantus, the Xosa, a cattle-herding warrior tribe, encountered the first trekboers in the 1770's. The meeting was not friendly. Both whites and blacks were cattlemen—proud, arrogant, and land-hungry. Thefts, cattle raids, murders, the slaughter of whole families, and the burning of homes and villages became commonplace. Although by 1778 the Fish River had become a kind of

mutually acknowledged border, both sides raided across it. Whites hated blacks, and vice versa. The only relationship possible was as enemies, or as masters and slaves.

By that time the power of the Dutch East Africa Company, like the power of Holland, had seriously waned, and the trekboers, to assure themselves of protection that the company could no longer afford, set up two republics of their own along the Fish. But in that same year, 1795, the British, whose power had risen as the Dutch declined and who were now developing their own trade with the Orient, declared Capetown a British colony.

When the British moved in they found a colony of about 25,000 whites and 30,000 slaves, some taken from the local black population but most imported during the eighteenth century by the Dutch East Africa Company from the East and West Coasts of Africa and the Dutch East Indies. The Dutch treated their slaves with arrogance and arbitrariness, but the British had different ideas. In 1807 Britain had declared slavery illegal in its own dominions, and although at first slavery was continued in South Africa, the British demanded that blacks be treated humanely. The British even punished several Dutch for ill-treatment of slaves and servants. One such case has never been forgotten in South Africa. In 1815 a Hottentot servant complained to the British that his master, Frederick Beguinhout, treated him cruelly. When Beguinhout was summoned to court, he refused to appear. A group of white-commanded Hottentot troops were sent after him, but he holed up in a cave, shot it out, and was killed. Outraged, his brother and four other trekboers tried to foment a rebellion against the British, but all were captured and hanged. In the minds of the outraged trekboers these men became symbols—even today they are idolized as martyrs.

Britain's entry into South Africa opened what Afrikaners refer to as the "Century of Wrong." The British refused to extend the white frontier beyond the Fish River, demanded revision of the treatment of blacks, brought in thousands of liberal-minded English settlers, made English the colony's official language and English money its official currency. Then, in 1833, they emancipated the slaves.

For the trekboers this was the last straw. Fed up with

British policy and restriction, they set out on what has since become known as the Great Trek. It was a mass exodus. One out of every four Boers left the colony. Starting in 1836, trekboer families loaded the possessions into the wagons that had brought them out to the Fish, abandoned their farms, and set out to find a land where they could live as they wished. They climbed over the mountains, rolled across the great interior plain, forded the Orange River, and moved out into the unknown.

"We quit this colony," proclaimed Pieter Retief, leader of the Boertrekkers, "under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us, and will allow us to govern ourselves without its interference in the future." His sister elucidated further: ". . . the shameful and unjust proceedings with reference to the freeing of our slaves; and yet it is not so much their freeing that drove us to such lengths as their being placed on an equal footing with Christians, contrary to the laws of God and the natural distinctions of race and color, so that it was intolerable for any decent Christian to bow down beneath such a yoke; wherefore we rather withdrew in order to preserve our doctrines in purity."

The land that the trekboers entered was harder and more dangerous than the one they left. Difficult enough naturally—deserts, mountains, shortages of food and water—it was made more dangerous by the presence of the most ferocious tribe Africa produced—the Zulu.

Zulu warrior troops were masterfully trained and disciplined, ferocious, and incredibly dedicated. Under the Zulu's warlike code there was no greater honor for soldiers than to die fighting valiantly in battle and to let the sun "draw their honors reeking up to heaven," as the Zulu proverb said. Cowardice, the most unthinkable of sins, was punished with death. It was said that at their chief's command whole regiments walked over cliffs or straight into the sea.

When the first Boertrekker party crossed the Drackensberg escarpment into Natal, Ritief went to the Zulu chief, Dingaan, to bargain for land; but Dingaan was not in a giving vein. He gathered 10,000 Zulu warriors, swept down over the Boertrekkers' wagon train, and at a spot later

named Weenan (weeping), slaughtered every member of the party—man, woman, and child. But the Boertrekkers took their revenge. On December 16, 1838, Andries Pretorius, after whom Pretoria was named, led a party of 500 Boers against the Zulu. Dingaan had 36 regiments of his famed warriors at his command, and he led them, 15,000 strong, in close ranks, shield to shield, against the Boers. But Pretorius's strategy defeated the Zulu numbers. Pretorius drew his wagons into a defensive circle, left half of his force inside, and led the rest of his men around behind the Zulu. The Zulu were armed only with their short spears; the Boers had rifles. Screaming, "If we go on, we die; if we go back, we die," 3,000 Zulu were trapped in the Blood River and slaughtered. Three Boers were wounded, none killed.

Today December 16 remains a national holiday in South Africa. Originally it was called Dingaan's Day, but recently its name was changed to the Day of the Covenant. In any case, it is religiously observed. On December 16, 1938, high upon the peak of one of the Pretoria Hills, the Union of South Africa officially laid the foundation stone of a monument to the heroes and martyrs of the Great Trek. Two hundred and fifty thousand Afrikaners gathered to observe the occasion. Eleven years later, on the Day of the Covenant, 1949, the monument opened. Built of imported Italian marble, it is 130 feet tall, surrounded by a symbolic circle of Boertrekkers' wagons, and filled with friezes and plaques commemorating the victory at Blood River. The monument cost a cool million, but that did not faze the Afrikaners. To them the monument is sacred. On an eternally candlelit sarcophagus in the center of the monument these words are proudly inscribed: ONS VIT JOU SUID AFRIKA (WE WILL GIVE OUR LIVES FOR THEE, SOUTH AFRICA).

Blood River marked the end of the Zulu empire and the birth of the Boertrekkers' dominion. In Natal, the Transvaal, and what became the Orange Free State—all the land of modern South Africa east of the Orange River and south of Botswana—Boers set up their own republic and destroyed the black tribes. The Xosa, driven off their little fertile land, first devoured their cattle, and then them-

selves. In one year, 70,000 died. The Basuto saved themselves only by fleeing high into the mountains and pleading for British protection. The same policy also saved fragments of the Zulu in Botswana (Bechuanaland) and Swaziland.

British policy concerning the trekboers vacillated. In 1838 the Boers established the Republic of Natal, where there were thousands of British settlers and traders. The British did nothing about this until 1841, when they suddenly intervened. The Boers almost won the ensuing war in the first battle, but the British shipped in huge numbers of reinforcements, and the Boers, outnumbered, were crushed. They surrendered their new republic to the British and then left it, trekking back over the escarpments to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

Sometimes the British claimed that even these republics were under British suzerainty, sometimes not. Sometimes they favored the Basuto over the Boers, sometimes they didn't. But in 1852, at the Sand River Convention, the British officially assured the Transvaalers that they would no longer interfere in Transvaal affairs, and two years later, at the Bloemfontein Convention, they offered the Orange Free State the same pledge.

South Africa was thus divided into two distinctly different parts. In the Cape Colony, which was granted representative self-government in 1853, and in Natal, granted the same privileges in 1856, the franchise to vote was nonracial. But things were different in the Boer republics. The constitution of the South African Republic of the Transvaal proudly proclaimed that "There shall be no equality in church or state."

Although Britain had acknowledged the Boers' sovereignty in their republic, nevertheless it signed a treaty with an Orange Free State tribe known as the Griqua, or the Bastaard—Bastaard because they were a weird combination of Hottentot, Malayan slave, Bushman, Bantu, and white blood. This treaty recognized the Bastards' sovereignty over part of the Orange Free State; but when the Boers went to war against the Bastaard, the British did not intervene—until 1866. Then the British estimation of the situation changed.

In 1866 a poor trader named O'Reilly stopped at a Boer homestead in the dry country near Kimberly, where he noticed an interesting stone which he called the "pretty Orange River stone." It turned out to be a diamond. Suddenly Britain recognized its responsibility toward the Bastaard, and in the name of their protection, marched into the Orange Free State and annexed a section of land that they called Grigualand West. By chance, it contained the diamond fields.

Ten years later Britain paid the Orange Free State more than \$400,000 compensation for the annexation. The payment, a paltry pittance compared to the wealth of the diamond fields, served only to anger the Boers. Boer-British relations, already bad when the Great Trek began, irritated first by the defeat at Natal, again by the annexation, and again by the "compensation," now grew worse and worse. Any hope of reconciliation was ended when, in 1877, the British arbitrarily annexed the Transvaal.

No longer did the Boers think of themselves as Free Staters, Transvaalers, or Cape Colonials. Hatred of the British overrode even their ornery, cantankerous, fractious, independent spirit and now they were one—Afrikaners. In 1880 they rose in rebellion against the British in Transvaal and won a decisive victory. The British were forced to withdraw from the Transvaal, and the Afrikaners re-established their independence.

But the British estimation of the situation changed once again. In 1886, on the Witwatersrand near Johannesburg, gold was discovered. Thousands of prospectors, miners, engineers, traders, and crooks poured into Johannesburg. The Afrikaners had very little to do with the operation. All of the miners were foreigners, mostly British. The Afrikaners seemed sorry that gold had been found in their country. Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, remained convinced that the strike would quickly peter out. He found the "outlanders," as he called the miners, a nuisance and a danger to his republic. He denied them the right to become citizens and harassed them in hundreds of ways.

By the time of the gold strike Cecil Rhodes was already a multimillionaire. At the age of 27, he controlled almost all the diamond mines at Kimberly, had obtained huge

holdings at Johannesburg, and had dreamed up extravagant schemes for an all-British route from Cairo to the Cape and for the unification of South Africa under the Union Jack. All that stood in his way was Kruger and his Afrikaners.

Therefore, Rhodes set out to destroy Kruger, bought out the natives of Bostwana, and established Rhodesia. Rhodes swung his weight so that he was elected Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. Thus, with Natal on the South and Mozambique and Rhodesia to the north, Rhodes had encircled Kruger. Then he set out to destroy him. In 1895 he sent his great friend, Dr. Jameson, into Transvaal at the head of a small army of 500 men. Jameson hoped that the harassed outlanders would rise behind him and that thus he could surprise Kruger and drive him out of power. But the Boers were forewarned, the outlanders did not rise, and Jameson and most of his men were captured.

Rhodes, blatantly implicated in Jameson's raid, was recalled by the British Government and replaced in office by Alfred Milner. The wild schemes and dreams were dead forever. But Milner himself was a bitter opponent of Kruger, for different reasons. Germany, growing ever more belligerent and aggressive in Europe, had established colonies in Africa on the very borders of the Cape Colony. There was great sympathy between the Boers and the Germans, and the British, sensing the imminence of an Anglo-German war, were worried. The Boers, who as a result of their mistrust of the British were arming more and more heavily, could prove the decisive factor in a war in Africa.

Milner did not try to woo Kruger—that would have been transparently hypocritical. Nor could he buy him out. Instead Milner grew tougher and tougher. He aptly described his policy in his own diary: "They will collapse if we go on steadily turning the screw. . . . I should be inclined to work up a crisis." When Milner moved British troops up to the frontiers, Kruger demanded their immediate withdrawal; but he did not wait for the British to comply. In October 1899 Kruger sent his army plunging into the Cape Colony.

The Boers had "60,000 burghers and provisions in abundance," and at first, catching the British unprepared,

they won several smashing victories. But the British brought up 400,000 soldiers, and quickly captured Pretoria and Bloemfontein, the capitals of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Unable to defeat the overwhelming numbers of British troops in open battle, the Boers turned to guerrilla warfare. At first this worked, for the British were inexperienced with such tactics. But they soon learned how to handle the new situation. They responded as the Portuguese responded in Angola, as the British did in Kenya, and as the U.S.A. has in Vietnam. They destroyed farms and villages that the guerrillas used as hiding and supplying places, burned out the crops, and dragged the women and children off to concentration camps. Conditions in the camps were so poor and disease so rife, that by May 31, 1902, when the starving Boers ran out of ammunition and gave up, 26,000 civilians had died.

Ironically, it was the horrors of the camps that gave the Boers back their independence. At the end of the war, under the Treaty of Unizt, the Boer republics had become British colonies. But when the story of the camps reached England, the Tory government, which had started the war, was unseated, and the Liberal Party, which had been sympathetic to the Boer cause, was voted into power. As a result of this change in governments, in 1906 the Orange River Colony (the old Orange Free State) and the Transvaal were granted responsible self-government. This created a superficial atmosphere of conciliation, and in 1910 the Transvaal, Natal, the Cape Colony, and the Orange River Colony were brought together in the Union of South Africa. Botha, top Boer general during the war, became the first Prime Minister.

Thus in 1910, after almost a century of division and war, South Africa was finally united. But it was a union in name only. It still consisted of different states run in different methods according to different credos. In the Cape Colony and Natal, where the British were dominant, blacks and coloreds were enfranchised to vote. In the Boers' Orange Free State and the Transvaal only whites, not even Indians and certainly not blacks, could vote. And the breach between the temperaments and attitudes of the Britons and the Boers was immense.

Most of the British had immigrated to South Africa only because they wanted to make more money than they could at home, and no matter how long they had been in South Africa they still considered themselves bound to Queen and empire. It was this tie with modern Britain and Europe that nurtured the humanitarian ideas that gave the franchise to the blacks. But Afrikaners despised the British liberalism. That was not just an outgrowth of their deep-running antagonism to anything British; it was the consequence of two and a half centuries of experience utterly different from anything European.

The original Afrikaners were Dutchmen, French Huguenots, and Germans who fled from seventeenth-century Europe. They were Protestants, but they were less the products of the Reformation than of the Counter-Reformation, the cruel and aggressive resurgence of the Catholic Church in answer to the heresies of Luther. Like all the intransigent Protestants of this period, the original Cape settlers were imbued with Puritanical fervor, Old Testament self-righteousness, religious passion, and a sense of being outnumbered, persecuted, besieged underdogs. These attitudes have stayed with the Afrikaners. Even today in the heart of every Afrikaner burns a self-righteous, fanatical sense of being part of a chosen but persecuted people preserving the truth of God's just but unrecognized mission.

But Afrikaner political and racial doctrines have not always been what they are today. Curiously, they were far more liberal and humane centuries ago, when slavery was common.

Locked deep in the National Archives is an old Dutch settlers' Bible dating from 1673. In the front it lists the legitimate, white family tree; in the back it lists the colored family. In the seventeenth century the text of acceptability was not color. It was religion. To enslave a pagan was just. But a baptized slave was often released, and sometimes even married a white. Sexual intercourse between blacks and whites was so common that it produced what is today a community of 1,800,000 Cape Coloreds (mulattoes). Even today few Afrikaners can be absolutely sure—not even after the government has inspected their noses, their

hair, and their ancestry—that they don't carry a touch of black blood. One leading Nationalist deputy in Parliament is so dark that he has been nicknamed Withooi, white boy. The leader of the opposition United Party, Sir de Villiers Graaf, is also notably swarthy. And most Afrikaners retain a taste for black sexuality. They vacation in hordes in Lourenco Marques in bordering Mozambique, where Portuguese laws and customs in no way hamper their illicit hungers and where numerous black bordellos cater to their tastes. Upright and indignant supporters of racist laws at home, as soon as they cross into Mozambique many Afrikaners become the most lasciviously enthusiastic of "Kaffir kissers."

Nevertheless, back home in South Africa, things are not what they were three centuries ago or what they are in Lourenco Marques. Sexual relations with blacks are *streng verboten*, miscegenation is unthinkable (and illegal), and all non-whites, regardless of baptism or religion, are held in a form of bondage that is probably worse than seventeenth-century slavery.

Clearly, Afrikaners' dogmas have changed; but their attitudes have remained constant. The absolutist, fanatical outlook of a paranoic minority is still there. It has only become more extreme.

Four elements have contributed to the formation of modern Afrikanerdom: the slave society, the Dutch Reformed Church, the *laager* mentality, and British liberalism. South Africa has from the outset been a slave society. Especially after the importation of slaves during the eighteenth century, all manual labor and domestic service have been performed by slaves. The whites became a class of landowning, ruling aristocrats proudly certain of their own superiority. This happens in every slave society: witness Rwanda, Zanzibar, or Mississippi.

As South Africa took on the characteristics of a slave society, the character of the Afrikaners' religion changed. Humans were ranked not by baptism but by color. The Dutch Reformed Church identified itself with the white community, not with all people who believed in Christianity. During the Great Trek the church supported the Boertrekkers' outrage and zeal by proclaiming the trekkers

God's instrument for the destruction of the black Philistines. And that is basically the Dutch Reformed Church's present position—that true Christianity is a white religion and that blacks or coloreds are lower forms of humanity.

Perhaps the most crucial aspect of Afrikanerdom is the *laager* mentality, the crisis mentality, the attitude of settlers who have drawn their covered wagons into a circle (*laager*) to protect themselves against attack from the hostiles outside. Such an attitude usually develops on a frontier where hostile forces constantly clash. Insecurity and fear become as crucial to the personality as courage and fortitude. For the Afrikaners this attitude was created along the Fish River, aggravated during the Great Trek and established permanently during the following years of the Century of Wrong. Usually, the *laager* mentality is outmoded with time and events—as in the U.S.A., where the Indians were exterminated and the West “made safe” for the pioneers. But though the Afrikaners killed hundreds of thousands of blacks, there were always millions more. Today the Afrikaner still feels himself to be surrounded by the outnumbering black hostile horde. And that is no delusion.

The Afrikaners, isolated at the distant tip of another continent, missed the entire European Enlightenment. As the Afrikaans historian, F. J. Jarrsveld, said, “We got stuck in history.” And when history caught up with them, when the British imported the Enlightenment's consequences—their liberal humanitarian, egalitarian ideals—the Afrikaners were disgusted and outraged. They were disgusted when the British enfranchised the blacks, they were outraged when white men were tried, convicted, and hanged for killing kaffirs, they were repulsed by the notion of blacks being equal before the law as in the church. They fled these ideas in their Great Trek, but the British pursued and persisted in imposing on them their government, taxes, restrictions, and repugnantly liberal laws. The Afrikaner grew to hate the Briton and to yearn for revenge.

When the Union was established in 1910, many hoped that the “hairies” (as the British call the Afrikaners) and the “rednecks” (as the Afrikaners call the British) would conciliate. But instead there developed a hardening core of fervent Afrikaner nationalists who guarded Afrikaner-

dom with a zealous passion. They sent their children to special schools where Afrikaans was the language used, despite the fact that English and Dutch were the Union's official languages. They established special Afrikaner universities and churches. They worked endlessly to extend their influence throughout the entire Afrikaner community—which outnumbers the British community three to two. These nationalists did not want to establish an independent republic. They wanted to establish power over the entire union and transform it according to the doctrines of Afrikanerdom. Only then would Afrikanerdom be truly triumphant. Only then would the Union of South Africa truly be theirs. Only then would they have their revenge.

Progress was rapid. By 1924 the Afrikaner Nationalist Party, under the leadership of J. B. Munnik Hertzog, had gained control of the Union's government. Once in power, the Nationalists' first acts were to establish Afrikaans as an official language equal to English, and to discard the Union Jack and create another Union flag. When, under the strain of the depression, Jan Christiaan Smuts, leading the English and some more moderate Afrikaners, joined forces with Hertzog in the United Party, a group of fanatical Afrikaners under Daniel F. Malan immediately broke away to form another Nationalist Party.

Afrikanerdom soon struck again. In 1936 all blacks were transferred to a separate roll, abolishing the status they had held since the British created Cape Colony. In 1938 *Die Stem van Suidafrika* was placed as a dual national anthem equal to *God Save the King*.

The continued aggressiveness of the Afrikaners, climaxing in the issues of World War II, split the Hertzog-Smuts union. By a narrow margin of 13 votes Smuts barely pushed his support of the Allies through Parliament, and South Afrika officially went to war against the Axis. But a large number of Afrikaners supported the Nazis. At a National Party congress held in 1940, Ben Schoeman proclaimed: "The whole future of Afrikandom is dependent on a German victory." Malan was openly sympathetic, and his Christian National Afrikaner ideal bore unmistakable similarities to the Aryan superman. Two groups, the Ossenbrandwag (oxwagon guard) and the New Order, pro-

claimed deep admiration for the Nazis. Nationalists were openly anti-Semitic. Vorwoerd, who edited the pro-German Transvaaler during the war, publicly protested the admittance of Jewish refugees to South Afrika, and was condemned by South Afrika's supreme court because he "made his newspaper a tool of the Nazis, and he knew it." At the peak of Nazi success in 1941, OB members and Malan supporters drew up an authoritarian, fascistic constitution to be put into effect after the hoped-for German victory. Then, after the German defeat, 2,000 former SS and Nazi army officers found refuge in South Africa.

Smuts and his United Party maintained control of Parliament throughout the war, but in 1948 Daniel Malan led the Nationalists back into power with the first all-Afrikaner government in South African history. The Afrikaners were more insularly united than ever before. Now, under Malan, Afrikanerdom would finally purify the Union and take its revenge.

"The devil has been let loose in
our country!" Bantu cry, originated
1948.

Afrikanerdom came to power on a political idea called apartheid, pronounced, in Afrikaans, *apart-hate*. In 1948 it was a new word, not even included in the dictionary of Afrikaans. It has been given many interpretations, and Afrikaners use different ones according to the person with whom they're speaking. When they talk with foreign diplomats and journalists, they define it as the ultimate separation of South Africa into different, distinct, independent nations according to race. When government leaders are talking practical politics, they acknowledge that the first definition is a practical impossibility, and claim that what apartheid means in action is the separation of blacks and whites in every way possible—in public facilities, theaters, buses, schools, sporting events, churches—just what the U.S.A. had in Mississippi, with the added fillip of the attempt to keep down the number of blacks in the cities while packing as many blacks as possible into the reserves. But

when they talk apartheid in the Broederband Society they define apartheid as every Afrikaner knows its essence to be—a synonym for a much older Afrikaans word, *baaskap*, the absolute dominion of the country by whites—white supremacy.

When Malan came into power in 1948 there was an explosion of minor manifestations of the meaning of apartheid. In government buildings, railway stations, and railroad coaches, on park benches and telephone booths, government workers nailed up hurriedly printed signs reserving the best for the “Europeans,” the rest for “Non-Europeans.” Buildings were ripped apart to create separate entrances for whites and blacks; courts were rearranged to have separated witness boxes for whites and blacks; expensive tunnels were dug to keep the whites pure from contact with blacks.

But this was small beans. The real and important foundations of apartheid were being created in Parliament. In 1949 the Mixed Marriages and Immorality Act was passed, prohibiting any form of sexual intercourse between whites and blacks. The few mixed couples that existed were either ripped apart or forced to leave the country. In 1950 three more crucial bills were passed—the Population Registration Act, the Group Areas Act, and the Suppression of Communism Act. The Population Registration Act demanded the classification of each citizen according to race. Its immediate effects were horrendous. Tribunals probed into life histories, often uncovering facts, or supposed facts, about which the investigated individuals had been totally unaware. Persons who had lived entire lives as whites were suddenly classified as Colored. Families were splintered and marriages ruptured, for, under the Mixed Marriages Act, whites and blacks cannot cohabit. Jobs were lost, children were jerked out of one school and social milieu and shoved into the world of the Coloreds. Government investigators used such primitive, unscientific, and humiliating techniques as passing combs through a person’s hair to check its “kinkiness” or measuring the shape of a nose. Millions of citizens were investigated, photographed, and issued special cards identifying their race. Fear of ostracism rose to such peaks of hysteria that in many instances wives and

husbands repudiated each other. Children learned to hate their parents. And a whole new segment of the population learned to hate the government.

The Group Areas Act gave the government the right to create special zones in which only people of one color can live, own property, and carry on business; allowed the government to reshuffle populations according to these areas; and allowed government inspectors to enter any home or office at any hour, without notice. Though the Minister of the Interior announced that the act would be implemented "with justice for all," its effects were bound to be tragic. Blacks who owned land outside the reserves were jerked off their property. Indian families who had lived for centuries in one neighborhood, as in Johannesburg and Durban, were expelled from their homes and relocated in the barren veld miles outside the cities. Elderly Colored couples who had lived for 60 years in their battered cottages were suddenly heaved out and, despite their old age, forced to seek new and inevitably worse accommodations. The only people who were not hurt by the act were the whites. In Durban, for instance, it was announced that 100,000 non-whites would be relocated, as compared to only 3,000 whites. And for the most part, any moves benefited the whites.

The Suppression of Communism Act allowed a special minister to "deem" any person he thought fit a "Communist." The individual so deemed loses all rights to participate in any societies, meet in any groups or organizations, or speak publicly or even enter certain areas. The act allows for no appeal.

In 1951 Parliament passed the Bantu Authorities Act, which gave the government absolute control over the selection and actions of tribal chiefs. In 1953 the Criminal Law Amendment Act was passed because some blacks had been presumptuous enough to protest against the government's legislation and policies. It provided for penalties of more than \$1,500 and/or five years in jail and/or flogging for anti-government protests. This was followed by the Separate Amenities Act, which officially okayed the already established practice of providing separate but unequal facilities for different races.

The next year, 1954, the Industrial Conciliation Act forbade Africans to participate in trade unions, forbade any multiracial unions, and formally prescribed that the Minister of Labor should allocate jobs according to race. In that same year Verwoerd, who had become Minister of Native Affairs and who was fast becoming the architect of apartheid, sponsored the Bantu Education Act, which squelched whatever fragments of multiracial education remained in South Africa. This act is the most blatant piece of ideological educational legislation in history. Its true purpose, beyond the mere furthering of practical apartheid, was plainly stated: it was to see that education trained non-whites for "their place in South African society."

In 1955 Malan resigned. But Afrikanerdom had no need to worry. Malan was succeeded by J. G. Strijdom, an Afrikaner from the Transvaal and, if that was possible, an even more fanatical proponent of apartheid than Malan had been. Strijdom pushed through many more segregational decrees, but his crowning achievement came almost immediately after he took office. He rearranged Parliament so that his supporters assured him a two-thirds majority, and finally, after a half century of trying, the Afrikaners removed the last taint to South Afrika's political life: the only non-whites who had still been allowed to elect a representative to Parliament, the Coloreds, were deprived of their vote.

In the general elections of 1958 the Nationalist Party obtained a two-to-one majority and Strijdom was renamed premier. Shortly thereafter he died, and the genius behind apartheid, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, took over the government. Under Verwoerd, apartheid perfected itself, and South Africa became, for the blacks, a police state. It is so today, under the premiership of B. Vorster, who was Minister of Justice under Vorwoerd, who took over from Vorwoerd in September 1966 after Vorwoerd was assassinated, and who still retains control of the security police. Blacks are told where they can travel, what class, and when. They are told where they can live and for how long, what kind of job they can take, whether their families can live together or not. They are hemmed in by myriad controls, restrictions, penalties, and curfews. They must carry with

them at all times their "reference books," which include a number for every black and an up-to-date record of his entire life. Those caught without the books go to jail or are sentenced to a "farm jail" in the rural areas, where convicts work without pay for white farmers.

Alan Paton has wryly called apartheid "the finest blend of cruelty and idealism ever devised by man. The idealist stomachs the cruelty because of the idealism. The cruel man stomachs the idealism because of the cruelty."

The "idealism" of apartheid, however, was perverse to begin with, and the cruelty, under the ever-increasing power and extension of the police state, is daily growing worse and worse. It is rotting the police force. Bad pay and low entrance standards and, especially, the sadistic techniques of the police toughs, have overloaded the police force with a dangerous element of cruelty-loving thugs. Each carries at least a revolver, usually a whip. In the African slums and townships police often carry machine guns and automatic rifles. Blacks are shot, slashed, and beaten. Houses are broken into at all hours in reference-book "swoops" or "illegal-liquor raids." These raids, often held at midnight or the early hours of morning darkness, are violent and brutal. The police sweep down into a neighborhood in armored cars and pickup vans, smash windows and break down doors, search houses carelessly and violently, throwing personal possessions about and breaking them, drag the arrested persons out into the street, often beating them up, then throw them into the vans and cart them off. The arrested man and his relatives are not told where he is being taken or why or for how long. Under the police state that is not necessary. In South Africa today, 1,000 people are arrested every day.

But apartheid cannot be understood simply in terms of the oppressions of the police state. It must be understood in the terms of daily life. In these terms, what does apartheid mean? To the black who can afford to ride in an airplane, it means that he must sit in a special section as far removed from the whites as possible. If the flight is sold out and there are to be no other flights, and the black must, for some extreme reason, be put aboard the plane, apartheid means that the stewardess will walk down the plane's

aisle asking the whites, "Do you mind if a black sits beside you?" If she finds one who doesn't or is too embarrassed to admit it, the black gets a seat. At mealtime he will be served on specially colored cups and plates, and after the meal these will be washed in separate water. As soon as the black leaves the plane, his headrest is removed and laundered separately from the others. On the railroads it is the same. In a white household the black help similarly uses special (cheap) utensils. If by mistake a black servant drinks from his master's cup, he may be fired. At least he will be sure to see it ceremoniously smashed before his eyes so that no white can ever be contaminated by it in the future.

In public places apartheid means that blacks stand in separate lines to buy separate tickets, wait at separate bus stops for separate buses, sit on separate benches in parks, and separate toilet seats in rest rooms. If a black sits on a whites-only bench, he can be fined \$840, or sentenced to three-years' imprisonment, or 10 strokes of the whip, or any combination of two of these. And the laws of apartheid increase and increase as every tiny loophole that might allow interracial mixing is filled. Today the laws fill a 1,000-page book. There are no exceptions to these rules. Recently a black servant wheeled his white mistress up to a white bus stop in her wheel chair. He was allowed to push her aboard, but when the bus started he was tossed out, and had to run alongside the bus to the next stop, where he was allowed to help his mistress down.

Apartheid means that the cities are cluttered with such signs as "Prams, dogs, and natives not allowed." Worship itself has been almost entirely segregated. And of course, like anything that is extremely ridiculous, apartheid has spawned a spate of jokes—like the one about the white policeman who entered a white church early one Sunday morning, saw an African on his knees, and asked, "What are you doing down there, kaffir?" The black answered, "Scrubbing the floor, *baas*, scrubbin' the floor." "O.K., kaffir," replied the policeman. "But God help you if I catch you praying."

In the nineteenth century, before the gold and diamond

finds, there was relatively little contact between blacks and whites in South Africa, and racial relations were relatively peaceful, if not, from the blacks' point of view, particularly ideal. But the mineral finds and the ensuing industrialization of the country changed this situation utterly. Though they were allowed only the most menial pick-and-shovel labor and though there was absolutely no possibility of their working as prospectors and/or of owning mineral-rich land, the blacks found that in the mines and in the swelling, industrializing cities they could earn much more than they could in their impoverished reserves. In ever-increasing numbers they flocked into the cities and to the mines. They took jobs as miners, in industry, in public transportation, and as domestics for the ever more wealthy whites. Huge black slums developed around the mines and in the cities. Unable to afford or even find adequate housing, the blacks threw up shanties built of flattened paraffin tins, old bits of sacking and cloth, fragments of metal, mud and wood. There were often no sanitation systems and no pure water. Disease ran rampant. The slums soon developed large criminal elements. Still the blacks kept flooding in. Between 1921 and 1951 the number of blacks in South Africa's cities rose from 587,000 to 2,325,388. Today there are more blacks in the cities alone than there are whites in the entire country.

The Afrikaners feared the swelling black tide and tried to keep it down, tried to cut the flow of blacks to the cities; but it was impossible; it was quite clear that neither the whites' industry, their mines, nor their cities could run without the black labor. Even before World War II, Premier Smuts admitted publicly that segregation in the sense of keeping the black and white masses apart, was failing. On the other hand, *baaskap* domination was succeeding brilliantly. The whites' wealth increased and increased, while the blacks were condemned to only the most menial tasks, offered only the most meager salaries, and cut off from all political and social rights whatsoever.

To the casual observer there seems to have been almost no black protest against these conditions, just as today a tourist taken on a government tour of South Africa sees no signs of unrest. But the blacks have protested repeatedly

against their position in South Africa. And repeatedly, viciously or brutally, the government has squelched them.

The first black organization, the African National Congress (ANC), was formed in 1912. Since then it has organized many protest demonstrations. There were demonstrations against the passbooks in 1919, 1930, and 1931. After 1940 Dr. A. B. Xuma, president of the ANC, led many boycotts and strikes. In 1946, 70,000 black gold-miners went on strike. But none of these demonstrations had any effect, except the cost in pain and lives that the protesters suffered. In 1948, for instance, when the blacks organized still another stay-at-home strike to demonstrate their opposition to the general elections (in which they had no voice), white police invaded the black slums and reserves and indiscriminately beat any blacks they caught. Journalists reported seeing innocent black pedestrians slashed with whips wielded by police standing in the backs of cruising pickup trucks. One man standing on a street corner had his head smashed in when a policeman leaning out of a passing patrol car swung a wooden truncheon at him.

Still the blacks continued to protest. On May Day, 1950, the Indian and African Congresses held a joint protest meeting on the Rand to protest the Suppression of Communism Act. Police squelched it easily—by wounding 30 and killing 18. On June 26, 1952, the ANC, led by Chief A. Lutholi and supported by more than 100,000 acknowledged members, organized a huge “defiance campaign” against the Bantu Urban Authority Act. Thousands and thousands of blacks and Indians deliberately broke apartheid restrictions and passively went to jail. In the last months of the year more than 8,000 were imprisoned. But early in the next year, after passing the Public Safety Act, which provided huge fines, long prison terms and extreme floggings for lawbreaking during protests, the government broke the movement. Thirty-six blacks were dead, thousands were in jail, nothing had been accomplished. Except that the whites had become tougher than ever. Now their police raids became more and more frequent, and intimidation beatings increased in number and severity. Luthuli,

along with all other known ANC leaders, was officially banned from any public activities.

Thereafter protests became less and less frequent, and less and less important. The futility of anti-government protest was personified in demonstrations held during 1955 by a small group of liberal white women banded together in a group called the "Black Sash." This was not a protest; it was a wake for the death of protest. Wearing black sashes to indicate their mourning for the death of South Africa's freedoms, these women held "vigils" and haunted the government at public and official sessions. Of course, their effort had no effect: in that same year the Coloreds lost their representation in Parliament. When the ANC called for a three-day stay-at-home strike two years later, in April 1958, the Minister of Labor, Jan de Klerk, publicly threatened that if the blacks tried it he would give the strikers a real "taste of white supremacy"; the strike fizzled out before the end of the first day.

After that fiasco, one year later, in April 1959, the younger members of the ANC split off from the older organization and formed the more militant Pan African Congress. The PAC was baptized in fire and blood the next year, at Sharpeville, a strictly black town outside Vereeniging, an industrial town. In 1960 Sharpeville had several irritating problems. Prices were high, wages low. The average life expectancy was just 38 years, and about 55 out of 100 blacks never saw the age of 16. Pass laws were being enforced with the usual severity, and as usual, about one out of every 20 locals was arrested every year for violations.

Under the leadership of PAC leader Robert Bobukwe, on March 21, 1960, about 3,000 blacks gathered to demonstrate against the pass laws. As journalists have reported, the crowd was peaceful, unarmed, and cheerful. But without warning and without provocation, the 150 police who had been organized to control the crowd suddenly opened fire—with Sten guns, revolvers, .303 rifles; they did not stop shooting until the crowds had completely disappeared. By that time 65 blacks were dead, more than 190 wounded.

The PAC responded immediately with a labor strike, which, supported by the outrage of the populace, was quite

effective; but this only angered the police more and what followed made their behavior during the Sharpeville demonstration seem almost sane. All over the country blacks were subjected to an intensity of violence and brutality that even South Africa had never seen before. In Capetown, after white troops cordoned off the black quarter, the police moved in. Newspapermen were kept out at gunpoint, but many saw enough from a distance to get out enough of an idea of what it was like.

To persuade the blacks to go back to work, the police swept through the slum in a door-to-door assault. They broke into houses and beat the occupants—men and women. Newspapermen outside the cordon heard a constant chorus of shrieks, screams, and cries for help. One reporter telephoned his paper and shouted, "I can't stand their screaming! Do something!" But only the police did anything. Ten policemen armed with whips chased, caught, and whipped three blacks until they could not move. One black who had been taken prisoner was lashed between the rear bumpers of two trucks and then torn in two as the trucks were driven apart. At one point a group of beaten Africans ran to the top of a hill, threw their arms up, and shouted to the police below, "Shoot us! What more can you do to us now?"

The beatings were so brutal and widespread that a white army officer in charge of part of the cordon rushed up to a policeman and warned that his white troops were so disturbed by what they were seeing and hearing that if the beatings did not stop he might be unable to control them. But the police did not stop. In explanation, one police commissioner said, "My car was struck by a stone. If they do these things, they must learn the hard way."

During the same few days there was violence in Banga, near Capetown (three dead, three wounded), in Natal, and in Pondoland. In the week following the massacre at Sharpeville, dozens more died. At a village called the Country of Hope, 5,000 blacks ran rampant through public buildings, pillaging and burning. At Evaton, South African Air Force Sabre jets and prop planes dived at crowds of more than 10,000 in order to disperse them. In Capetown 30,000 blacks marched—peacefully—through the streets. The

Minister of Bantu Administration had said, pooh-poohing the “disturbances,” that “race relations are better than ever before.” But twelve hours later, the Minister of Justice declared that the country was “on the brink of revolution.”

The government declared a state of emergency, placed the entire country on a war footing. The ANC and the PAC were completely outlawed, the leaders of the white Liberal Party were arrested along with all leaders of the black organizations and along with almost 20,000 other blacks. According to the regulations of the state of emergency, these men were arrested without charge, and could be held so for at least a year. Often the black prisoners were held in solitary-confinement cells about seven by seven feet, were refused permission to speak, and were allowed to read only the Bible.

Such methods quickly broke the black resistance, and on April 31 the state of emergency was officially ended. But since Sharpeville, South Africa, has continued to live in a state of unproclaimed emergency, a state of tension and fear that has created what for anyone who opposes or criticizes the government is truly a police state.

There is good reason for the whites to be afraid concrete and plausible reasons going beyond the general fear of overwhelming black swarms. After Sharpeville, President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, who previously opposed violent methods of resistance, said that in South Africa, “Non-violence does not pay—if anything, it provides cheap cannon fodder.” That sentiment became widespread. In South Africa, for the first time, the blacks began organizing underground groups that they openly dedicated to sabotage and violence. The three foremost groups were known as Umkonto We Zigwe (Zulu for “Spear of the Nation”), the National Liberation Committee, and Poqo (Xosa for “We Are Alone”).

Poqo received the most publicity. A leading American news magazine ran an article stating that Poqo initiates underwent a series of repulsive rites, including the quaffing of human urine and goat’s blood from kerosene tins, supposedly to make them invincible; ashes were reportedly rubbed into incisions in the forehead to make them bullet-proof, while witch doctors chanted “*Izxwe lethu*” (“Our

land”), to which the initiates replied “*Inkololeko nqoko*” (“We must be emancipated now”). The report further stated that to create a sense of terror, Poqo members made a ritual of their killings by gouging out the eyes of victims, decapitating them, dousing them with kerosene, and then setting them aflame. There were reports of “scores” of blacks being trained in Natal and West Africa for guerrilla warfare, and of schools for judo and unarmed combat in South Africa Bantu reserves. Potlako K. Leballo, acting president of PAC, said that Poqo had 150,000 men “carefully organized” into 1,000-man “cells.” President Nkrumah of Ghana was said to have contributed \$70,000 plus many weapons to Poqo.

On Nov. 22, 1962, Poqo struck its biggest blow, which demolished the exaggerated image of its power, although it increased the growing sense of fear among the whites. About 100 crudely armed blacks marched into Paarl, a town in Cape Province, attacked the police station in an attempt to release five blacks arrested earlier that day, burned a few buildings, hacked two whites to death, and fled. Six blacks died. Poqo was blamed also for the murder of five whites in Transkei and the murder of a pro-government Bantu chief.

Meanwhile the National Liberation Committee and Spear also were active. In October 1962 the Ministry of Agriculture was bombed. In October and November 1962 there were 25 attempts at sabotage in six weeks. Twenty-nine telephone lines were cut and two train derailments attempted in the first week of November. On January 18, 1963, the building of *Die Nataller*, the voice of the Nationalist Party in Natal, was damaged by a time bomb.

Shortly after the Sharpeville massacre, on April 31, 1960, the government had dropped its state of emergency, but now the government directed that more severe measures were again required. Even after the state of emergency had ended, security police continued systematically sweeping through black villages, reserves, and slums for anyone suspected of involvement in any black organization. By early 1963, 3,246 blacks had been arrested as “suspected members” of Poqo, and 124 had been found guilty of murder.

In Port Elizabeth's black township, New Brighton, which the police went through as methodically "as a thresher in a wheat field," as one observer put it, endless political trials—trumped up, the public barred, the press seldom present—produced 529 convictions worth 2,666 years in jail. But after the rise in terrorist activity the government decided that the existing laws were insufficient to allow the police to carry out a final suppression of all black revolutionaries. Thus, in May 1963 the General Laws Amendment was passed through Parliament, with only one dissenting vote. The amendment had two crucial effects. It put the country on a virtual war footing, and it created the infamous 90-day clause.

The 90-day clause is very simple: it allows the security police to detain for any number of 90-day periods, without charge and without trial, anyone they suspect of having information concerning subversive political activity. And it allows them to define what "subversive political activity" means. The prisoners can be deprived of all human contact except that of their jailers and interrogators. They have no right to legal aid and can be denied all reading and writing materials. They can be held until they have "replied satisfactorily to all questions." The act took even South Africa by surprise. As the *Johannesburg Star* said, "It means that the Nationalists are finally giving up trying to govern by accepted Western standards," and the International Commission of Jurors condemned the 90-day clause as "bordering on tyranny and calculated to make South Africa more than ever a police state. . . . Liberty is gone, justice blinded and maimed . . . in that unfortunate country."

But the security police were delighted. As soon as the bill was passed, on June 1, 1963, they began a series of "swoops" (raids) all over the country. Whites, blacks, Indians, and Coloreds were arrested by the hundreds. No one was exempt. On July 11, in Johannesburg's classy Rivonia suburb, 17 people—seven white and 10 non-white—were arrested in one swoop in which the security police caught the hard core of the ANC underground red-handed—with plans for violence, sabotage, guerrilla warfare, armed invasion, and an eventual war of liberation.

Rapidly Poqo was exposed and destroyed; Spear was revealed as planning a far-reaching plot to overthrow the government, and smashed, and the African Resistance Movement, made up of young white university students and liberal women who played at sabotage, was crushed.

The security police used methods appropriate to the most odious of dictatorships. Their prisoners were treated with severe brutality. Stock methods of interrogation involved electric-shock treatment, the suffocation treatment (in which an airtight bag is tied over the prisoner's head, then pumped full of smoke), the bucket treatment (in which a bucket or an oil drum is dropped over the prisoner's head and then beaten on until the prisoner goes berserk or talks), and the stand-up treatment (in which prisoners are forced to stand, without moving and while being questioned, for hours, sometimes for days and nights). Ordinary beatings, of course, were commonplace. In the 18 months during which the 90-day cause remained in effect, three detainees committed suicide. One hanged himself in his cell, another jumped out a seven-story window during an examination period. Scores of teen-agers, many white, were sent to mental hospitals after being detained by the security police.

When the clause was finally suspended on January 11, 1965—it was not written off the books, just placed in cold storage, so to speak, so that it can be used again whenever necessary—more than 1,000 people had been detained, many for more than a year. Of these, more than 500 were convicted of sabotage, possession of explosives, or furthering the ends of Communism, and thrown in jail. Three hundred of the accused turned state's evidence, were used over and over again as witnesses, and released. An average of more than 85 people were arrested every month, charged with subversion. Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisula, Govan Mbeki, Robert Sobukwe, and dozens of others—virtually the entire black leadership—were convicted and jailed. At one point more than 70,000 blacks—one out of every 236—were held in South Africa's prisons.

The trials in which these prisoners were—and still are—convicted are mockeries of justice. Defense lawyers are hindered in every possible way. Prosecution witnesses are

rehearsed and used over and over again in different trials. Those who are acquitted—as in the cases of Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisula—are often held, recharged, and retried as many times as necessary until they are finally convicted and jailed. In the Bantu Affairs Court 1,000 blacks are tried every day in trials that take only seconds. Almost automatically they are convicted, jailed, or sent back to their crowded, arid “homelands.” During the last five years the security police have swept through the Eastern Cape province, which used to be the center of the best African leadership, in a vast operation that has tracked down almost every rank-and-file member of the ANC and PAC. More than 800 blacks have been sentenced to an average of from five to six years in jail apiece. Robben Island, a few miles off South Africa’s shores, South Africa’s own little Alcatraz, is jammed with 1,200 political prisoners, including almost all the leaders of the ANC and PAC. There is no forgiveness for these men’s political sins. They are in for life. But then, perhaps they are lucky. If their names had not received international publicity, they would certainly have been executed, as hundreds and hundreds of little men have been—200 a year.

The 90-day clause has been suspended, but the security police still have a very free hand. Now they don’t even need to pretend to use the courts, for Parliament has legalized 25 different kinds of “banning” orders that permit all legal routes to be bypassed. The police need merely say that any person is subversive, or dangerous, and he can be banned without recourse to the courts. A normal ban lasts five years, and turns the banned person into an isolated, almost nonexistent entity. He cannot talk to anyone outside his family or doctor, cannot leave specified areas, and almost certainly can’t find work. As of May 1966, 420 people had been banned, including 40 members of the white Liberal Party.

Early in 1960 Robert Ruark, himself far from a raving pro-black revolutionary, reported that he had talked with an old German friend who had lived in South Africa for many years but was about to leave “because it reminds me too much of my old home town in Hitler’s Germany.”

Since 1960, the atmosphere in South Africa has gotten even worse. Now everyone lives in a state of fear. The police have created a vast network of informers that keeps them almost omniscient. Their informers move in all circles: "Go to dinner," says one rich white, "and you'll find one talking Shakespeare to the hostess." Whites suspected of sentiments critical of the government have their mail opened, their phones tapped, their homes and offices broken into. Of course, since the majority of the whites in South Africa are firmly behind their government, most don't suffer in this way. But as a result of the lurid publicity resulting from the anti-saboteur trials, these whites are afraid, too. They remember the story of the drunken Zulu in Port Elizabeth who one night dragged a nun from her car, raped and beat her, and did not even wait till she was dead to begin eating her; they remember the stories of the Poqo murders and the black revolutionaries' plans; and they are afraid. Today whites sleep with guns by their night tables. Windows are double-barred; locks are heavy. In the streets, women carry guns in bra and thigh holsters.

For the blacks, of course, it is much worse. Every black township teems with black informers, called *impimpis*, whose services the security police have secured either through beatings, threats, money, or all three. One black said that he could spot informers because "they are the people who try to strike up a conversation about the ANC or the PAC. No man would do that to a friend. It's too dangerous." This permeation of *impimpis* and the ever-present distrust and fear are rotting the social fabric of the black townships; but there is little that the blacks can do against the *impimpis*, even though, because the *impimpis* often give evidence at trials, they are well known. One reporter asked a black friend why revenge was not taken on the known *impimpis*. "To take revenge," the black responded, "you would want two men, wouldn't you?" The reporter asked why he didn't use his best friend, who was standing next to them. Embarrassed, the black answered, "How do I know he's not an *impimpi*?"

There is no doubt that the police have through such methods succeeded in almost entirely squelching the black

resistance. Almost every opposition leader is in jail, exiled, banned, or in his grave. The blacks now not only have no right to vote, organize trade unions, strike, organize politically, or protest; they are afraid to be seen at any gathering larger than a group of friends talking casually together.

Fear extends directly into the classrooms, too. There black teachers must teach exactly what the government prescribes. Textbooks make no reference to Sharpeville, and state that "South Africa is a democratic country." But the teachers are afraid to contradict such statements. One black teacher recalled that one of his students once asked him why the pass laws were needed. "I said that they are necessary to keep out the criminals. Then my student said, if that was so, why was his father jailed? I didn't say, 'Because the laws are unjust.' I just said, 'Probably he stole something.' As soon as these words were out I felt sick. If I were a real teacher, I would have taught him to doubt the system. Instead, I taught him to doubt his father. That's how helpless we are."

Nelson Mandela, top leader of the banned ANC, once said, "If peaceful protests are to be put down by the army and the police, then the people will be forced to use other methods of struggle." He warned the South African whites that they had a choice—"talk it out or shoot it out." Most South Africans who oppose the regime now seem to agree that the only method left is the latter. Patrick Duncan, a white liberal, has said, "The way to power in South Africa now lies through the use of force."

Even as long ago as 1956 observers were warning of a terrible explosion, a dreadful civil war, if the whites did not agree to "talk it out." But since Sharpeville and the government's suppression campaign, it has become only too clear that even the civil war is a pipe dream. The blacks in South Africa have not got the power, the arms, weapons, money and organization, to confront the regime.

More and more, then, hopes for the liberation of South Africa's blacks have come to rest on the hope of aid and intervention from outside, particularly from the newly independent black nations. The leaders of these new nations have made it very clear that they support this idea. They have threatened South Africa again and again.

One African Minister, who said that he was already involved in action and so asked not to be identified, has said; "No other issue causes more tension and insecurity among the people of black Africa than the white devils' regime in South Africa. We cannot wait for other countries to become independent before we do something about South Africa. If we can manage to pull the rug out from under South Africa, those other countries will toe the line. A blockade of South Africa will enhance our prestige and power. Once the Indian Ocean is under our control, there is no god who will be able to save the whites in South Africa. Then, a black South Africa. Wealth, real world power and African unity, and surely—someday—a black bomb to protect ourselves from the bloody white devils."

Obviously, "control of the Indian Ocean" and a significant blockade of South Africa by black African nations are impossible today and will remain impossible for a long time. They are just dreams of glory. But even more sensible, moderate African leaders are committed to the ideal of the end of white dominance in Africa. Julius Nyerere, President of Tanzania and one of Africa's most moderate and respected leaders, has said, "Priority number one is the independence of Africa. Africa's freedom, Africa's honor are more important than Africa's development. We are determined to see those countries become independent."

To some degree the new black nations have tried to help in the struggle. In November 1963 the South-West Africa Freedom Fighters' Open United Front opened headquarters in Dar es Salaam, and it has sent a few terrorists and guerrillas into South-West Africa. A guerrilla campaign against Mozambique, with headquarters, training camps, and supplies based in Tanganyika, was launched in September, 1964 by FRELIMO (Frente de Libertacao de Mozambique). The next month Dr. Franco Nogueira, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, claimed that Tanganyika had become a vast home base for subversion in Africa. In the same style the Congo has aided the Angolan rebels, who, along with the FRELIMO fighters, have received a certain amount of arms and moneys from Algeria, Ghana, the U.A.R., and a few other African nations. But most of

the aid has come from outside Africa—Czechoslovakia, Cuba, China, Russia, East Germany.

Indeed, the new African nations can hardly afford to truly undertake the mission of liberation in South Africa. They are too weak, and still, despite the dream of a united Africa, too divided. The ANC in the Congo, when it is not fighting against itself or against its own government, is barely efficient enough to keep the peace at home. Nigeria, one of the strongest and most mature of the African nations, has been torn to pieces by exploding tribalism, and its army is as badly divided as its peoples. Upper Volta and Dahomey are suffering from the same problem. The armies of Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda are almost worthless—they were disbanded, reorganized, and are now being retrained as a result of the 1964 mutinies. Guinea, Liberia, and the Ivory Coast are close to war among themselves and have stationed their armies on each other's borders. Algeria and Ghana, the two most important African supporters of anti-white revolutionaries in southern Africa, have thrown out Ben Bella and Nkrumah, and seem now to feel it necessary to concentrate their own meager resources on internal problems. The Sudan, governed by an Arab minority, is threatened by an African revolution from within, and the U.A.R., which has independent Africa's most powerful army, is deeply committed to various wars and tensions in the Middle East. For these reasons, military aid for revolutionaries against the white regimes of southern Africa, if it comes from Africa, will be very small, and terribly weak.

Neither is the prospect of an effective African economic blockade of South Africa frightening to the white regime. In 1962 representatives of Tanganyika, Uganda, Ethiopia, Somalia, the Congo, Butundi, and Rwanda met in Leopoldville and urged all African states to regard "countries that continue to supply arms to South Africa and maintain normal trade and state relations" with South Africa as "unfriendly and hostile." But despite this plea, most African nations remain on "friendly" terms with the U.S.A. and Britain, for instance, which continue to trade and talk with South Africa; and many African nations, including

Ghana, have continued to profit from uninterrupted trade with South Africa or Angola or both.

As compared to the poverty, confusion, weakness, and disorganization that plagues the newly independent African nations, South Africa and her allies in the white bastion seem irresistibly powerful. South Africa's police force is more than adequate, as it has repeatedly shown, to take care of any internal troubles. It is composed of a force of 35,000 regulars armed with pistols, rifles, and machine guns, and supplied with a vast fleet of riot trucks, Saracen armored cars, even its own light aircraft. The regular police force is backed up by a voluntary police reserve of 50,000 citizens. Defense Minister Fouché has said, "Our forces are having specialized training in guerrilla warfare and street fighting. You must not think we are arming against an external army—we are not. We are arming to shoot down the black masses."

Though Fouché's last statement may well be true, he has made it quite clear at other times that South Africa is also preparing to fend off any attack made from outside its borders. In 1963 he said: "All our planning is done with emphasis on defense against outside aggression." And these defenses are enormous. South Africa has a 150,000-man regular army. All able white men are subject to compulsory military training, and those not in the regular army serve four years with the *skiet Kommandos*. Reserve forces train more than 3,000 men annually. In 1962 South Africa was able to raise 250,000 men on short notice, and the number is actually much higher today. Besides these regular forces, the *skiet Kommandos* practice with weapons regularly, and almost 30,000 women belong to pistol clubs that practice daily. In Cape Town, it has been reported that wives of Ministers are taking rifle lessons. Recently, in Pretoria alone 2,000 home-guard recruits were organized in one month. As Prime Minister Vorster has said, "The whole nation is virtually on the front line."

But amateur groups will probably not be necessary. The South African Government has allotted huge sums for national defense. In 1960 the defense budget was \$61.6 million; in 1963-64 it was \$220 million; and in 1965 it was \$345 million. This money has gone to provide the

army with the finest modern weapons, artillery, and training; to build up more than 12 tank and infantry regiments well-equipped with Saracen and Ferret light tanks; to build a large air force consisting of front-line fighters and fighter-bombers, including Mirage III and Buccaneer jets, propeller-driven planes, Wasp helicopters, and many other support planes; and to construct South Africa's own arms, munitions, and aviation industry. As far as war is concerned, South Africa is now almost self-sufficient. In 1963 South Africa began construction of three \$10 million munitions factories, and in 1965 began work on a factory to produce jet planes.

South Africa's preparations for war have not only made it the strongest military force on the African continent, but have boosted it almost to the strength of a major power. A leading South African scientist has said, "It is within the bounds of our resources to make an atom bomb." South Africa produces 20 per cent of the uranium mined in the "free world" and maintains the largest uranium reserves in the West. South Africa, in cooperation with West Germany, is carrying out extensive rocket and guided-missile research at a rocket station near Tsumeb in South-West Africa, and, still more frightening, is experimenting with chemical- and bacteriological-warfare devices. Professor L. J. le Roux, vice president of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, has said: "These poisons are capable of being delivered in vast quantities by aircraft or long-range missiles, and they have the destructive effect of a nuclear bomb of 20 megatons."

Nor is it just the power of South Africa alone that the new black nations must face, if they choose to, for Angola, Mozambique, and Southern Rhodesia have joined with South Africa in a *de facto* military union. As early as 1959 Admiral Vasco Lopes Alves, then the Portuguese Minister of Overseas Provinces, said: "If Western civilization is threatened on this continent, South Africa and Portugal should work together." In July 1961 South African Defense Minister Fouché visited London, and it was announced that South Africa had agreed to patrol the 900-mile frontier of Angola and South-West Africa, and to build a \$160 million, 3,000-mile road network in southe

Angola for "military strategy." On March 12, 1965, Mozambique and Southern Rhodesia arranged for a coordinated defense against the Mozambique rebels, and it is believed that there have been several other military and defense agreements signed between the countries of the white bastion, and several joint military exercises held, although they have been kept secret. In any case, these countries are openly cooperating in efforts to close the "underground railway" between parts of the white bastion and Tanganyika, and the secret police of the white-bastion nations have been working together to capture and return to each other "illegal immigrants," nationalists, and escapees.

This alignment of Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia, and South Africa makes the whites' position almost impregnable. The Portuguese have allotted a formidable force of trained and well-equipped soldiers to Angola and Mozambique—more than 50,000 are now in each colony—and have pursued a large military build-up. They have pulled almost all their forces, equipment, and air power out of NATO and sent it to Africa, and are spending \$70 million annually on the defense of their African colonies. The white regime in Southern Rhodesia, though in no way as powerful as its white neighbors, has enough troops to contribute significantly to their defense—12,000 regular army troops and 46,000 reserves, all well equipped.

It is quite clear, then, that despite its threats and its dreams, independent Africa will have to wait a long time before it can realistically plan to confront the white bastion with force, even in guerrilla wars. Nor is there much hope, especially in South Africa, for an armed uprising from within. The only truly viable method of forcing the white regimes in South Africa, Angola, Southern Rhodesia, and Mozambique to change their policies and grant freedom to their black inhabitants would be a stringent trade embargo imposed by the West. Unfortunately, not even that seems likely.

John F. Kennedy once said that the first aim of any American foreign policy must always be to forward America's own national interests. Regardless of justice or humanity, that is just what the U.S.A. is doing with respect

to Africa's white bastion. In South Africa alone American companies have invested more than \$600 million. American business is not bothered that this investment supports a racist regime. After the Sharpeville massacre its investments did not abate; since then they have doubled. There is a very simple reason for this: the average profit on investment in South Africa is about 27 per cent. Some 200 American companies have cashed in on this windfall, including General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, International Harvester, Phillips Petroleum, Bristol Myers, National Cash Register, RCA, and Chase Manhattan and the First National City banks.

Since these companies' investments total almost 20 per cent of all the foreign money invested in South Africa, if the United States Government demanded an economic blockade of South Africa—especially if it united in this with Britain, which controls almost 60 per cent of South Africa's foreign investment—the effects on South Africa's economy would be devastating. Effects on America would be relatively minor—American investment in South Africa is only 1 per cent of all American foreign investment, and all the goods America purchases from South Africa, with the exception of gold, can be gotten elsewhere.

But the companies that have invested in South Africa might not be willing to cooperate, and since these companies wield immense power at home in the U.S.A. the American Government is unwilling to offend them. Nor, indeed, is it willing to offend South Africa or Portugal, if only because the United States maintains important military bases in South Africa and on the Azores.

This position has been made unpleasantly clear in the United Nations. In 1957 the U.S.A. voted against a watered-down anti-colonialism resolution, which passed the General Assembly anyway. In 1960 the U.S.A. abstained from another, which passed 89-0. In 1952 and 1955 the U.S.A. voted against sending a commission to South Africa to study the racial situation, although in 1957 the U.S.A. began voting for resolutions rhetorically condemning apartheid. But the U.S.A. has always voted against any resolution that would have a practical effect on South Africa,

except the one asking an end to arms shipments to South Africa (by then meaningless, since South Africa had become militarily self-sufficient). In 1962 the U.S.A. voted against a strong resolution calling for sanctions, breaking of diplomatic relations, and expulsion from the U.N., and the next year again voted against a resolution calling for an economic boycott. When the General Assembly adopted a resolution urging member states to "refrain from the supply in any manner or form of any petroleum products to South Africa," the U.S.A. joined the noble company of South Africa, Portugal, and Spain in voting against the measure. Meanwhile the head of the United States Information Agency in South Africa praised the South African Government "for the steadfast manner in which it opposes Communism," and stated that "America and South Africa must stand closely together against the Communist danger."

U.S. behavior in relation to Portugal has been even more hypocritical and cynical. Between 1951 and 1961 the U.S.A. supplied Portugal with more than \$500 million worth of weapons, which were supposedly to be used in the NATO alliance. After the massacre of 3,000 blacks in Luanda and the subsequent massacre of more than 50,000 blacks in the "rotten triangle" of Angola in 1961, the U.S. voted in the Security Council for a resolution asking Portugal to "desist from repressive measures" and also "asked" Portugal not to use American-supplied NATO weapons in Africa. But the U.S.A. has several times voted against measures to condemn Portugal for "repression" in Angola and Mozambique, and in 1965 voted against a Security Council resolution asking NATO countries to stop sending arms to Portugal. Meanwhile, as quietly as possible, the U.S.A. did send arms to Portugal. In January of 1963 it sent 12 T-37C planes, and in 1966 tried at the last minute to halt and hush up what apparently was a CIA-Portuguese deal for surplus American World War II bombers—perfect weapons for anti-guerrilla bombing.

Still, in South Africa (and Angola, Rhodesia, and Mozambique), the struggle for liberation continues. On March 8, 1965, four South African blacks were sentenced to prison terms for planning to travel to Tanzania to train for guerrilla warfare and then to return to South Africa

with supplies of bombs. On March 12 three other blacks were arrested at Germiston railroad station while carrying suitcases loaded with dynamite, chemicals, and bomb casings. Though such activities are rare now in South Africa, there can be no denying the blacks' profound desire for freedom.

But it would be foolish to disregard the South African whites' zeal. Afrikaner nationalism, in which most of South Africa's English whites now join, is certainly as strong as any black nationalism on the continent. And it is reinforced by a fierce desperation. As Piet Koornhof, an official in the Nationalist Party, said: "We are only two million Afrikaners in the entire world. We can disappear from the globe! We are fighting every day for our very core and essence!" Cabinet Minister Ben Shoeman, addressing a meeting of 3,000 schoolchildren, recently declared: "You are the coming generation that will have to defend South Africa, and you must be prepared to offer everything—even your lives." One remembers the inscription on South Africa's monument to the heroes and martyrs of the Great Trek: *ONS VIR JOU SUID AFRIKA* (WE WILL GIVE OUR LIVES FOR THEE, SOUTH AFRICA).

Prime Minister Vorster has called South Africa "perhaps the world's most peaceful country." But if this is so, it is certainly an unhappy peace. Once, at the height of his popularity, before his assassination, Prime Minister Verwoerd gave one of his typical pro-apartheid speeches. He declared that the white man would forever remain "the guardian of the black man in South Africa." Then, holding up a plump white dove, he announced that he would release it "out into space as a symbol of the peace and prosperity that we wish all peoples of the earth. Thus I release our dove of peace!" So saying, he released his "dove of peace" which dropped straight to the floor and, despite coaxing, refused to fly.

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